



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

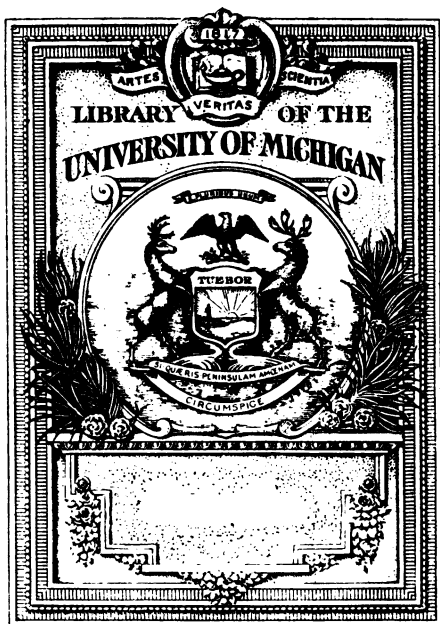
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

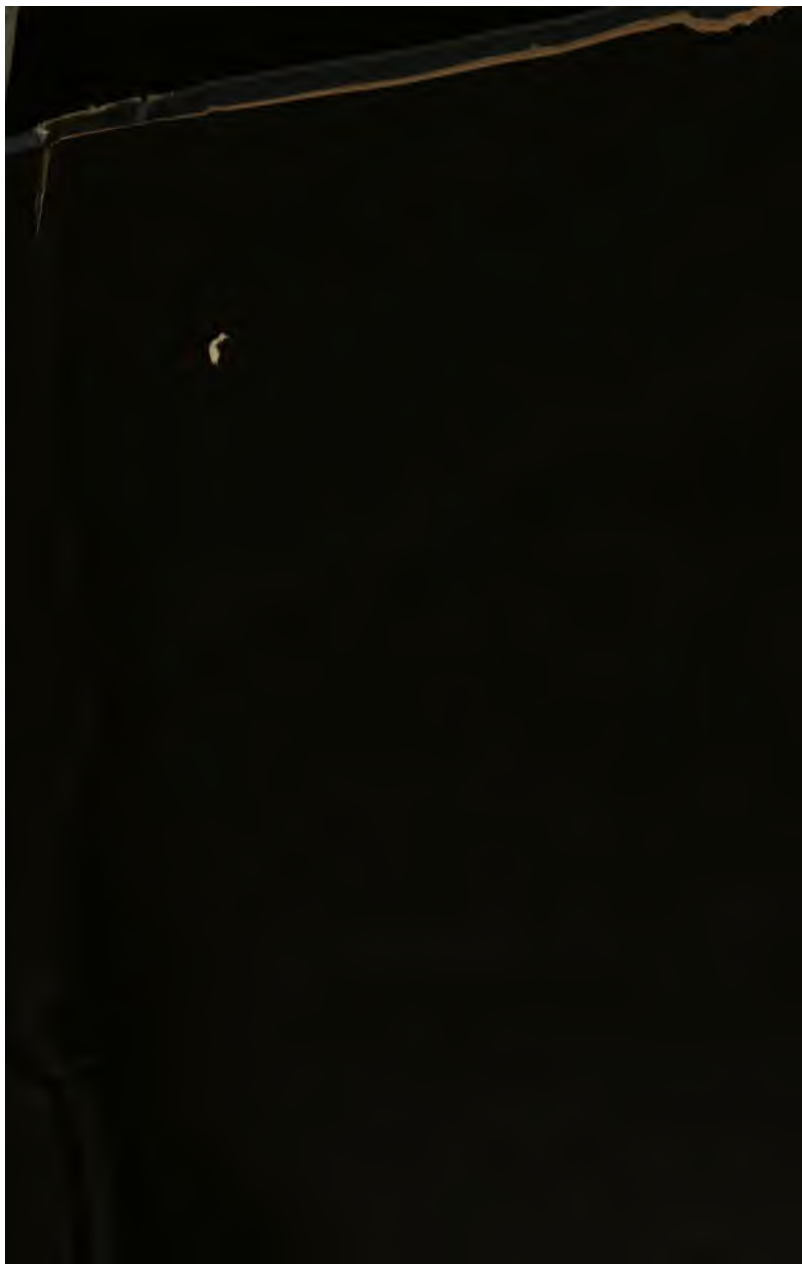
We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>





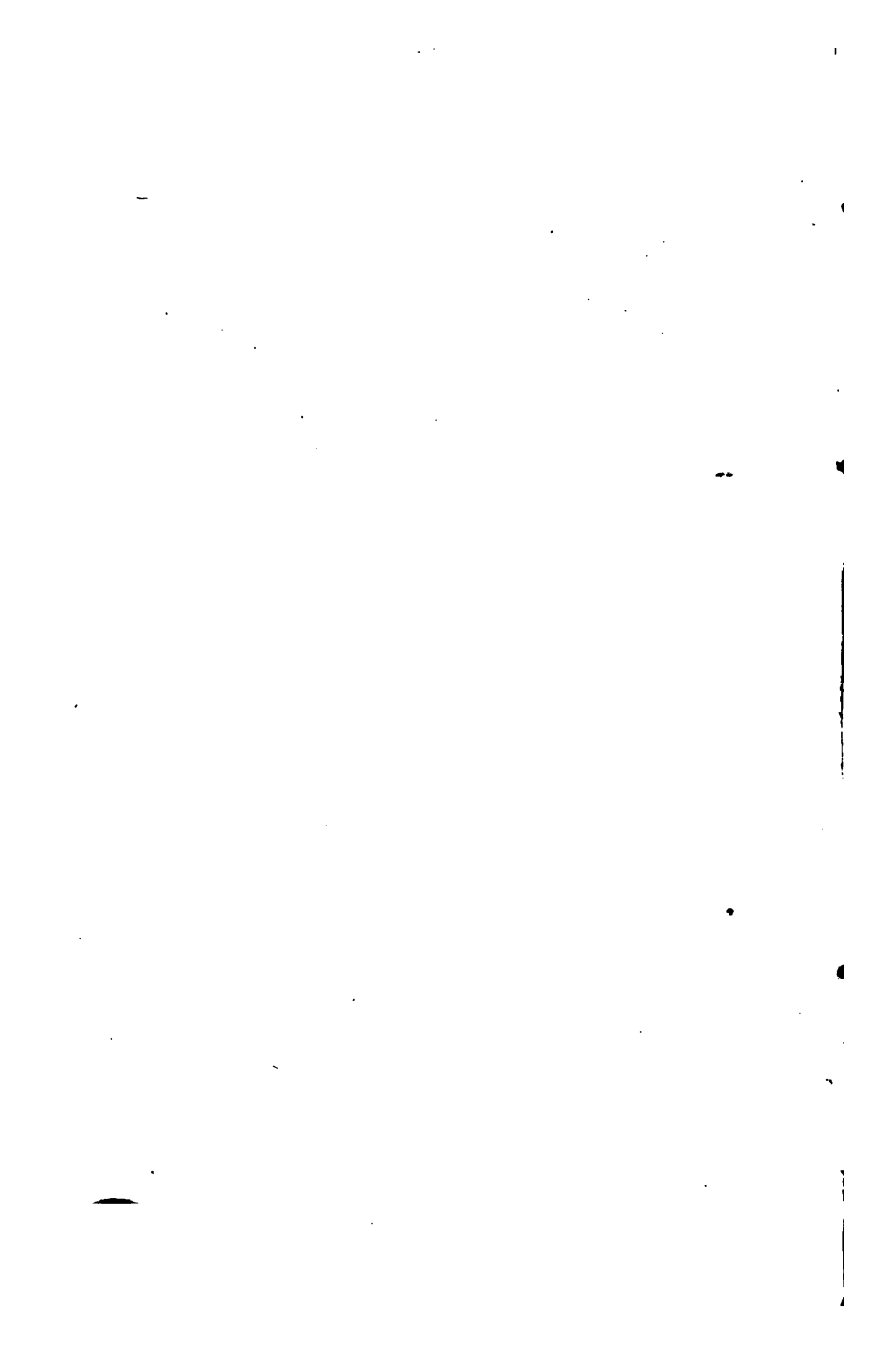
25



828  
M415  
ser. 2

# MY LYRICAL LIFE:

Poems Old and New.



# MY LYRICAL LIFE:

Poems Old and New.

BY

GERALD MASSEY.

*SECOND SERIES.*

Boston:

COLBY AND RICH,

BOSWORTH STREET.

1889.



**RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,**  
**LONDON & BUNGAY.**



245  
8-9-33

## CONTENTS.

	PAGE
LADY MARIAN ... ..	3
THE SEA-KINGS:	
THE NORSEMAN ... ..	9
OLD KING HAKE ... ..	12
THE BANNER-BEARER OF KING OLAF ...	18
SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST FIGHT ...	19
ROBERT BLAKE ... ..	24
AN OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN'S YARN ...	28
TURNER'S TEMERAIRE ... ..	34
SIR ROBERT'S SAILOR SON ... ..	36
THE STOKER'S STORY ... ..	38
THE CAPTAIN OF THE "NORTHFLEET" ...	45
A BIRTHDAY ON BOARD ... ..	47
THE SEA KINGS ... ..	48
A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA-KINGS ...	52
PERSONAL:	
ROBERT BURNS ... ..	61
HOOD ... ..	75
MAURICE AND THE BIGOTS ... ..	78

10-30-33 mep

	PAGE
PERSONAL :	
HUGH MILLER'S GRAVE ... ..	79
TO A BEREAVED FRIEND ... ..	84
ALBERT THE GOOD ... ..	86
WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY ...	92
ACROSS THE WATER ... ..	96
THE ENGLISH OF IT ... ..	98
PRIDEAUX AT MAGDALA ... ..	100
CAMOENS ... ..	101
PUNCH IN A GRAVE MOOD ... ..	102
A REVIEWER REVIEWED ... ..	103
AN OLD CUSTOM STILL EXTANT ...	106
A FORERUNNER ... ..	106
THE FORERUNNER ... ..	107
ALEXANDER RUSSEL ... ..	108
A PERSONAL REPLY ... ..	109
AT THE PRISON-DOOR ... ..	110
THE FALSIFYERS OF MYTHOLOGY ...	112
DEDICATION TO THE " <i>NATURAL GENESIS</i> "	112
GARIBALDI IN EXILE ... ..	115
GARIBALDI ON THE MARCH ... ..	117
ONE OF GARIBALDI'S MEN ... ..	121
GARIBALDI AT ASPROMONTE ... ..	124
FRANCE AND GARIBALDI ... ..	127
GARIBALDI'S PROPHECY ... ..	128

# CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE

## WEDDED LOVE :

THE YOUNG POET TO HIS WIFE	...	130
LONG EXPECTED ... ..	...	135
WOODED AND WON ... ..	...	138
THE BRIDAL ... ..	...	141
WEDDED LOVE ... ..	...	145

THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN	...	153
--------------------------	-----	-----

## LYRICS OF LOVE :

SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE	...	182
NOT I, SWEET SOUL, NOT I	...	184
LOVE ME ... ..	...	185
THE PATRIOT TO HIS BRIDE	...	186
A POOR MAN'S WIFE	...	188
MY BONNY LADY	...	189
HUSBAND AND WIFE	...	191
WHEN I COME HOME	...	193
LOVE'S FAIRY-RING	...	195
TO THE BELOVED ONE	...	197
MATRIMONY ... ..	...	199
THE LOVE-LETTER	...	199
LOVE-IN-IDLENESS	...	199
A BALLAD OF THE OLD TIME	...	201
IN THE NIGHT ... ..	...	202
FALLEN ... ..	...	204
DESERTED ... ..	...	204

	PAGE
LYRICS OF LOVE :	
DROWNED ... ..	205
JILTED ... ..	207
LOVE AND THE LADY ... ..	209
ICHABOD ... ..	210
A VILLAGE COURTING ... ..	212
ON A WEDDING-DAY ... ..	214
A LYRIC OF LOVE ... ..	217
AT EVENTIDE ... ..	218
THE MISTLETOE BOUGH ... ..	219
LIFE AND DEATH ... ..	221
WOMAN ... ..	221
CRIES OF 'FORTY-EIGHT ... ..	225
THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT ... ..	226
THE BATTLE-CALL ... ..	228
THE EARTH FOR ALL ... ..	232
THE LORDS OF LAND AND MONEY ... ..	233
THE AWAKENING ... ..	234
"ALL'S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD" ... ..	236
A CRY OF THE UNEMPLOYED ... ..	237
MERRY CHRISTMAS EVE ... ..	239
OUR FATHERS ARE PRAYING FOR PAUPER-	
PAY ... ..	241
ANATHEMA MARANATHA ... ..	243
A CRY OF THE PEOPLE ... ..	245

# CONTENTS.

ix

PAGE

## CRIES OF 'FORTY-EIGHT :

PRESS ON	...	...	...	...	247
THEY ARE BUT GIANTS WHILE WE KNEEL					248
SONG OF THE RED-REPUBLICAN			...		252
AFTER THE STRUGGLE	...	...	...		254
OUR MARTYRS	...	...	...	...	255
THE MEN OF 'FORTY-EIGHT			...	...	256
A WELCOME	...	...	...	...	258
THE EXILE	...	...	...	...	260
IT WILL END IN THE RIGHT	...		...		264
THE KINGLIEST KINGS	...	...	...		266
HOPE ON, HOPE EVER	...	...	...		267
THE THREE VOICES	...	...	...		268
ONWARD AND SUNWARD	...	...	...		270
GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY OF BETTER MEN					271
THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY	...				273
THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS			...		276
THE KNIGHTS OF LABOUR	...		...		277
THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR	...		...		278
TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW	...		...		281
LADY LAURA	...	...	...	...	284
WAR-WAITS :					
NEW YEAR'S EVE IN EXILE	...		...		328
ENGLAND GOES TO BATTLE	...		...		336
TROOPS LEAVING EDINBURGH	...		...		338

	PAGE
WAR-WAITS :	
DOWN IN AUSTRALIA ... ..	340
FRANCE AND ENGLAND ... ..	342
AFTER ALMA ... ..	343
BEFORE SEBASTOPOL ... ..	346
SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED ... ..	348
OUR HEROES ... ..	350
INKERMAN ... ..	351
NICHOLAS AND THE BRITISH LION ...	357
A WAR WINTER'S-NIGHT IN ENGLAND ...	359
THE MARTYRS' HILL ... ..	363
OUR ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE ... ..	365
CATHCART'S HILL ... ..	367
THE COALITION AND THE PEOPLE ...	369
ALL OVER ... ..	371
ENGLAND AND LOUIS NAPOLEON ...	372
THE OLD FLAG ... ..	375
ENGLAND AND LOUIS NAPOLEON ...	380
LOUIS NAPOLEON :—"À BERLIN" ...	389
MÖLTKE'S PROMISE ... ..	391
THE MITRAILLEUSE AT SAARBRÜCKEN ...	391
A GRAVE ERROR ... ..	391
THE FAITH OF THE PHILISTINE ...	392
PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE MEN ... ..	392
THE SECOND EMPIRE ... ..	393

# CONTENTS.

xi

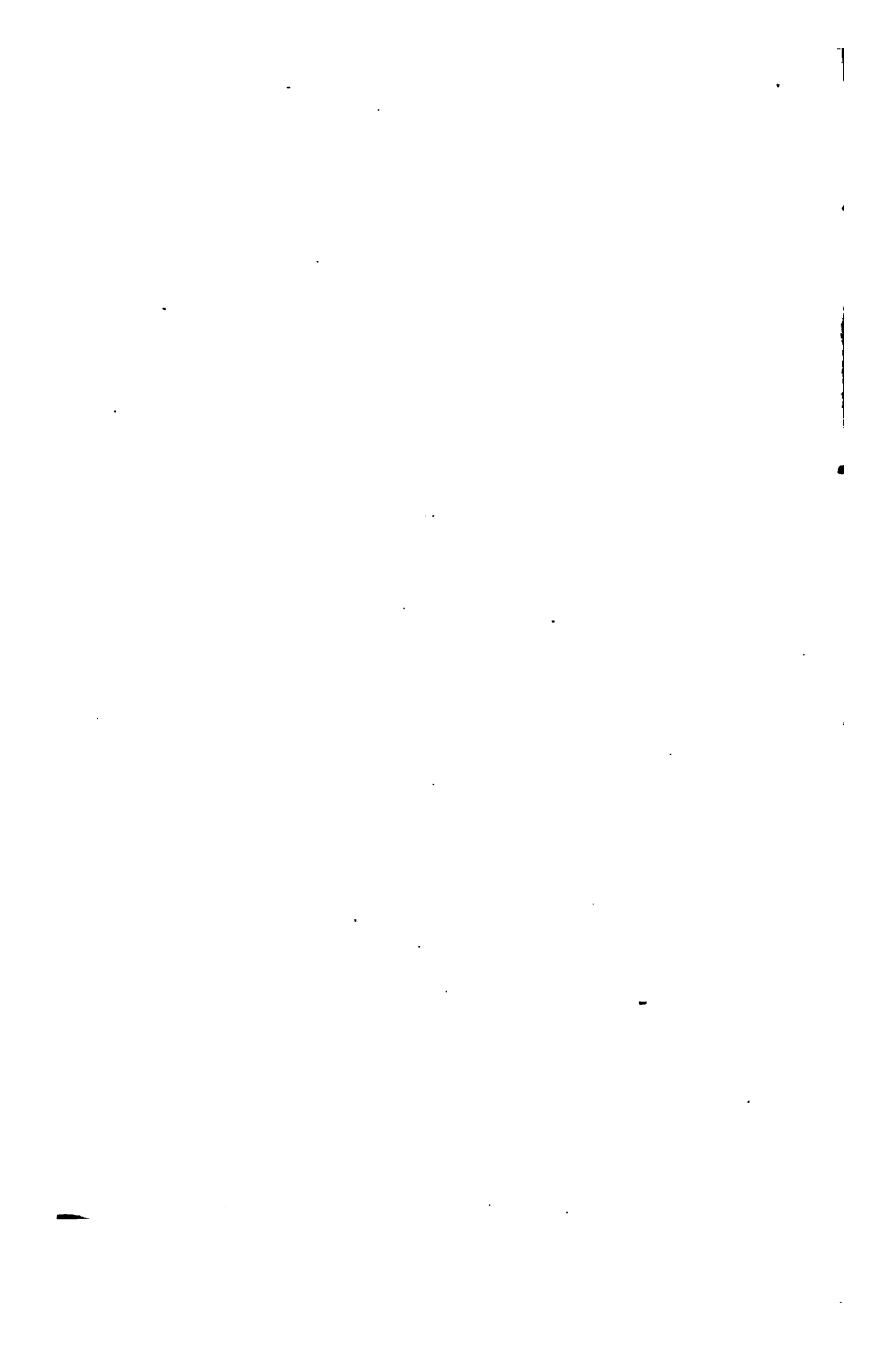
PAGE

## WAR-WAITS:

A PLEA FOR THE REPUBLIC ... ..	394
LOUIS NAPOLEON AND SOME COCKNEY WORKING-MEN ... ..	396
THE TWO NAPOLEONS ... ..	400
THE ABOLITIONIST TO HIS BRIDE ...	402
AN IMPERIAL REPLY ... ..	405
THE BOYS' RETURN ... ..	406

## LAST LYRICS:

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT ... ..	411
THE GREAT NEW CAUSE ... ..	412
THE "GRAND OLD MAN" ... ..	413
A LEADER! ... ..	414
LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER ... ..	415
FALSE MARRIAGE OR TRUE UNION? ...	415
JOHN BRIGHT ... ..	417
THE PRIMROSE DAME ... ..	418
BATTLE OF THE RANK AND FILE ...	420
THE LEAGUE OF LABOUR ... ..	420
LABOURERS' ELECTION SONG ... ..	422
THE LAST OF EMERGENCY MEN ... ..	423
HOLD TOGETHER, BOYS ... ..	424
TO-MORROW! ... ..	425
LIGHT AT LAST ... ..	427





2

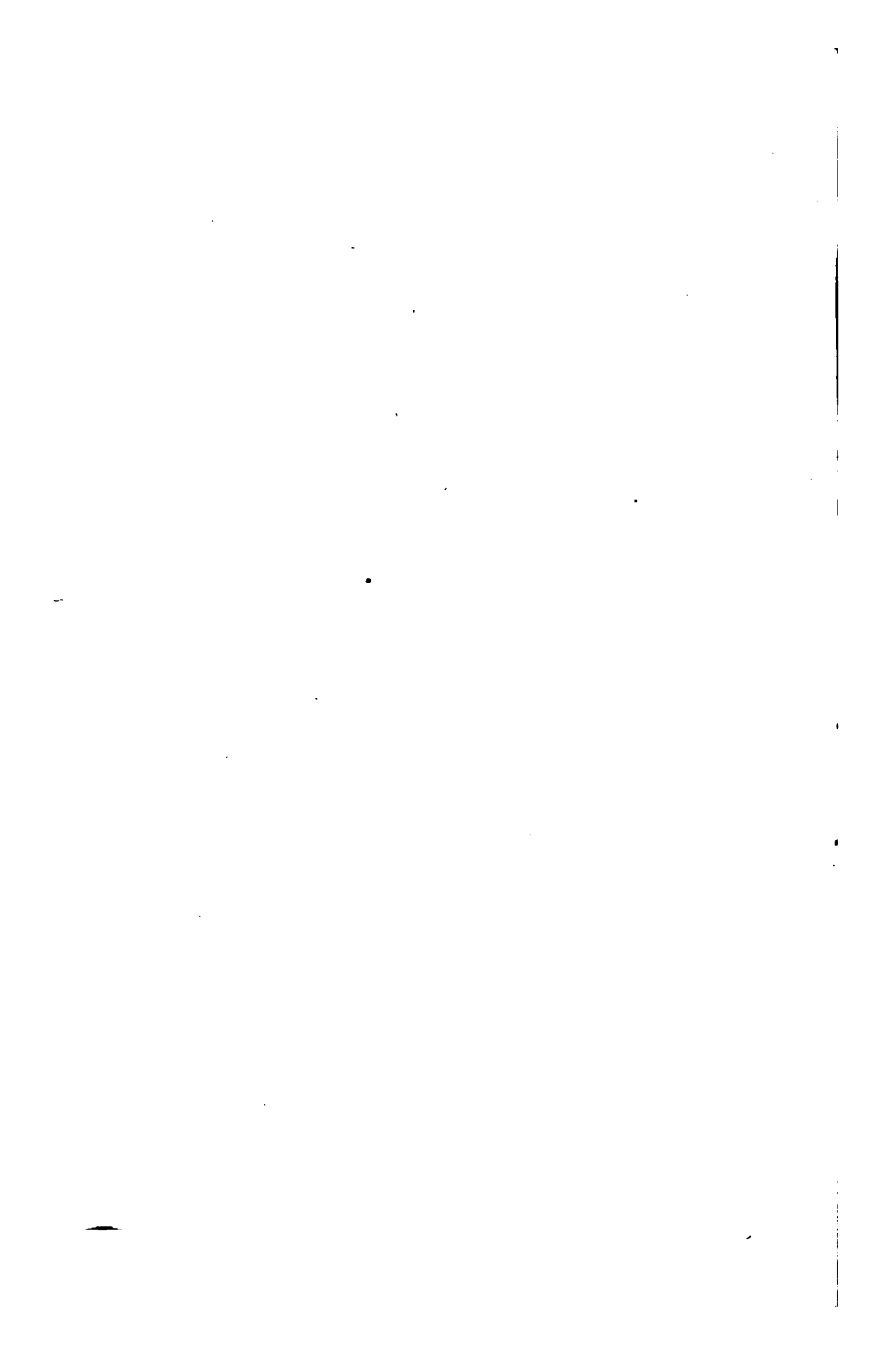
•

MY LYRICAL LIFE.

SECOND SERIES.

•

27



## LADY MARIAN.

In her Ancestral Tree's old smiling shade,  
 Spenser and Milton sang, and Shakspeare played.  
 I cannot prophesy immortal fame,  
 And endless honour for my Lady's name  
 Through my poor Verse ; but it shall surely give  
 All that it gathers long as it may live.

She heard my Children singing in the street,  
 And smiled down on them starry-clear and sweet,  
 But half-way up in Heaven, and far from me,  
 As Shakspeare's Juliet in her balcony ;  
 A radiant Creature all too rare to stay,  
 With waving white hand she would pass away !

Now I have seen her ; heard her voice To-day,  
 And touched her hand ; enriched my life for aye :  
 The thought in sunbeams gloriously upsprings,  
 To smile out in the saddest face of things.  
 After the gloom is gone, the worst is passed,  
 I know you, my good Fairy, found at last !

Though poor, and grim to tears, our lot might be,  
 We had proud visions in our poverty !  
 My Princess too, with darkly-sparkling e'en,  
 As I lay dreaming, over me would lean ;  
 And now the silken clue of hidden power,  
 Hath led me to her beauty in its bower.

Lady ! Giorgione should have painted you  
With live warm flesh-tints golden through and  
through ;  
The sun-soul making luminous its prison  
With splendours rarer than have ever risen ;  
Bird-peeps of brightness — dawn-dew — smiling  
fire—  
Full of all freshness as a spring-wood choir ;

A glow and glory of impetuous blood ;  
Brave spirits that crowd all sail to take the flood  
Of large, abounding life, that in the sun  
Heaves flashing, with a frolic fringe of fun :  
A happy wit ; creative genius, proved  
In Pictures that Angelico would have loved :

A stately soul : yet with a laugh that brings  
Echoes from Girlhood's heaven as it rings !  
And that fine spirit of motion's airy charm,  
Which hovers glancing round the flower of form :  
A lofty lady of a proud old race,  
Recklessly splendid in her gifts and grace.

Yet, as the life of some tall, towery tree  
Climbs till atop it laughs exultingly  
With all its leaves, using its pride of place  
To look both earth and heav'n full in the face !  
Thus—up through bole and branch of wealth and  
blood,  
Breaks out her noble natural Womanhood.

My Lady Marian, you are good and true,  
Most bountiful and gracious as the dew ;

And glad Hearts—winged with Blessings—follow  
you

Far as the Earth is green, or Heaven is blue ;  
But, dear my lady, there is work to do  
In England yet, and rare good work for you.

Why leave your own free air, and English Home,  
For Paris—that Slave-Dancer—or for Rome ?  
With all their lustres, dazlingly displayed,  
They cannot match the sweetness of our shade ;  
Our leafier pathways cool with gladder green ;  
Our hearts, whose heavings lift you up—our  
Queen.

Much Mother's Milk wants sweetening with the  
Balms  
That you can bring ; much need of more than  
Alms !

In eyes wide open souls lie fast asleep ;  
With daylight on the face hearts darkly weep :  
Our world has many a ward where wounds and  
wails  
Cry for a thousand Florence Nightingales.

I know that Knowledge through our Shire doth  
trail

With slow illumination of a snail !  
But still we dream of some bright better day,  
And while we sleep the great Dawn comes our  
way.

Think how long Nature brooded over Earth  
Before she quickened for her noblest Birth !

O, they shall bless you down in pit and den,—  
Transforming slowly into Women and Men ;

And smile, as leaves out-smile in first Spring-hours,  
With livelier green, while fall the singing showers ;  
Or as the Winter mosses round your trees  
Look up and smile at their good influences.

Your pardon, Lady, if my unskilled word,  
Like a bad player, should mistake the chord !  
No churlish charge, no plea of parasite,  
Is mine ; but leal heart-service of a knight  
Who in old days had fought for you and bled ;  
Going to death as 'twere a bridal bed.

Our lost " Maid Marian " bore your name, and she  
Yet works a very tender ministry ;  
And, somehow, when of her we sit and think,  
Our hearts touch you by an invisible link.  
Sacred to her, my sadder verses take ;  
And kindly think of them for Marian's sake.

Room for my Sea-Kings too, your heart will make,  
From young Sir William Peel, to old King Hake.  
You have the spirit born of the salt spray  
That snuffs the sea-breeze meadowy miles away ;  
The Norse blood running seaward round the world,  
That leaves the Celtic in the Homestead curled.

You love our Heroes ! and you might have been  
In battle-need our Boadicea Queen ;  
And stood up to the full majestic height  
In your War-chariot beckoning on the fight !  
A famous victory you would have wrought,  
Or with your Heroes fallen as you fought.

1853.

# **THE SEA-KINGS.**





## THE NORSEMAN.

A SWARTHY strength with face of light ;  
 As dark sword-iron is beaten bright ;  
 A brave, frank look, with health aglow,  
 Bonny blue eyes and open brow ;  
 His friend he welcomes, heart-in-hand,  
 But foot to foot his foe must stand :  
 A Man who will face, to his last breath,  
 The sternest facts of life and death :

This is the brave old Norseman.

The wild wave-motion weird and strange  
 Rocks in him ! seaward he must range ;  
 His life is just a mighty lust  
 To wear away with use, not rust !  
 Though bitter wintry-cold the storm,  
 The fire within him keeps him warm :  
 Kings quiver at his flag unfurled,  
 The Sea-King's master of the world !  
 All-conquering rides the Norseman.

He hides at heart of his rough life,  
 A world of sweetness for the Wife ;  
 From his rude breast a Babe may press,  
 Soft milk of human tenderness,—

Make his eyes water, his heart dance,  
And sunrise in his countenance :  
In merriest mood his ale he quaffs  
By firelight, and with jolly heart laughs  
The blithe, great-hearted Norseman.

But when the Battle-Trumpet rings,  
His soul, a war-horse clad with wings !  
Will drink delight in with the breath  
Of Battle and the dust of death :  
The Axes redden ; spring the sparks ;  
Blood-soaken grow the gray mail-sarks ;  
Such blows might batter, as they fell,  
Heaven's gate, or burst the booms of hell !  
So fights the fearless Norseman.

The Norseman's King must stand up tall,  
If he would be head over all ;  
Mainmast of Battle ! when the plain  
Is miry-red with bloody rain !  
And grip his weapon for the fight,  
Until his knuckles grin tooth-white ;  
The banner-staff he bears is best  
If double handful for the rest :  
When " follow me " cries the Norseman.

Valiant and true, as Sagas tell,  
The Norsemen hated lies like hell ;  
Hardy from cradle to the grave,  
'Twas their religion to be brave :  
Great, silent fighting men, whose words  
Were few, soon said, and out with Swords !  
One saw his heart cut from his side  
Living, and smiled ; and smiling, died  
The unconquerable Norseman.

They swam the flood ; they strode in flame ;  
Nor quailed when the Valkyrie came  
To kiss the chosen for her charms,  
With "*Rest, my Hero, in mine arms.*"  
Their spirits through a grim wide wound,  
The Norse door-way to heaven found ;  
And borne upon the battle-blast,  
Into the hall of Heroes passed :

And there was crowned the Norseman.

The Norseman wrestled with old Rome,  
For Freedom in our Island-Home ;  
He taught us how to ride the sea  
With hempen bridle, horse of tree :  
The Norseman stood with Robin Hood  
By Freedom in the merry green wood,  
When William ruled the English land  
With cruel heart and bloody hand.

For Freedom fights the Norseman.

Still in our race the Norse king reigns ;  
His best blood beats along our veins ;  
With his old glory we can glow,  
And surely sail where he could row :  
Is danger stirring ? from its sleep  
Our War-dog wakes his watch to keep,  
Stands with our Banner over him,  
True as of old and stern and grim !

Come on, you'll find the Norseman.

When Swords are gleaming you shall see  
The Norseman's face flash gloriously,  
With look that makes the foeman reel ;  
His mirror from of old was steel !

And still he wields, in Battle's hour,  
The old Thor's hammer of Norse power ;  
Strikes with a desperate arm of might,  
And at the last tug turns the fight :  
For never yields the Norseman.

---

### OLD KING HAKE.

GOT by the Sea on a rocky coast  
Was old King Hake ;  
Where inner fire and outer frost  
Brave virtue make !  
He was a hero in the old  
Blood-letting days ;  
An iron hero of Norse mould,  
And warring ways.  
He lived according to the light  
That lighted him ;  
Then strode into the eternal night,  
Resolved and grim.  
His grip was stern for free sword-play,  
When men were mown ;  
His feet were rough-shod for the day  
Of treading down.  
When angry, out the blood would start  
With old King Hake ;  
Not sneak in dark caves of the heart,  
Where curls the snake,  
And secret Murder's hiss is heard  
Ere the deed be done :  
He wove no web of wile and word ;  
He bore with none.

When sharp within its sheath asleep  
 Lay his good sword,  
 He held it royal work to keep  
 His kingly word.  
 A man of valour, bloody and wild,  
 In Viking need ;  
 And yet of firelight feeling mild  
 As honey-mead.

Once in his youth, from farm to farm,  
 Collecting Scatt,  
 He gathered gifts and welcomes warm ;  
 And one night sat,  
 With hearts all happy for his throne—  
 Wishing no higher—  
 Where Peasant faces merrily shone  
 Across the fire :  
 Their Braga-bowl was handed round  
 By one fair girl :  
 The Sea-King looked and thought, "*I've found  
 My hidden pearl.*"  
 Her wavy hair was golden-fair,  
 With sunbeams curled ;  
 Her eyes clear blue as heaven, and there  
 Lay his new world.  
 He drank out of the mighty horn,  
 Strong, stinging stuff ;  
 Then wiped his manly mouth unshorn  
 With hand as rough,  
 And kissed her ; drew her to his side,  
 With loving mien,  
 Saying, "*If they will make you a Bride,  
 I will make you a Queen.*"

And round her waist she felt an arm ;  
For in those days  
A waist could feel : 'twas lithe and warm,  
And wore no stays.  
“ *How many brave deeds have you done ?* ”  
She asked her wooer,  
Counting the arm's gold rings : they won  
One victory more.  
The blood of joy looked rich and red  
Out of his face ;  
And to his manly strength he wed  
Her maiden grace.  
'Twas thus King Hake struck royal root  
In homely ground ;  
And healthier buds with goodlier fruit  
His branches crowned.

But Hake could never bind at home  
His spirit free ;  
It grew familiar with the foam  
Of many a sea.  
A rare good blade whose way was rent  
In gaps of war,  
And wore no gem for ornament  
But notch and scar.  
In day of battle and hour of strife,  
Cried old King Hake :  
“ *Kings live for honour and not long life.* ”  
Then would he break  
Right through their circle of shields, to reach  
Some Chief of a race  
That never yielded ground, but each  
Died in his place.

There the old Norseman towered tall  
    Above the rest  
A head and shoulders, like King Saul ;  
    They saw his crest  
Toss, where the war-wave reared and rode  
    O'er mounds of dead,  
Till all the battle-dust was trod  
    A miry red.  
For Odin, in the glad wide blue  
    Of heaven, would laugh  
With sunrise, and the ruddy dew  
    Of slaughter quaff.

But, 'twas the bravest, goodliest show,  
    To see him sit,  
With his Long-serpent all aglow,  
    And steering it  
For the hot heart of fiercest fight,  
    A grewsome shape !  
The dragon-head rose, glancing bright,  
    And all agape :  
Over the calm blue water it came  
    Writhingly on,  
As half in sea and half in flame,  
    It swam, and shone.  
The sunlit shields link scale to scale  
    From stem to stern,  
Over the Steersman's head the tail  
    Doth twist and burn :  
With oars all moved at once, it makes  
    Low hoverings ;  
Half walks the water, and half takes  
    The air with wings.

The war-horns bid the fight begin  
With death-grip good :  
King Hake goes at the foremost, in  
His Bare-Sark mood :  
A twelvemonth's taxes spent in spears  
Hurled in an hour !  
But in that host no spirit fears  
The hurtling shower.  
And long will many a Mother and Wife  
Wait, weary at home,  
Ere from that mortal murderous strife  
Their darlings come.

Hake did not seek to softly die,  
With Child and Wife :  
He bore his head in death as high  
As in his life.  
Glittering in eye, and grim in lip,  
He bade them make  
Ready for sailing his War-Ship,  
That he, King Hake,  
The many-wounded, gray, and old,  
His day being done,—  
He, the Norse warrior, brave and bold,  
Might die like one.  
And chanting an old battle-song,  
Thrilling and weird,  
His soul vibrating, shook his long  
Majestic beard :  
The gilded battle-axe, still red,  
In his right hand ;  
His shield on arm, his helm on head,  
They helped him stand,



And girded him with his good sword ;  
 Then, so attired,  
 With his dead warriors all abroad,  
 The Ship he fired,  
 And lay down with his heroes dead,  
 On deck to die ;  
 Still singing, drooped his gray old head,  
 With face to sky.

The wind blew seawards ; gloriously  
 The death-pyre glowed :  
 On his last Viking voyage he  
 Exulting rode :  
 Floating afar between the Isles,  
 To his last home,  
 Where open-armed Valhalla smiles,  
 And bids him come.  
 There, as a sinking Sunset dies  
 Down in the West,  
 The fire flamed out ; the rude heart lies  
 At rest—at rest,  
 And sleeping in his Ocean-bed,  
 That burial-place  
 Most royal for the kingly dead  
 O' the old sea-race !  
 So the Norse noble of renown,  
 With fearless pride,  
 His flaming crown of death pulled down ;  
 And so he died.

## THE BANNER-BEARER OF KING OLAF.

THORD FOLASON carried King Olaf's flag ;  
Not the man to loiter or lag !  
However they hurried who bore the brunt  
O' the battle, there was Thord in front.

Not the man to loiter or lag  
Was Thord, who carried King Olaf's flag.

Great joy of the onset Folason had,  
As Banner-bearer at Stiklestad !  
Mighty and free was his battle-play,  
Cleaving and clearing an onward way.

Not the man to loiter or lag  
Was Thord, who carried King Olaf's flag.

He was the bulwark at Olaf's side ;  
Or, in front, the foremost in turning the tide  
Of battle, and breasting it rooted as rocks,  
Bearing his Banner high over the shocks.

Never the man to loiter or lag  
Was Thord, who carried King Olaf's flag.

He got a death-thrust in the thick of the fight,  
Gave it back,—and suddenly felt 'twas night ;  
He could see no longer to clear a space.  
Then his spirit flew out in the Enemy's face !

Never the man to loiter or lag  
Was Thord, the bearer of Olaf's flag.

As he plunged head-first on the field full-length,  
He gathered his last remaining strength ;  
Biting his lip and holding his breath,—  
'Twas his last,—he fell all his weight in death.

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST FIGHT. 19

Never the man to loiter or lag  
Was Thord, who carried King Olaf's flag.

He fell, but, in falling, stuck fast in the ground  
His Banner, a-waving to all around,  
Bearing the battle up, beckoning on  
To keep them abreast of it when he was gone.

Never the man to loiter or lag  
Was Thord, the bearer of Olaf's flag.

When the battle was over at last,  
And Thord, still a leader in death, had passed,  
They found his body, with teeth through lip,  
His flag-staff clutched as fast in his grip,  
Stemming the tide like a fallen Crag :  
Living or dead he upheld the flag.

---

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST  
FIGHT.

OUR second Richard Lion-Heart,  
In days of Great Queen Bess,  
He did this deed, he played this part,  
With true old nobleness ;  
And wrath heroic that was nursed  
To bear the fiercest battle-burst,  
When maddened Foes should wreak their worst.

Signalled the English Admiral,  
" *Weigh or cut anchors.*" For  
A Spanish Fleet bore down, in all  
The majesty of war,

Athwart our tack for many a mile,  
As there we lay off Florez Isle,  
With Crews half sick, all tired of toil.

Eleven of our Twelve ships escaped ;  
Sir Richard stood alone !  
Though they were Three-and-Fifty sail—  
A hundred men to one—  
The old Sea-Rover would not run,  
So long as he had man or gun ;  
But he could die when all was done.

*“ The Devil’s broken loose, my lads,  
In shape of Popish Spain ;  
And we must sink him in the sea,  
Or hound him home again.  
Now, you old Sea-Dogs, show your paws !  
Have at them tooth and nail and claws ! ”*  
And then his long, bright blade he draws.

The deck was cleared, the Boatswain blew ;  
The grim Sea-Lions stand ;  
The death-fires lit in every eye,  
The burning match in hand.  
With mail of glorious intent  
All hearts were clad ; and in they went,  
A force that cut through where ’twas sent.

*“ Push home, my hardy Pikemen,  
For we play a desperate part ;  
To-day, my Gunners, let them feel  
The pulse of England’s heart !  
They shall remember long that we  
Once lived ; and think how shamefully  
We shook them !—One to Fifty-three.”*

SIR RICHARD GRENVILLE'S LAST FIGHT. 21

With face of one who cheerily goes  
To meet his doom that day,  
Sir Richard sprang upon his foes ;  
The foremost gave him way :  
His round shot smashed them through and  
through,  
At every flash white splinters flew,  
And madder grew his fighting few.

They clasp the little Ship Revenge,  
As in the arms of fire ;  
They run aboard her, six at once ;  
Hearts beat, hot guns leap higher.  
Through bloody gaps the boarders swarm,  
But still our English stay the storm,  
The bulwark in their breast is firm.

Ship after ship, like broken waves  
That wash up on a rock,  
Those mighty Galleons fall back foiled,  
And shattered from the shock.  
With fire she answers all their blows ;  
Again, again in pieces strows  
The girdle round her as they close.

Through all that night the great white storm  
Of worlds in silence rolled ;  
Sirius with green-azure sparkle,  
Mars in ruddy gold.  
Heaven looked with stillness terrible  
Down on a fight most fierce and fell—  
A sea transfigured into hell.

Some know not they are wounded till  
    'Tis slippery where they stand ;  
Then each one tighter grips his steel,  
    As 'twere Salvation's hand.  
Grim faces glow through lurid night  
With sweat of spirit shining bright :  
Only the dead on deck turn white.

At daybreak the flame-picture fades  
    In blackness and in blood ;  
There, after fifteen hours of fight,  
    The unconquered Sea-King stood  
Defying all the power of Spain :  
Fifteen Armadas hurled in vain,  
And fifteen hundred foemen slain.

About that little bark Revenge,  
    The baffled Spaniards ride  
At distance. Two of their good ships  
    Were sunken at her side ;  
The rest lie round her in a ring,  
As round the dying Lion-king  
The Dogs afraid of his death-spring.

Our pikes all broken, powder spent,  
    Sails, masts to shivers blown ;  
And with her dead and wounded crew  
    The ship was going down !  
Sir Richard's wounds were hot and deep.  
Then cried he, with a proud, pale lip,  
    *" Ho, Master Gunner, sink the ship !*

*" Make ready now, my Mariners,  
        To go aloft with me,  
That nothing to the Spaniard  
        May remain of victory.*

*They cannot take us, nor we yield ;  
So let us leave our battle-field,  
Under the shelter of God's shield."*

They had not heart to dare fulfil  
The stern Commander's word :  
With swelling hearts and welling eyes,  
They carried him aboard  
The Spaniards' ship ; and round him stand  
The Warriors of his wasted band :  
Then said he, feeling death at hand,

*" Here die I, Richard Grenville,  
With a joyful and quiet mind ;  
I reach a Soldier's end, I leave  
A Soldier's fame behind,  
Who for his Queen and Country fought,  
For Honour and Religion wrought,  
And died as a true Soldier ought."*

Earth never returned a worthier trust  
For hand of Heaven to take,  
Since Arthur's sword, Excalibur,  
Was cast into the lake,  
And the King's grievous wounds were dressed,  
And healed, by weeping Queens, who blessed,  
And bore him to a valley of rest.

Old Heroes who could grandly do,  
As they could greatly dare ;  
A vesture, very glorious,  
Their shining spirits wear,  
Of noble deeds ! God give us grace,  
That we may see such face to face,  
In our great day that comes apace.

## ROBERT BLAKE.

OUR Happy Warrior ! of a race  
To whom are richly given  
Great glory and peculiar grace,  
Because in league with Heaven.  
Not that the mortal course they trod  
Was free from briar and thorn ;  
Who wears the arrow-mark of God,  
Must first the wound have borne.

O like a Sailor Saint was he,  
Our Sea-king ! grave and sweet  
In temper after victory,  
Or cheerful in defeat ;  
And men would leave their quiet home  
To follow in his wake,  
And fight in fire, or float in foam,  
For love of Robert Blake.

Like that drumhead of Zitska's skin,  
Thrills his heroic name ;  
And how the salt-sea-sparkle in  
Us, flashes at his fame !  
His picture in our hearts' best books  
Still keeps its pride of place,  
From which a lofty spirit looks  
With an unfading face ;

The face as of an Angel, who  
Might live his Boyhood here !  
And yet how deadlly grand it grew,  
When Wrong drew darkening near.



All ridged, and ready trenched for war  
The fair frank brow was bent,  
Then shone like sudden Scimitar,  
The lion-lineament.

Behold him, with his gallant band,  
On leaguered Lyme's red beach.  
Shoulder to shoulder, see them stand,  
At Taunton in the breach.  
Safe through the battle-shocks he went,  
With sword-sweep stern and wide ;  
Strode the grim heaps as Death had lent  
Him his White Horse to ride.

*"Give in ! our toils you cannot break ;  
The Lion is in the net !  
Famine fights for us." "No," said Blake,  
"My boots I have not ate."  
He smiled across the bitter cup ;  
He gripped his good Sword-heft :  
"I should not dream of giving up  
While such a meal is left."*

Where trumpets blow and streamers flow,  
Behold him, calm and proud,  
Bear down upon the bravest foe,  
A bursting thunder-cloud.  
Foremost of all the host that strove  
To crowd Death's open door,  
In giant mood his way he clove ;  
Aye first to go before.

And though the battle-lightning blazed,  
The thunders roar and roll,  
He to Immortal Beauty raised  
A statue with his soul.

And never did the Greeks of old  
Mirror in marble rare  
A Wrestler of so fine a mould,  
An Athlete half so fair.

Homeward the dying Sea-king turns  
From his last famous fight,  
For England's dear green hills he yearns  
At heart, and strains his sight.  
The old cliffs loom out gray and grand,  
The old War-ship glides on,  
With one last wave life tries to land,  
Falls seaward, and is gone.

With that last leap to touch the coast,  
He passed into his rest,  
And Blake's unwearying arms were crossed  
Upon his martial breast.  
And while our England waits, and twines  
For him her latest wreath,  
His is a crown of stars that shines  
From out the dusk of death.

For him no pleasant age of ease,  
To wear what youth could win;  
For him no Children round his knees,  
To gather his harvest in.  
But with a soul serene, he takes  
Whatever lot may come;  
And such a life of labour makes  
A glorious going home.

Famous old Trueheart, dead and gone,  
Long shall his glory grow,  
Who never turned his back upon  
A friend, nor face from foe.

He made them fear old England's name  
Wherever it was heard,  
He put her proudest foes to shame ;  
And Peace smiled on his Sword.

With lofty courage, loftier love,  
He died for England's sake ;  
And 'mid the loftiest lights above,  
Shines our illustrious Blake.—  
And shall shine ! Glory of the West,  
And Beacon for the seas ;  
While Britain bares its sailor breast  
To battle or to breeze.

Great Sailor on the seas of strife ;  
Victor by land and wave ;  
Brave liver of a gallant life ;  
Lord of a glorious grave ;  
True Soldier set on earthly hill  
As Sentinel of heaven ;  
A King who keeps his kingdom till  
The last award be given.

Till she forget her old Sea-fame,  
Shall England honour him,  
And keep the grave-grass from his name  
Till her old eyes be dim :  
And long as free waves folding round,  
Brimful with blessing break,  
At heart she holds him, calm and crowned,  
Immortal Robert Blake.

---

## AN OLD MAN-O'-WAR'S-MAN'S YARN.

Ay, ay, good Neighbours, I have seen  
Him! sure as God's my life;  
One of his chosen crew I've been;  
Haven't I, old Good Wife?  
God bless your dear eyes! didn't you vow  
To marry me any weather,  
If I came back with limbs enow  
To keep my soul together?

Brave as a Lion was our Nel,  
And gentle as a lamb:  
It warms my blood once more to tell  
The tale—gray as I am—  
It makes the old life in me climb,  
It sets my soul a-swim;  
I live twice over every time  
That I can talk of him.

You should have seen him as he trod  
The deck, our joy, and pride;  
You should have seen him, like a God  
Of storm, his War-horse ride!  
You should have seen him as he stood  
Fighting for our good land,  
With all the iron of soul and blood  
Turned to a sword in hand.

Our best beloved of all the brave  
That ever for Freedom fought;  
And all his wonders of the wave  
For Fatherland were wrought!

He was the manner of man to show  
 How victories may be won ;  
 So swift, you scarcely saw the blow ;  
 You looked—the deed was done.

He sailed his Ships for work ; he bore  
 His sword for battle-wear ;  
 His creed was "*Best man to the fore ;*"  
 And he was always there.  
 Up any peak of peril where  
 There was but room for one :  
 The only thing he did not dare  
 Was any death to shun.

The Nelson-touch his men he taught,  
 And his great stride to keep ;  
 His faithful fellows round him fought  
 Ten thousand heroes deep.  
 With a red pride of life, and hot  
 For him, their blood ran free ;  
 They "*minded not the showers of shot,*  
*No more than peas,*" said he.

Napoleon saw our Sea-king thwart  
 His landing on our Isle ;  
 He gnashed his teeth, he gnawed his heart,  
 At Nelson of the Nile,  
 Who set his fleet in flames, to light  
 The Lion to his prey,  
 And lead Destruction through the night  
 Upon his dreadful way.

Around the world he drove his game,  
 And ran his glorious race ;  
 Nor rested till he hunted them  
 From off the Ocean's face ;

Like that old War-dog who, till death,  
Clung to the vessel's side  
Till hands were lopped, then with his teeth  
He held on till he died.

Ay, he could do the deeds that set  
Old Fighters' hearts afire ;  
The edge of every spirit whet,  
And every arm inspire.  
Yet I have seen upon his face  
The tears that, as they roll,  
Show what a light of saintly grace  
May clothe a Sailor's soul.

And when our Darling went to meet  
Trafalgar's Judgment-day,  
The people knelt down in the street  
To bless him on his way.  
He felt the Country of his love  
Watching him from afar ;  
It saw him through the battle move ;  
His heaven was in that star.

Magnificently glorious sight  
It was in that great dawn !  
Like one vast sapphire flashing light,  
The sea, just breathing, shone.  
Their ships, fresh-painted, stood up tall  
And stately : ours were grim  
And weatherworn, but one and all  
In rare good fighting trim.

Our spirits were all flying light,  
And into battle sped,  
Straining for it on wings of might,  
With feet of springy tread ;

The light of battle on each face ;  
 Its lust in every eye ;  
 Our Sailor-blood at swiftest pace  
 To catch the victory nigh.

His proudly-wasted face, wave-worn,  
 Was loftily serene ;  
 I saw the brave, bright spirit burn  
 There, all too plainly seen ;  
 As though the sword this time was drawn  
 Forever from the sheath ;  
 And when its work to-day was done,  
 All would be dark in death.

His eye shone like a lamp of night  
 Set in the porch of power ;  
 The deed unborn was burning bright  
 Within him at that hour !  
 His purpose, welded at white-heat,  
 Cried like some visible Fate,  
 " *To-day we must not merely beat :*  
*We will Annihilate.*"

He smiled to see the Frenchman show  
 His reckoning for retreat,  
 With Cadiz port on his lee-bow ;  
 And held him then half beat.  
 They flew no Colours, till we drew  
 Them out to strike with there !  
 Old Victory, for a prize or two,  
 Had flags enough to spare.

Mast-high the famous signal ran ;  
 Breathless we caught each word :  
 " *England expects that every man*  
*Will do his duty.*" Lord,

You should have seen our faces ! heard  
Us cheering, row on row ;  
Like men before some furnace stirred  
To a fiery fearful glow !

'Twas Collingwood our Lee line led,  
And cut their centre through.  
" *See how he goes in !* " Nelson said,  
As his first broadside flew,  
And near four hundred foemen fall.  
Up went another cheer.  
" *Ah, what would Nelson give,* " said Coll  
" *But to be with us here !* "

We grimly kept our vanward path ;  
Over us hummed their shot ;  
But, silently, we reined our wrath,  
Held on, and answered not,  
Till we could grip them face to face,  
And pound them for our own,  
Or hug them in a war-embrace,  
Till one or both went down.

How calm he was ! when first he felt  
The sharp edge of that fight.  
Cabined with God alone he knelt ;  
The prayer still lay in light  
Upon his face, that used to shine  
In battle,—flash with life,  
As though the glorious blood ran wine,  
Dancing with that wild strife.

" *Fight for us, Thou Almighty One !  
Give victory once again !  
And if I fall, Thy will be done :  
Amen, Amen, Amen !* " .



With such a voice he bade good-bye ;  
 The mournfullest old smile wore :  
 "*Farewell ! God bless you, Blackwood, I  
 Shall never see you more.*"

And four hours after, he had done  
 With winds and troubled foam.  
 The Reaper was borne dead upon  
 Our load of Harvest-home—  
 Not till he knew the Old Flag flew  
 Alone on all the deep ;  
 Then said he, "*Hardy, is that you ?  
 Kiss me.*" And fell asleep.

Well, 'twas his chosen death below  
 The deck in triumph trod ;  
 'Tis well. A Sailor's soul should go  
 From his good ship to God.  
 He would have chosen death aboard,  
 From all the crowns of rest ;  
 And burial with the Patriot sword  
 Upon the Victor's breast.

"*Not a great sinner.*" No, dear heart,  
 God grant in our death-pain,  
 We may have played as well our part,  
 And feel as free from stain.  
 We see the spots on such a star,  
 Because it burned so bright ;  
 But on the other side they are  
 All lost in greater light.

And so he went upon his way,  
 A higher deck to walk,  
 Or sit in some eternal day,  
 And of the old time talk

With Sailors old, who, on that coast,  
Welcome the homeward bound ;  
Where many a gallant soul we've lost  
And Franklin will be found.

Where amidst London's roar and moil  
That cross of peace upstands,  
Like Martyr with his heavenward smile,  
And flame-lit, lifted hands,  
There lies the dark and mouldered dust ;  
But that magnanimous  
And manly Seaman's soul, I trust,  
Lives on in some of us.

---

### TURNER'S TEMERAIRE.

ANOTHER glorious tale to tell,  
When nights are long and mirk ;  
How well she fought our fight, how well  
She did our England's work ;  
The French ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire.

Bravely over the breezy blue  
They went to do or die ;  
Proudly upon herself she drew  
The Battle's burning eye :  
Our good ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire.

Round her the glory fell in flood,  
From Nelson's loving smile,  
When, raked with fire, she ran with blood  
In England's hour of trial !  
Our good ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire !

And when our darling of the Sea  
Sank dying on his deck,  
With her revenging thunders she  
Struck down his foe—a wreck.  
Our good ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire !

Her day now draweth to its close  
With solemn sunset crowned ;  
To death her crested beauty bows,  
The night is folding round  
Our good ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire !

No more the big heart in her breast  
Will heave from wave to wave.  
Weary and war-worn, ripe for rest,  
She glideth to her grave.  
Our good ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire !

In her dumb pathos desolate  
As night among the dead !

Yet wearing an exceeding weight  
Of glory on her head.  
Our good ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire !

Good-bye ! good-bye ! Old Temeraire,  
A sad and proud good-bye !  
The stalwart spirit that did wear  
Your sternness, shall not die.  
Our good ship Temeraire !  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire !

Through battle-blast, and storm of shot,  
Your banner we shall bear ;  
And fight for it like those who fought  
Our good ship Temeraire.  
The grand old Temeraire.  
See her tugged to her last berth,  
The fighting Temeraire !

---

#### SIR ROBERT'S SAILOR SON.

Our Country has no need to raise  
The Ghost of glories gone ;  
Such Heroes dying in our days  
Still pass the live torch on.  
Brave blood as bright a crimson gleams,  
Still burns as goodly a zeal ;  
The old heroic radiance beams  
In men like William Peel.

So mild in peace, so stern in war,  
He walked our English way,  
Just one of Shakespeare's Warriors for  
A weary working day.  
With beautiful bravery clothèd on,  
And such high moral grace,  
The flash of rare soul-armour shone  
Out of his noble face !

His Sailors loved him so on deck,  
So cheery was his call,  
They leapt on land, and in his wake  
Followed him, guns and all.  
For, as a battle-brand white-hot,  
His Spirit grew and glowed,  
When in his swift War-chariot  
The Avenger rose and rode.

Sleep, Sailor-Darling, true and brave,  
With our dead Soldiers sleep !  
That so the Land you lived to save,  
You shall have died to keep.  
You may have wished the dear Sea-blue  
To have folded round your breast,  
But God had other work for you,  
And other place of rest.

We might have reached you with our wreath  
If living ; but laid low,  
You grow so grand ! and after death  
The dearness deepens so !  
To have gone so soon, so loved to have died,  
So young to wear that crown,  
We think. But with such thrills of pride  
As shake the last tears down.

God rest you, gallant Captain Peel,  
With those whom England leaves  
Scattered as still she plies her steel,  
But we glean up in sheaves.  
We'll talk of you on land, a-board,  
Till Boys shall feel they are Men,  
And forests of hands clutch at this Sword  
Death gives us back again.

Our old Norse Fathers speak in you,  
Speak with their strange sea-charm,  
That sets our hearts a-beating to  
The music of the storm.  
There comes a Spirit from the deep,  
The salt wind waves its wings,  
That rouses from its Inland sleep  
The blood of the old Sea Kings.

---

### THE STOKER'S STORY.

SAFE, once more, in Old England :  
That Heaven of a Sailor's dream !  
No place like jolly Old England,  
For a fellow to blow off the steam.  
Bad luck to the Lubbers who sent us to die,  
Or live on four ounces a day ;  
Running us out betwixt Sea and Sky  
In that devil-may-care kind of way !

All who ever had sailed in her  
Found the *Megara* unlucky.  
Hearts of the stoutest have quailed in her ;  
She was miserable and mucky.

Curses enough to sink her,  
If curses can cling, she bore :  
She was rusted, rotten, rat-forsaken,  
Cankered and cursed to the core.

*Why did I sail?* Well, you see, Sir,  
Somehow, a way we have got,  
To stick to our duty, nor shirk it  
Should we chance to draw a bad lot.  
Some big-wig aloft *overlooked* the Ship,  
It wasn't for us to complain.  
And so, all round, 'twas a stiff upper lip,  
If we never saw England again.

I think God Almighty picked the weather,  
From Queenstown to the Cape :  
But strive as we might to pull together,  
We never got things ship-shape :  
And you caught a look in the eyes of some  
Who were married, that tried not to tell  
Tales of the heart that had gone back home  
With a blessing and last farewell.

But you can't keep a Sailor's soul from springing  
And cresting the wave on his way,  
Any more than the Lark will be stopped from  
singing  
Even in the dawn of the day.  
When Battle lets loose the flood of its strife  
For a world to be drowned in its wave,  
And he, and his mate, and his young, out of life  
Will be ground, with their nest for a grave.

Eleven days after we left the Cape,  
Mast-high our troubles ran.

The Shadow that followed at last took shape—  
On that day we lost a man,  
And the fellows all said that in taking his trip  
To the bottom, he sent his foot through  
The thin frail side of the rotten old ship,  
For his messmates to follow him too!

The next we sprang a leak; in the hold  
Were two feet of water already!  
A gale had arisen; the old Craft rolled  
As if with her drinking unsteady.  
Three days we pumped, and swore, and prayed,  
And it seemed but a waste of breath:  
Three days a lively game we played  
At hide-and-seek with Death!

'Twas "Scottie" who crawled by himself at night,  
Under the bunkers to *peek*;  
With his head down one big hole, and his light  
Through another, he found the leak.  
And we looked, and we saw a sight in the gloom  
Made us hold our breath for a space:  
Wide open below was the door of doom;  
Death close to us, face to face!

The water sprang like a plug in the street,  
When the force is on at the main:  
With such a *Geyser* under our feet,  
No wonder we pumped in vain.  
And as she lurched the waters rolled  
With the sound of a sea inside;  
Death-rattles that made your blood run cold.  
And we found her iron hide

As full of holes as the sponge you wring;  
Honey-comb'd through and through!



You couldn't patch the infernal thing,  
For she wouldn't hold a screw :  
Her mast's whole weight on a rotten plate  
Of the bulging bottom ! And we  
Were sixteen hundred miles from land,  
On a sail-less, island-less sea.

I once knew a Chap in consumption, who  
Was spitting himself away  
Bodily as he walked, and drew  
His life out, day by day,  
With his hacking, horrible cough. So it seemed  
That our poor old Ship must be  
A-spitting herself away, as she steamed,  
Piecemeal, into the sea.

The pumps turned her inside out, each pull :  
(Grave-diggers digging our grave !)  
Till choked by the bits of the rotten old hull  
They were cruelly trying to save.  
And the old Ship shook, with her driving force,  
As if body and soul must rive,  
And throbbed, like the heart of a runaway horse  
Ready to jump out alive.

Each thunder-thud of the piston-lunge  
Made every rivet leap,  
And I thought on my soul we should momentarily  
plunge  
Right through her, all of a heap !  
I felt each blow, through her thinness, smite  
As the Condemned may hark  
To the Scaffold Hammers, through his last  
night,  
Working for death in the dark.

There we were, as good as entombed !  
Our Captain gathered us then,  
And told us as how the ship was doomed,  
But, like true Englishmen,  
We should stick together and make the most  
Of the little chance we had.  
So he gave the word to run for the coast  
Of St. Paul, and work like mad !

Our grand Old Man hadn't much to say,  
But he looked as firm as the land,  
And got pretty near men's hearts that day :  
Not a shake in his voice or his hand !  
Through the Shadow of Death, that was gathering  
grim,  
He saw his duty clear,  
And did it. That was enough for him ;  
No time, no room for fear !

Just the Sailor you'd like to be  
By your side on a sinking deck :  
Just the man who would wait to see  
The last soul safe from the wreck !  
We cheered him in front of the battle, again  
And again ; three proud cheers gave him,  
And then went at it, to live like men  
Or die, as such, to save him !

We floundered in shallow water at last ;  
More dangerous than the deep !  
" *All hands on deck,*" was the order passed ;  
Each man stood ready to leap—

*Where were we ? oh, down in our grave ;  
Nobody seemed to think  
That we like the rest had Spirits to save :  
And hadn't a drop to drink !*

Stokers were forced to remain below  
And keep on a strong head of steam :  
I felt, each moment, the pipe must go.  
Not one of us dared to dream  
Of escape ; my hair was on end, I know,  
As the war-tug came to the worst.  
But I thought we were nearest to death, and so  
Perhaps might reach heaven first.

Then as she neared the bar we all  
Shook hands and bade good-bye ;  
Each man, turning his face to the wall,  
Drew himself up to die——  
When, face to face suddenly brightens !  
There's a babble of witless words !  
And a spirit lives in us that lightens  
Like air in the bones of birds !

Beautiful ! light as an eggshell, over  
The bar at a bound she springs,  
As though all heaven had stooped, and given  
Us a lift, and we went upon wings !  
Death was past, we had leisure at last,  
And a gasp of fresh breath to pray :  
And I can tell you we *were* in heaven——  
Had reached it *another* way.

\* \* \* \* \*

*We are safe.* But, my God ! if our England  
In a coming hour should be found  
Rust-eaten right to the heart of her,  
And have to be run a-ground,  
Wrecked at a shock, like our Hulk on the rock ;  
Whipped from the wide proud round  
Of her own wave-world, with her Union Jack  
furled,  
Of all her glory discrowned !

Saviours of England's money,  
Is it so you think to save ?  
By stopping of holes with your Seamen's souls,  
And ships like that for a grave ?  
To the other side o' the world you send  
Us : which, doesn't matter a rap.  
But we think it is cruel hard to end  
Like rats that are drowned in a trap.

We never mind Death, for the land we love,  
In the good old-fashioned way,  
Should we mount to the glorified souls above  
Through the smoke of some desperate day  
That makes all safe for the Island-Home :  
Proudly the last of our breath  
We will send you, blood-bubbling up through the  
foam ;  
Only let us *deserve* our death !

Heart of Oak that our England  
Should never neglect or forget—  
Heart of Oak that our England  
Must swim by, or sink in yet—

Ocean-home of the old Sea-Race—  
Shall it become the prey  
O' the mean and base, and a breeding-place  
For the Creatures of Decay ?

If we cannot keep the Sea, you Lubbers !  
Your Cent. per Cent. must stop.  
If we do not keep the sea, you Lubbers !  
You cannot keep the Shop !  
Our Empire's built a-top of the wave,  
Not at the bottom, and we  
Think they are the only men to save  
By land, who will save us at Sea.

---

## THE CAPTAIN OF THE "NORTHFLEET."

So often is the proud deed done  
By men like this at Duty's call ;  
So many are the honours won  
By them, we cannot wear them all !

They make the heroic common-place,  
And dying thus the natural way ;  
And yet, our world-wide English race  
Feels nobler, for that death, To-day !

It stirs us with a sense of wings  
That strive to lift the earthiest soul ;  
It brings the thoughts that fathom things  
To anchor fast where billows roll.

Love was so new, and life so sweet,  
But at the call he left the wine,  
And sprang full-statured to his feet,  
Responsive to the touch divine.

*"Nay, Dear, I cannot see you die.  
For me, I have my work to do  
Up here. Down to the boat. Good-bye,  
God bless you. I shall see it through."*

We read, until the vision dims  
And drowns; but, ere the pang be past,  
A tide of triumph overbrims  
And breaks with light from heaven at last.

Through all the blackness of that night  
A glory streams from out the gloom;  
His steadfast spirit lifts the light  
That shines till Night is overcome.

The sea will do its worst, and life  
Be sobbed out in a bubbling breath;  
But firmly in the coward strife  
There stands a man who has conquered Death!

A soul that masters wind and wave,  
And towers above a sinking deck;  
A bridge across the gaping grave;  
A rainbow rising o'er the wreck.

Others he saved; he saved the name  
Unsullied that he gave his wife:  
And dying with so pure an aim,  
He had no need to save his life.

Lord ! how they shame the life we live,  
These Sailors of our sea-girt isle,  
Who cheerily take what Thou mayst give,  
And go down with a heavenward smile !

The men who sow their lives to yield  
A glorious crop in lives to be :  
Who turn to England's Harvest-field  
The unfruitful furrows of the sea.

With such a breed of men so brave,  
The Old Land has not had her day ;  
But long, her strength, with crested wave,  
Shall ride the Seas, the proud old way.

---

### A BIRTHDAY ON BOARD.

*(To Captain McMickan, of the Umbria.)*

Your Birthday, Captain ! And we come  
To greet you, Matron, Mother, and Maid :  
Service like yours, Men tell us, from  
The Ladies' lips is best repaid !

We greet you for your Birthday's sake,  
But still more warmly for your own ;  
No truer Sailor treads the deck.  
How many a Triumph, all unknown,

You have won by night from Death the grim,  
Where Danger lurked like some Sea-Elf :  
We take the larger pride in him  
Who shows so little for himself.

We give our lives into his hand,  
And trust him where we cannot aid :  
He guides us safe from land to land ;  
He makes the fearful unafraid.

When the Sea rises, ridge on ridge,  
Against us, like some serried foe,  
We think "*the Captain's on the bridge,*"  
And we can safely rest below.

Through all its Vast may Ocean roll,  
Its billows beat, its voices rave,  
'Tis but the servant of the Soul  
That rules the Wind and rides the Wave.

We lack the words to speak your worth,  
But when the Voyage of life is o'er,  
Safe Harbour to you ! And a Berth  
A 1, on an Eternal Shore.

---

### THE SEA KINGS.

THE Spaniard thought to wear our Crown,  
Three hundred years ago ;  
And bow the head of England down  
To kiss the Pope's great toe !  
And next the Dutchman swept the Sea  
With Besom top-mast high.  
Gone is their Ocean sovereignty ;  
To-day, how low they lie !



And now the Frenchman's old wounds burn  
Like devils in their pain,  
And bode the weather of war will turn  
To a bath of bloody rain.  
Tingle and ring the ears of France  
With sound of battle-hymns ;  
As on Ambition's dark, mad trance  
The bloody vision swims.

Sons of the old Norse sailors brave,  
We fill their place to-day,—  
No wisp of foam upon the wave,  
To flash and pass away.  
Our perilous prize we guard and keep  
Till last relief God brings,  
Then lie in calm majestic sleep  
Along with the old Sea Kings.

Well may your proud eyes sparkle, ye  
Rough Sea-Kings, young and old ;  
The salt Sea-spirit laughs to see  
The Frenchman grown so bold.  
Sword-bayonets, Rifled Cannon, may  
The poor of heart alarm,  
But pluck at last will win the day  
With naked strength of arm.

We are not beaten at a dash,  
Nor swiftly overthrown,—  
Let Ship with Ship together lash,  
We know who must go down.  
No man in Gallic land will live  
To see us dispossessed ;  
When our sun sets at sea we give  
Its glory to the West.

Those old unconquerable waves,  
They mock at Tyranny ;  
And never can a land of Slaves  
Be Ruler of the Sea.  
But would you see their Empress, now  
Behold her ! here she smiles,  
This Diadem on Ocean's brow ;  
This Glory of the Isles.

We have fed the Sea with English souls,  
And every mounded wave  
To Heaven bears witness, as it rolls  
Some English seaman's grave !  
Our Rivers carry heroic dust  
For burial in the sea,  
Which helps to keep our noble trust,  
And battles for the Free.

Not always down the Primrose path  
Of dalliance can we tread,  
Oft-times the Chosen People hath  
To climb with foot-prints red :  
Our highest life with cross, and scorn,  
And tears, may yet be trod,  
And England wear a crown of thorn,  
Whose Roses bloom in blood.

We have immortal quarrel with  
The men who war with Right ;  
We will not own him kin or kith,  
Who fails us in this fight.  
No room for him on British ground,  
No bed in Ocean's breast,  
Who draws her purple curtains round  
Unfathomable rest.

If those old Greeks for Beauty wrought  
Their ten-years' daring deed,  
Shall it be said that less we fought  
For Freedom in her need?

No. Fight till all the Brave lie dead,  
And grass grows on the mart;  
But Freedom here shall rest her head  
Upon our England's heart.

Like some old Eagle on her nest,  
Up in her pride of place,  
Our England sits with brooding breast,  
And looks with sharpened face!  
She feels the Shadow of a Hand,  
But ere it touch her brood,  
The Sea that narrows round our land  
Shall run a moat of blood.

Wave out, Old Bird! or still brood on!  
They shall not bring you low;  
A thousand years have come and gone,  
A thousand more shall go!  
Our True Hearts still shall tread the deck,  
Our Ships sail every sea,  
And ride like those who rein the neck  
Of rearing Tyranny.

We've mounted many a windy wave,  
We've weathered many storms;  
Unshaken still we hear them rave,  
Safe in the Eternal arms.  
For if the worst comes—every man—  
We perish in our place,  
And then our Conqueror, if he can,  
May lead the new Sea-Race!

1860.

## A DAUGHTER OF THE SEA-KINGS.

MANY a time, from out the North,  
The fire-eyed Raven flew,  
And England watched its sailing forth,  
With eyes of wistful blue ;  
Many a time her True-hearts stood  
All ranked and ready for  
Grim welcome, should the Bird of Blood  
Swoop down on wings of war !

To-day, another Norland Bird  
Comes floating o'er the foam ;  
And England's heart of hearts is stirred  
To have the dear bird Home.  
She comes soft-eyed, with brooding breast,  
On swiftening wings of love ;  
And Britain, to her bridal nest,  
Welcomes the Daneland Dove.

---

She comes ; across the waters spread the sails ;  
She comes, to play her brave, uncommon part ;  
The Princess who will wear the name of Wales ;  
The Woman who shall win our England's heart.  
The Nation's life up-leaps to meet her ;  
And England with one voice goes forth to greet  
Her !

Our Lady cometh from the North,  
The tender and the true,  
Whose fire of darkest glow hath rarest worth ;  
For love more inly nestles in the North,

To give, like fire in frost, its fervours forth :  
 Whose flowers can keep their dew ;  
 And a look in its Women's eyes is good  
 As the first fresh breath of the salt Sea-flood,  
 Or the bonniest blink of its blue :  
 And from its dark Fiords, with sails unfurled,  
 Came the fair-haired Norsemen,  
 The men that moved the world.

---

They were the pride and the darlings of Ocean,  
 Rocked on her breast by a hundred storms ;  
 Tossed up with joyfulest Motherly motion ;  
 Caught to her heart again—clasped in her arms.  
 No Slaves of the Earth but Sea-kings, the rough  
 Rovers  
 Took wings of the wind and flew over the foam.  
 Yet, the old True-hearts, like faithfulest lovers,  
 Came back with the fruitfuller feeling of Home.  
 Kings were they of the royallest blood  
 That was blue with the hue of the salt Sea-flood.

---

Come ! stir the Norse fire in us mightily !  
 Come, conquering hearts as they the heaving sea.  
 Come, wed the people with their Prince, and  
 bless  
 Them from your neighbouring heaven of nobleness.  
 There's nothing like a Beauty of the Blood  
 To set the fashion of a loftier good !  
 There's nothing like a true and womanly Wife  
 To help a man, and make melodious life.  
 For, she can hold his heartstrings in her hand,  
 And play the tune her pleasure may command,

And cause his climbing soul to grow in stature,  
Trying to reach the heights of her diviner  
nature.

---

Come in your beauty of promise ;  
Come in your Maiden glee ;  
Let your sunshine scatter from us  
The shadow of Misery.  
Hearts in the dark have been aching,  
But now the clouds are breaking.  
Come as come the swallows  
Over the brightening sea,  
And we know that Summer follows  
With the sunny days to be.  
Come and give us your glad good-morrow,  
The Joy-bells shall ring,  
And the merry birds sing ;  
Dumbly drooping, the Bird of Sorrow  
Shall hide his old head under his wing.

---

And now a shining Vision blooms ;  
I see the rich Procession glide  
Serenely 'twixt the swaling plumes,  
All nodding in their pride :

Walking with sweet precision, she  
Moves slowly onward, softly nigher  
The Altar ; meek in purity,  
Yet filled with stately fire.

The dawn upon her sweet young face  
The dewy spring-light in her eyes,  
And round about her form of grace  
The airs of paradise.

But lo ! a Shadow dims the scene !  
 We lift our eyes and sadly see  
 How lonely stands the wistful Queen ;  
 No leaning-place hath she,

Who, in her darkness seeks to hide,  
 While the wed pair move whitely on  
 As swans go gliding side by side,  
 And all their splendours sun.

O Widow's gloom ! O wedding joys !  
 O white fringe to the Mourning-pall !  
 With the dead Father's hovering voice  
 In music over all !

---

This world is but a newer paradise,  
 To that glad spirit looking through the eyes  
 Of Love, that sees all bright things dancing toward  
 It, gaily coming of their own accord.  
 For 'tis as though the lightsome heart should  
 climb  
 Up in the head, to look from heights sublime  
 And sing, and swing as it would never drop—  
 The merry reveller in the tall tree-top !  
 Where Life is with such lofty gladness crowned,  
 And all the Pleasures dance in starry circle round.  
 But may this love be true as Hers who sees  
 Ye, like a smiling future at her knees :  
 The Wife who held God's gifts the richest wealth ;  
 Our Queen of Home who sweetened England's  
 health ;

The Widow in whose face we looked to see  
That great black cloud of our calamity  
On the side nearest heaven, and marked her rise  
In stature, calm to meet her sacrifice :  
As one with faith to feel Death's darkness brings  
Almighty Love on overshadowing wings.

---

True love is no mere incense that will swim  
Up from the heart a lover's eyes to dim,  
But, such a light as gives the jewel-spark  
To meanest things it looks on in their dark,—  
A spring of heaven welling warm to bless  
And sanctify each grain of earthiness.  
True love will make true life, and glorify  
Ye very proudly in the nation's eye.  
Ah, Prince, a-many hopes up-fold the wing  
Within the Marriage-nest to which ye bring  
Your Bride, the life ye live there will be rolled  
Through endless echoes, mirrored manifold.

---

We charge you, when you look on your young  
Wife,  
And watch the ascending brightness of new life  
In the sweet eyes that double the sweet soul,  
That ye forget not others' dearth and dole.

---

Just now, the North wind wails  
As though the Cold were crying  
Over the hills and over the dales,  
And sinking hearts know well what ails  
The sound of the wintry sighing :  
It bears the moan of the dying ;



Dying down in the starving Shires,  
Without food, and without fires.  
The bitter nights are cruel cold,  
One cannot help but wake, and think  
Of the poor milch-lambs of the human fold  
That have no milk to drink.

---

A Royal Worker to his grave went down  
A little year ago, without his crown.  
He dreamed the time would come when Rich and  
Poor  
Might shake hands, strove to open wide the door.  
He tried to till our waste-land,—sought to see  
It glad in good, the stern world Poverty.  
His was a heart that nobly beat to bless,  
And heaved with doubled-breasted bounteousness  
Like very woman's.

But, 'tis ever so ;  
He's gone where all our golden sunsets go ;  
Gone from us ! Yet his memory makes a light,  
Enriching life with tints of pictured bloom,  
Like firelight warm upon the walls of night,  
An inner glow against the outer gloom.  
Do thou but live, and work as Albert willed,  
And he shall smile in heaven to see his dream  
fulfilled.

Heroic deeds of toil are to be done,  
And lofty palms of peace are to be won.  
Life may be followed by a fame that rings  
With nobler music than the Battle sings,  
When Death, astride the black Guns, laughs to see  
That flashing out of souls, and grins triumphantly.

Bear high the banner of our England's fame,  
And let the evil-doers fear her name.  
We joy to serve her, least of all the race ;  
Yours is the chance to fill a foremost place.

---

Like some proud River, stretching forth before ye  
Through all the land, your widening way doth  
lie,  
Brimming and blessing as it rolls in glory,  
Broadening and brightening till it reach the sky.  
A splendid Vision ! the green corn looks gay ;  
The Bird of Happiness sings overhead :  
And may the Autumn uplands far away  
Rise with the Harvest ripe in Evening's red ;  
Your crescent Honey-Moon laugh out above  
The gathered Sheaves it gilds, at full with love.

**PERSONAL.**



## ROBERT BURNS.

## A CENTENARY SONG.

A HUNDRED years ago this morn  
 He came to walk our human way ;  
 And we would change the Crown of Thorn  
 For healing leaves To-day.

A vain recall ! The dead men do  
 Not turn back when the Curtain's down,  
 To smirk and bow their thanks to you  
 For after-clap or crown !

And we can only hang our wreath  
 Upon the cold white Marble's brow !  
 Though loud we speak, or low we breathe,  
 We cannot change it now.

He loved us all ! He loved so much !  
 His heart of love the world could hold ;  
 And now the whole wide world with such  
 A love would him enfold.

'Tis long and late before it wakes  
 So kindly, yet a true world still ;  
 It hath a heart so large, that takes  
 A century to fill !

---

BUT tell the wondrous Tale to-day,  
While songs are sung, and warm words said,—  
Tell how he wore the Hodden Gray,  
And won the Oaten bread.

With wintry welcome at the door  
Did Nature greet him to his lot ;  
Our royal Minstrel of the Poor,  
Cradled in his clay-Cot.

There, in the bonny Bairntime dawn,  
He nestled at his Mother's knee,  
With such a face as might have drawn  
The Angels down to see

That rosy Innocent at prayer,  
So pure and ready for the hand  
Of Her who is Guide and Guardian where  
Babes sleep in Silent Land.

And there she found her darling Child,  
The robust Muse of sun-browned health,  
Who nursed him up into the wild  
Young heir of all her wealth :

And there she rocked his Infant thought,  
Asleep with visions glorious  
That hallow now the Poor Man's Cot  
For evermore to us :

Disguised Angelic Playmates were  
Those still ideal dreams of Youth,  
That drew it on to Greatness ; there  
We find them shaped in truth !

There, young Love slyly came, to bring  
Rare balms that will bewitch the blood,  
To dance while happy Spirits sing,  
With life in hey-day flood.

And there he learned the touch that speeds  
Right to the natural heart of things ;  
Struck rootage down to where Life feeds  
At the eternal Springs :

Before the Lords of Earth he stood  
A Man by Nature born and bred,  
To show us on what simple food  
A Poet may be fed.

No gifts of gold for him, no crown  
Of Fortune ready for his brow ;  
But wrestling strength to earn his own ;  
It shines in glory now !

---

He rose up cheery as the Lark—  
Our dawn-bird of the better day.  
Many weird voices of the dark  
In his music passed away !

He caught them, Witch and Warlock, ere  
They vanished ; all the revelry  
Of wizard wonder, we must wear  
The mask of Sleep to see !

Droll Humours came for him to paint  
Their pictures ; straight his merry eye  
Had taken them, so queer, so quaint,  
We laugh until we cry.

Meek glimpses of peculiar grace,  
Where Beauty lieth, in undress,  
Asleep in secret hiding-place,  
Hushed in the wilderness :

Spring-dawns that open heaven-doors ;  
Wild winds that break in seas of sound ;  
Sad Gloamings eerie on the moors ;  
The murdered Martyr's mound ;

Wan, awful Shadows, trailing like  
The great skirts of the hurrying Storm ;  
Bronzed-purple thunder-lights that strike  
The woodlands wet and warm ;

And glorious Sunsets, God's good-night,  
Is smiled through to our world, and felt ;  
Make rich his soul by ear and sight,—  
Through all his being melt.

---

He knew the Sorrows of poor folk,  
He felt for all their patient pain ;  
And from his clouded soul he shook  
Lark-like the music-rain.

For them his eyes would brim with balm,  
Dark eyes, and flashing as the levin—  
Grew at a touch as sweet and calm  
As are the eyes in heaven.

So rich in sadness is his breast  
That tenderness, heaven-mirroring, fills,  
As lies the soft blue lake at rest  
Among the rugged hills ;



And quick as Mother's milk will rise,  
At thrill of her babe's touch, and strong,  
It heaves his heart, and floods his eyes,  
And overflows his song.

In Life's low ways, and starless night,  
The Poor so often have to creep  
Where Manhood may not walk full-height,  
And this made Robin weep.

But none dare sneer, who see the tear  
In Robin Burns's honest eye,  
With all the weakness, it comes clear  
From where the Thunders lie.

Such Ardours flash from out that dew,  
And quiver in its pearl of pain ;  
The Spirit of Lightning thrilling through  
A drop of tempest-rain !

---

Of all our Birds the Robin he  
Is darling of the gentle Poor ;  
His nest is sacred, he goes free  
By window or by door :

His lot is lowly, and his wings  
Are only of the homely brown,  
But in the dreary day he sings  
When gayer friends have flown,

And hoarded up for us he brings,  
In that brave breast of bonny red,  
A gathered glory of the Springs  
And Summers long, long fled.

Even so all Birds of Song above,  
To which the poor man smiling turns,  
The darling of his listening love  
Is gentle Robin Burns :

His Summer soul our Winter warms,  
He makes a glory in our gloom ;  
His nest is safe from all the storms,  
For ever in our Home.

Come in, dear Bird, with all the glow  
Of life and love that brims thy breast ;  
A warmth to melt the winter snow  
In Poortith's coldest nest.

---

WHEN Hesper through some shady nook  
Sparkles on Lovers face to face,  
Where drooped lids shade a burning look,  
With beauty's shyer grace—

And holy is the hour for love,  
And all so silent comes the Night,  
Lest even a breath of faërie move  
That poise so feather-light—

Where two hearts weigh, to blight or bless,  
Till swarming like a summer hive,  
The inner world of happiness  
With music grows alive—

There as Life aches so, heart in heart,  
And hand in hand so fondly yearns,  
Love shakes his wings, and soars and sings  
The song of Robin Burns.

---

AULD Scotland's Music waited long,  
And wandered wailing through the land,  
Divinely yearning in her wrong,  
And sorrowfully grand ;

And many touched responsive chords,  
But could not tell what She would say ;  
Till Robin wed her with his words,  
And they were One for aye.

His Ministers of Music win  
Their way where night is all so mirk,  
You scarce can see the Devil in  
The darkness at his work,

Or feel the face of friends from foes ;  
But these Song-Spirits softly come,  
And lo ! a light of heaven glows  
Within the poorest home.

On either side the hearth they glide,  
And take the empty seat of Care,  
Immortal Presences that bide  
In blessed beauty there.

They set us singing at our work,  
Or, where no fitting voice is found,  
Out-smiles the music that may lurk  
In thoughts too fine for sound.

They weave some pictured tints that shine  
Luminous in life's cold gray woof ;  
They make the vine of Patience twine  
About the barest roof.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> An American Poetess applied this image to my own poetry. I have taken the liberty of passing it on to him who has the far greater right to it.

More sweet his Songs, to him who plods  
Shut up in smoky city prison,  
Than to the caged Lark cool sods  
Cut ere the sun be risen.

The Soldier feels them as a spring  
Of healing 'mid the Indian sand ;  
They gush within him, and they bring  
Him news of the Old Land !

With them the Sailor warms his heart,  
By night upon the wintry sea ;  
With them our Serfs ennobled start  
I' the knighthood of the Free !

Ah, how some old sweet Cradle-song  
The Exile's wandering heart still brings  
Home ! home again, with ties as strong  
As Love's own leading-strings.

We hug the Homestead, and more near  
The fresh and fonder tendrils twine  
To make our clasp more close for fear  
Our dear ones we may tine.

---

THINK how those Heroes, true till death,  
In Lucknow listened through the strife,  
And held what seemed their latest breath  
They had to draw in life,

To hear the old Scots' Music dear  
Ask, down the battle-pauses brief,  
As Havelock's men, with fire and cheer,  
Swept in to their relief—

*"Should auld acquaintance be forgot?"*  
Through flaming hell we come! we come!  
To keep that pledge, not given for nought  
Around the hearth at home.

*"We'll tak a cup o' kindness"* yet,  
For Scotland dear, and Auld Lang Syne;  
Ay, though that cup be redly-wet  
With blood as well as wine.

*"And here's a hand, my trusty friend,"*  
And then it seemed the dear Old Land  
Did burst their tomb, the death-shroud rend,  
With Robin Burns's hand.

---

How dearly Robin loved the Land  
That gave such gallant Heroes birth;  
Its wee blue bit of heaven, and  
Its dear green nook of earth.

Where he once looked with tender gaze,  
In all our way-side wanderings,  
Shy Beauty lifts her veil of haze,  
And smiles in common things.

More precious is the purple heath,  
The bonny broom of beamless gold;  
And sweeter is the mellow breath  
Of Autumn on the wold!

The Daisy opes its eye at dawn,  
And straight from Nature's heart so true,  
The tear of Burns peeps sparkling ! an  
Immortal drop of dew !

With eyes a thought more kindly, we  
Look on all dumb and helpless things ;  
In his large love they stand, as He  
Had sheltered them with wings.

Down by the singing burn we greet  
His voice of love and liberty ;  
High on the bleak hill-side we meet  
His Spirit blithe and free !

And on this land should Foe e'er tread,  
He will fight for it at our side,  
Flame on our Banners overhead,  
In songs of victory ride.

---

A HUNDRED years ago To-day,  
The great and glorious Stranger came ;  
Men wondered as he went his way  
A wild and wandering flame.

The fiercer fire of life, confined,  
With higher wave will heave and break,  
And higher should the mountain-mind  
Thrust up its starward peak :

But often is the kindling clay  
With its red lavas rent and riven,  
And Earth holds up a wreck to pray  
The healing hand of Heaven.

Around his soul more sternly warred  
The powers that smite for Wrong and Right ;  
And thunder-scathed and battle-scarred,  
Death bore him from the fight.

But now we recognize in him,  
One of the high and shining race ;  
All gone the mortal mists that dim  
The fair immortal face.

The splendour of a thousand Suns  
Is shining ! and the tearful rain  
No more with passionate pathos runs ;  
He counts his grief our gain.

The sorrow and suffering, soil and shame  
All gone ! all far away have passed ;  
He sitteth in the heavens of fame,  
With quiet crowned at last.

The prowling Ghoul hath left his grave,  
Hushed is the praying Pharisee ;  
His frailties fade, his Virtues brave  
Live everlastingly.

---

For us he wrought imperishably,  
The lowly-born, the peasant's Son ;  
We weep exulting tears that he  
So proud a place hath won !

And such a Crown to bind thy brow,  
Thy glorious Child hath gained for thee,  
Thou gray old nurse of Heroes ! thou  
Proud Mother, Poverty !

Look up! and let the big tears be  
Triumphant, touched with sparks of pride;  
Look up! in his great glory ye  
Are also glorified.

Or weep the tear that Pity wrings  
To think his brightness he should dim;  
Then 'tis the drop of heart-ache brings  
Us nearer unto him:

'Tis here we touch his garment; here  
The poorest or the frailest earns  
The right to call him kinsman dear,  
Our Brother, Robin Burns.

In fires of suffering far more fair  
We forge the precious bond of love.  
Ah, Robin, if God hear our prayer  
'Tis all made well above,

And you who comforted His Poor  
In this world, have eternal home  
With those He comforteth, His Poor!  
In all the world to come.

Dear Highland Mary went before  
To plead for you in saintly sooth,  
Whom she remembered when you wore  
The purity of Youth.

With those high Bards who live for aye,  
Your faults and failings all forgiven—  
May there be festival to-day,  
And a great joy in Heaven!



The truth afar off found at last ;  
The triumph rung impetuously  
Through all that Crystal Palace vast  
Of white Eternity.

---

DEAR Robin, could you but return  
Once more, how changed it all would be ;  
The heart of this wide world doth yearn  
To take you welcomingly :

Warm eyes would shine at windows ; quick  
Warm hands would greet you at the door,  
Where oft they let you pass heart-sick,  
So heedlessly of yore !

And they would have you wear the Crown  
Who bade you bear the crushing cross ;  
Their glorious gain was all unknown,  
Until they felt the loss :

The cup you carried was so filled,  
The pressing crowd, so eager round,  
Dragged down your lifted arm, and spilled  
Such dear drops on the ground !

How we would comfort your distress,  
Would see you smile as once you smiled,  
And hold your hands in silentness,  
Strong man and little child !

Your poor heart heaving like the waves  
Of seas that moan for evermore,  
And try to creep into the caves  
Of Rest, but find no shore—

Poor heart ! come rest thee from the strife ;  
Come, rest thee, rest thee in the calm,  
We'd cry : come bathe a weary life  
In Love's immortal balm !

---

We cannot see your face, Robin !  
Your flashing lip, your fearless brow ;  
We cannot hear your voice, Robin !  
But you are with us now :

Although the mortal face is dark  
Behind the veil of spirit-wings,  
You draw us up as Heaven the Lark  
Whose music in him sings.

With tender awe we feel you near,  
You make our lifted faces shine ;  
You brim our cup with kindness here,  
For sake of Auld Lang Syne.

We are one at heart as Britain's sons,  
Because you join our clasping hands,  
While one electric feeling runs  
Through all the English lands.

And near or far where Britons band,  
To-day the leal and true heart turns  
More fondly to the fatherland  
For love of Robin Burns.

---

## HOOD,

WHO SANG THE "SONG OF THE SHIRT."

'Twas the old story!—ever the blind world  
Knows not its Angels of Deliverance  
Till they stand glorified 'twixt earth and heaven.  
It stones the Martyr; then, with praying hands,  
Sees the God mount his chariot of fire,  
And calls sweet names, and worships what it  
spurned.

It slays the Man to deify the Christ:  
And then how lovingly 'twill bind the brows  
Where late its thorn-crown laughed with cruel lips—  
Red, and rejoicing from the killing kiss!  
To those who walk beside them, great men seem  
Mere common earth; but distance makes them  
stars.

As dying limbs do lengthen out in death,  
So grows the stature of their after-fame;  
And then we gather up their glorious words,  
And treasure up their names with loving care.  
So Hood, our Poet, lived his martyr-life:  
With a swift soul that travelled at such speed,  
And struck such flashes from its flinty road,  
That by its trail of radiance through the dark,  
We almost see th' unfeatured Future's face,—  
And went uncrowned to his untimely tomb.  
'Tis true, the World did praise his glorious Wit—  
The merry Jester with his cap and bells!  
And sooth, his wit was like Ithuriel's spear:  
But 'twas mere lightning from the cloud of his life,  
Which held at heart most rich and blessed rain

Of tears melodious, that are worlds of love ;  
And Rainbows, that would bridge from earth to  
heaven ;  
And Light, that should have shone like Joshua's  
sun

Above our long death-grapple with the Wrong ;  
And thunder-voices, with their Words of fire,  
To melt the Slave's chain, and the Tyrant's crown.  
His wit ?—a kind smile just to hearten us !—  
Rich foam-wreaths on the waves of lavish life,  
That flashed o'er precious pearls and golden sands.  
But, there was that beneath surpassing wit !  
The starry soul, that shines when all is dark !—  
Endurance, that can suffer and grow strong—  
Walk through the world with bleeding feet, and  
smile !—

Love's inner light, that kindle's Life's rare colours,  
Bright wine of Beauty for the longing soul ;  
And thoughts that swathe Humanity with such  
glory

As limns the outline of the coming God.  
In him were gleams of such heroic splendour  
As light this cold, dark world up like a star  
Arrayed in glory for the eyes of heaven :  
And a great heart that beat according music  
With theirs of old,—God-likest kings of men !  
A conquering heart ! which Circumstance, that  
frights

The Many down from Love's transfiguring height,  
Aye metted into martial attitude.  
He might have clutched the palm of Victory  
In the world's wrestling-ring of noble deeds ;  
But he went down a precious Argosy  
At sea, just glimmering into sight of shore,

With its rare freights from diviner climes.  
While friends were crowding at the Harbour  
mouth

To meet and welcome the brave Sailor back,  
He saw, and sank in sight of them and home !  
The world may never know the wealth it lost,  
When Hood went darkling to his tearful tomb,  
So mighty in his undeveloped force !  
With all his crowding unaccomplished hopes—  
Th' unuttered wealth and glory of his soul—  
And all the music ringing round his life,  
And poems stirring in his dying brain.  
But blessings on him for the songs he sang—  
Which yearned about the world till then for birth !  
How like a bonny bird of God he came,  
And poured his heart in music for the Poor ;  
Who sit in gloom while sunshine floods the land,  
And grope through darkness, for the hand of Help.  
And trampled Manhood heard, and claimed its  
crown ;

And trampled Womanhood sprang up ennobled !  
The human soul looked radiantly through rags !  
And there was melting of cold hearts, as when  
The ripening sunlight fingers frozen flowers.  
O ! blessings on him for the songs he sang !  
When all the stars of happy thought had set  
In many a mind, his spirit walked the gloom  
Clothed on with beauty, as the regal Moon  
Walks her night-kingdom, turning clouds to light.  
Our Champion ! with his heart too big to beat  
In bonds,—our Poet in his pride of power !  
Aye, we'll remember him who fought our fight,  
And chose the Martyr's robe of flame, and spurned  
The gold and purple of the glistening slave.

And must be writ in Marble to endure.  
To many he was stern, for he could guard  
His tongue with his good teeth : to some he seemed  
Sharp as the Holly's lower range of leaves,  
His prickly humour all alive with spears :  
But if you climbed to the serener height,  
You found a life in smooth and shining leaf,  
Crowned with its calm, and lying nearer heaven.

Low lies the grandest head in all Scotland.  
We'll miss him when there's noble work to do !  
We'll miss him coming through the crowded street,  
Like plaided Shepherd from the Ross-shire Hills,  
Stalwart and iron-gray and weather-worn ;  
His tall head holding up a lonely lamp  
Of steadfast thought still-burning in his eyes,  
Like some masthead-light lonely through the  
    night ;  
His eyes, that rather dreamed than saw, deep-set  
In the brow's shadow, looking forward, fixed,  
On something we divined not, solemn, strange !  
He was a Hero true as ever stepped  
In the Forlorn Hope of a warring world :  
And from opposing circumstance his palm  
Drew loftier stature, and a lustier strength.  
From the far dreamland height of youthful years  
He flung his gage out 'mid the trampling strife,  
And fought his way to it with spirit that cut  
Like a scythed Chariot, and took up his own.  
Once more Childe Roland to the Dark Tower  
    came,  
Saw bright forms beckon on the battlements,  
And stormed through fighting foes, true steel to  
    steel ;

Slow step by step he won his winding way,  
And reached the top, and stood up Victor there;  
And yet with most brave meekness it was done.

His life-tree fair of leaf, and rich in fruit !  
We could not see it mouldering at the heart.  
We knew not how in nights of pain he groped,  
And groped with bleeding feeling down dark  
Crypts

Of consciousness, to find the buried sense ;  
When the faint flame of being flickering low,  
Made fearful shadows spectral on the walls ;  
And beckoning terrors muttered in the dark ;  
Old misery-mongers moaned along the wind ;  
The lights burned blue as Death were breathing  
near,  
And dead hands seemed to reach and drag him  
down  
To those who have been deceived by false belief.

The powers of Evil often have a hand  
With human Lots in the dim urn of Fate.  
The awful Dark flung over him a pall  
Of pain, hot hands of hell were on his eyes,  
And Devils drew him through the cold night-wind ;  
But while they held the helpless body bound,  
The spirit broke away. That rent was death !  
The iron will wherewith he hewed his path  
From the stone-quarries to the heights of fame,  
Still strove for freedom when the leap was  
death.

But, never doubt God's Children find their home  
By dark as well as day. The life he lived,  
And not the death he died, was first in judgment.

It is the writing on the folded scroll  
Death sends, and not the seal, that God will judge.

I like to think the Spirit of Cowper caught  
Hold of his poor weak wandering hands in  
help,

As at the dark door he in blindness groped.  
How it would touch that tender soul to read  
The earthly memories written in his face!  
Such memories as ope the gates of heaven :  
And he who soothed him with last words on  
earth

Might whisper his first welcome in the heavens,  
And lead him through cool valleys green where  
grow

The Leaves of Healing by the River of Life,  
Where tears and travel-stains are wiped away,  
All troubled thoughts laid in ambrosial rest,  
And hearts have ceased to ache,

And there is no more pain.  
Before His throne who sitteth in the Heavens,  
Perchance the pleading Poet prayed that he  
Might sit beside him at th' Eternal feast.  
The fancy flower-like from his Coffin grew  
Even while I looked. He lay as Death did seem  
Only a dream he might have dreamed before ;  
All peaceful as the face of Sabbath morn :  
The meekened witness of another world.  
That stern, white stillness had a starry touch,  
As his last look had caught the first of heaven.  
The battle-armour of a soldier-soul  
Lay battered, but still bright from many blows,  
Upon the field, large, such as few could wear.



The ghosts of last year's leaves, that last night  
rose

And rustled in their spectral dance of death,  
Are laid and silent in a shroud of snow !  
The day is dark above the long, dark host :  
The sad hushed heavens seem choked, but cannot  
weep.

Many pale faces, many tristful eyes,  
With dumb looks pleading for the kindly rain  
That comes not when the heart can only cry  
With unshed tears, close round his wintry grave:  
The lonely men whose lives are still a-light  
And shining when the manual Toilers sleep,  
To whom Night brings the larger thoughts like  
Stars.

I marvel if among them there is one  
Who shudders when men speak of such a death  
As if they named His—who had longed to pluck  
Death's cool hand down upon the burning brain,  
But chokes the secret in his heart as though  
He crushed a hissing serpent in his hand,  
Lest it scream out, and his white face be known !

Ah ! come away, for sorrow is a child  
That needs no nursing ! And all seems so strange.  
One last look, and then home to feel and feel  
What we have lost. And when from the dark  
earth

A spring-tide dawn of leaf-light glistens green,  
And Nature with her dewfall and her rain  
Gives to our grief the last calm tender touch,  
In those sweet days when hearts are tenderest  
For those who never come back with the flowers,  
Upon some balmy Eve so beautiful

We should not wonder if an Angel stood  
Suddenly at our side ; the silent march  
Of all the beauty culminating thus !  
Then let us come, dear friend, and spend an hour  
At the communion table of His tomb—  
And pluck the Heartsease growing from the grave  
While Nature kneeleth in all places lowly,  
And blessings rest upon a time so holy.

---

#### TO A BEREAVED FRIEND.

God comfort you, my Friend, God comfort you !  
How mighty, how immeasurable your loss  
I can but dimly know ; yet I have learned  
That only the most precious pass so soon.  
I could but stand Without, and dared not thrust  
My hand betwixt the curtains of your grief.  
I could not reach you sitting in the dark  
Of that lone desert where the silence stuns,  
And sound of sobbing would be kind relief.  
But I would speak some word that with a touch  
May make your cup of sorrow overbrim  
In tears that suck the sting from out the soul.  
I too have felt the gloom that brings heaven near ;  
The love whose kissings are all unreturned,  
And longed to lie down with the quiet dead  
And share their slow sweet rest. I too have known  
This strain and crack of heart-strings, this wild  
whirl  
And wallow of sense in which the soul seems  
drowned.  
You are the Husband of an Angel, I

Have two sweet Babes in bliss. We are very poor  
On earth, my Friend, but very rich in Heaven.  
Two years ago you comforted my loss ;  
One year ago I sang your wedding song,  
And now She is not ! She who had only looked  
On life through coloured windows of her dreams.  
All in the softest, sweetest breath of life,  
The bud of her dear beauty seemed to have blown,  
Your one-year darling who but sprang, and died,  
And left the fragrance of her memory,  
A blessed memory ; a most blessed hope !  
She had the shy grace of a Woodland flower ;  
In her Love veiled his look with timid wings ;  
And her eyes deepened with a sadness rich,  
As though the mountain-tops of heaven-touched  
thought

Made mirrored shadows in their lakes of light.  
Only a brief while did she wear the mask  
Of flesh that kept the fond immortal face  
Without a stain of earth or soil of time ;  
And now her Nun-like Spirit takes the Veil  
In Heaven's cloistral calm. Look up, my Friend,  
And bravely bear the mantle of her pain,  
Which fell from her for you to wear for her :  
Look up, my Friend, and may one little glimpse  
Of all her glory touch your tears with light !  
Only in heaven can the dark grow starry,  
Only from heaven comes the wished-for Dawn.  
She liveth in the sight of Him who sees  
You also ; Ye are one still in God's eye,  
That from His Picture of the Universe  
Turns on us in whatever worlds we move.

---

## ALBERT THE GOOD.

SOME Two-and-Twenty golden years ago,  
A youthful Wooer to our England came ;  
To-day, he has won her, lying pale and low.  
Albert the Good we write his noble name.

The Power that sits enthroned by open graves  
Hath risen to rule the air. His death-bell tolls,  
And rolls upon us in dull heavy waves,  
Sepulchral shadows over living souls.

On every burdened wind the sound is borne,  
Invisibly swift the Sparks Electric slide ;  
Till, under Archways of full many a morn,  
The gloom of our great loss will visibly glide.

The meanest doorway darkens at the cloud,  
The poorest poor have lost a personal friend ;  
Down to one level are the loftiest bowed ;  
In the large clasp of nature all hearts blend.

The gush of gladness in our eyes is dimmed ;  
Christmas hath lost its glow of merry heartshine ;  
The Wassail-cup will pass as though 'twere  
brimmed  
With the red, solemn, Sacramental wine,

And dark in his extinguished light we stand.  
In every face we read how much bereft !  
A kindlier pressure of the clasping hand  
Tells of our loss, and clings to what is left.

For he was one of those we never know  
Till they have left us, nor how great the love  
We bore them ; they are all too meek to show  
Their dearness, till they stand our praise above.

How should we mirror truly when a breath  
Set all the surface in a blurring strife?  
We are calmer now!—touched by the hand of  
Death!  
To hold the lustrous image of his life.

We met him coldly, and on looking back  
See all our dimness by his kindling glow ;  
The mist we breathed hath served to mark his  
track,  
And make a starrier halo for his brow.

At last our clouds of earth are cleared away !  
Albert the Good goes patiently to God ;  
Smiling back to us with his frank blue day,  
Leaving us shining footprints where he trod.

Down goes the Scaffolding, the Work is crowned ;  
Much that was hidden from us may be read,  
And for the first time we can look all round  
The Statue of his life now perfected.

The Flower of Chivalry upon the height,  
As featly could he bend to lowliest place ;  
With something in his presence of the light  
That shone in Philip Sidney's gracious face.

His natural kingliness made Crowns look wan,  
Whom Fate had set amongst the Lords of Earth  
To show them how the majesty of Man  
May shine above the starriest badge of Birth.

He held forever hallowed the dear breasts  
Where nestling Love and its sweet babes had  
lain ;

Forever sacred kept Home's secret nest  
Of purest pleasure and of proudest pain.

A calm, high life, crowned with a quiet death !  
His robe of pain around him folding, he  
Was not the man to waste his dying breath ;  
Who truly lives, can die with dignity.

The gentle spirit did not wish to hear  
The women moaning through the house for him,  
But only sought to feel its darlings near  
Enough to bless them when 'twas getting dim !

No need of Courtly lies for comforting ;  
For he can face the truth, though stern and wild :  
Through spiritual rehearsal he can wring  
The victory ! and his soul within him smiled.

It is not near so hard for one to bow  
And enter the dark doorway of the Tomb,  
Who has learnt to meet Death kneeling with bent  
brow ;  
Whose inward light can pierce that outer gloom.

And while in sorrow here we dimly sit,  
We lift the head, to ease an aching breast,  
And, looking up, behold the Stars are lit ;  
And there's another in the realms of Rest.

Rest, happy soul, in thy salvation deep ;  
The top of life, and endless day for thee ;  
While in the valleys here we strive or sleep  
Among the shadows of Eternity.

We can but kneel, and grope, and kiss His feet  
Who takes thee to His infinite embrace ;  
We feel transfigured if our touch may meet  
His garment's hem ; but *Thou* beholdst His face.

Poor Widowed Queen ! we see her as she trod  
The Aisle where Music's mellow thunders rolled,  
And Heaven opened, and the smile of God  
In sunbeams crowned her head with saintly gold.

And how we listened—knowing she was blest—  
To the proud murmurs of the brooding dove ;  
Home-pleasures round the royal Mother pressed,  
And God gave many voices to her love.

And now the cloud of this calamity  
Darkens the crown we set on her young brow :  
Ah, look up to the side next Heaven, and see  
'Tis God Himself that crowns our lady now !

With all hearts aching for the folded face,  
We can but grasp His hand in prayer for her !  
So lonely in her desolate, high place ;  
And leave her with the Eternal Comforter.

Though two be parted in that shadow drear,  
Where one must walk alone, yet is it given  
For the Beloved spirit to be near ;  
The human vision with the voice in Heaven.

It is my faith they friend us in our need ;  
With tender cords they draw us where they  
move ;  
And often at the noon of night they feed  
With dews of Heaven the lilies of their love.

Warm whispers will come stealing like a glow  
Of God, to kiss the spirit's sealed eyes  
Till they be opened, and True Love doth know  
Its Marriage Garden blooms in Paradise.

Here hearts may beat so close that two lives make  
Only one shadow in the sun we see,  
But, in the light we see not, these shall wake  
One Angel—wedded for eternity.

This mourning shall be made majestic mirth;  
This grief shall be a glory otherwhere;  
The music that we hear no more on earth  
Will help to make up Heaven when we are there.

The sap is swart and bitter in the bark,  
That sweetens sunnily in the fruit above,  
And spirits yearning upward through the dark  
Shall climb and summer in the light of love.

And Thou, young Prince, whose Pilot saw thee  
tide  
Safe o'er the reefs beyond the Harbour-bar,  
Then left thee—Beaconing o'er the waters wide,  
This Star of Morn shall rise, thine Evening Star.

May thy life flourish, ripen hour by hour,  
And heavenward draw the virtues of thy root;  
Our eyes have seen the beauty of the flower,  
Do thou unfold the glory of the fruit.

We build his Monument, but men may see  
His steady lustre live in thee and thine;  
And thou mayest bear, to Empires yet to be,  
The goodness and the glory of thy line.



Think of the dear face dark beneath the mould,  
And be thou to us what he would have been ;  
So shall the secret springs of sorrow old  
Give to thy future paths a gladder green.

This is a waiting hour of wonder for  
The world ; our England looks across her waves ;  
Will the Dove seek her bosom, or red War,  
Whose footprints tread deep pits for gory graves?

Is it the kiss of Peace and Righteousness,  
That softly thrills the hushed, grim silence  
through,  
Or Battle's bugle-cry that makes us press  
All sail—send up our brave old bit of blue?

We know not. But, if foot to foot we stand,  
On slippery boarding-plank, or ruddied sward,  
'Twill be the sturdier stroke for our dear Land  
That holds another grave like this to guard.

And all is well that makes a People one,  
Even though the meeting-place be Albert's tomb:  
We gather grapes of joy up in the sun,  
But our best wine must ripen in the gloom.

Many true hearts have mouldered down to enrich  
The roots of England's greatness underground ;  
Until, below, as wide and strong they stretch,  
As overhead the branches reach around.

And so our England's glory ever grows,  
And so her stature rises ever higher,  
Until the faces of her farthest foes  
Darken with envy, overshadowed by her.

So climb the heavens, Old Tree, until the gold  
Stars glisten as thy fruitage—heave thy breast  
And broaden till the fiercest storms shall fold  
Their wings within thy shelter and find rest.

---

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

THE Merry Bells ring in the Christmas Day,  
While in our hearts a mournful knell is knolled,  
As other tidings through the land are rolled—  
Telling of a great spirit passed away.

Another heart of English Oak gone down,  
Like some three-decker striking with no word  
Of warning; sails all set; all hands aboard;  
When sunniest skies were smiling with their crown.

Low lies the stately form that towered so tall,  
With life so lusty, and with look so brave;  
The head thrown back, as if to breast the wave  
For many a year—the wave that whelmeth all.

For all the sobs that rise, or tears that rain,  
No more fond, fatherly words for Lad and Lass!  
No more across his manly face will pass  
The light of passion, or the shadow of pain.

We never told our love! He would have thought  
We prattled prettily, amused the while;  
And held us at a distance with his smile,  
Until we hid the presents we had brought.

Now we might stroke the almost young, white hair,  
And even kiss the cold and quiet brow ;  
The heart may have its way, and speak out now :  
He will not mock us, lying silent there !

A nature—not at first sight meant to win—  
That prickly for protection grows without,  
To safely fence its tenderness about,  
And fold the sweet virginities within :

Just as you find a nest whose outer form  
Looks grimly rugged when the boughs are bare ;  
The birds have flown—you peep inside, and there  
How softly it was lined ! how brooding-warm !

He had our English way of making fun  
Of those shy feelings which our hearts will hold  
Like dew-drops all a-tremble, and enfold  
Them with our sheltering strength from storm  
and sun.

We listened to his voice, as some true Wife,  
Upon her Husband's breast may lean her head,  
While many things in her dispraise are said  
By Him ; but she leans closer, life to life,

For, while the covert words sound on above,  
Their other, deeper meaning she divines ;  
She hears his heart ; knows its masonic signs ;  
And nestles in a bosom large with love.

So loud he cried, a Snake in Beauty's bower ;  
A Worm that gnaws at life's most human root ;  
A Wasp that revels in our rarest fruit ;  
So gently breathed the fragrance of the flower !

He kept his Show-Box—scant of Mirrors where  
You saw Eternity whose worlds we pass  
Darkly by daylight, but, with many a glass,  
Reflecting all the Humours of the Fair!

The thousand shapes of vanity and sin;  
Toy-stalls of Satan; the mad masquerade:  
The floating Pleasures that before them played:  
The foolish faces following, all agrin.

He slyly pricked the bubbles that we blew;  
He cheered us on to chase our thistle-down;  
Crowning the winner with a Fool's-cap Crown;  
And *Bon-Bons* mottoed in quaint mockery threw.

Then in the merry midst some sad, strange words  
Would touch the spring of tears. His eyes were  
dry,  
And, as your laughters ceased, were wondering  
why?  
Laugh on! He had only struck the minor chords!

He was not one of those who are light at heart  
Because 'tis empty in its airy swing:  
He found the world too full of sorrowing,  
But showed us how to smile and bear our smart.

Many of God's most precious gifts are sad  
To tears, and, though no weeper, this he knew.  
So, in our merry wine, would steep the rue,  
That with a manlier strength we might grow  
glad.

And, year by year, still kindlier to the last,  
 He drew us towards him ; showing more and  
 more,  
 The heart of honey, human to the core,  
 That into Love's full flower ripened fast :

Thus Music sweetens to the latest breath,  
 And closer draws the leaning, listening ear ;  
 And still it whispers, from its heaven near,  
 Of some more perfect sweetness beyond death.

Large-hearted, brave, sincere, compassionate !  
 We could not guess one half the Angels see :  
 They found you out, Old Friend, ere we did ! We  
 But reach the nobler justice all too late.

Soft, O Beloved ! be your early Rest,  
 And sweet its quiet when the grassy green  
 Shuts out so many and many a sorry scene :  
 Heaven sun the hoarded fragrance from your  
 breast !

And may the Spirit that with us but gropes  
 And stirs our earth, and yearns up through our  
 night  
 In strivings dumb, with you have found the  
 Light  
 That giveth eyes to poor, blind human hopes.

For us—I know you would have us put away  
 The tears ; draw closer, man the gap, and keep  
 Old kindly customs ; sing the sorrow asleep,  
 'And all make merry, this being Christmas Day.

## ACROSS THE WATER.

My Friend, I met you when the Shadow lay  
Darkly betwixt you and the outer day ;  
Your life, frost-bitten to the core, was dumb  
With Winter, as if Spring would never come.  
The smile that sprang up in your eyes to give  
A Stranger greeting had no heart to live  
For you, when it had cheered me on my way.

I saw you like some War-horse who had smelt  
Burnt powder, and the joy of onset felt,  
Now doomed to plough the furrow, who should  
    chance  
To catch the music, see the Colours dance,  
And hear his fellows neighing for the war,  
And he, too, snuffs the fighting from afar—  
Down comes the lash, in mist the visions melt.

I knew not how your life was crossed and crossed,  
As is a letter, till the sense looks lost ;  
Nor what you held at heart, and still must hold,  
That makes the whole wide warmest world a-cold.  
But now the heavens brighten overhead,  
And though the ways are miry you must tread,  
I greet you on the break-up of the Frost !

Up and fight on, my friend, with spirit stripped  
As is the hardened War-lance, grimly gripped,  
That late was green and leafy in the wood,  
Now bared for battle and the reek of blood.  
There is a darkness we can only dash  
Out of the eyes with the soul's fighting-flash—  
No help in giving up through feeling hipped !

In such a world as this it ne'er avails  
To sit and eat the heart, or gnaw the nails ;  
The live souls have to swim against the tide,  
The deadest fish can float with it and ride.  
Heroic breath must lift and clear the skies  
That we have clouded with our own vain sighs ;  
Heroic breath must fill your future sails.

It is the well-borne burden that will tone  
Our manhood ; turn the gristle into bone.  
The storms that on the hill-side bow the trees  
Help bring the power to bear, and knot their  
knees,  
And (I have seen them kneeling) thus prepare  
Them to receive the onsets they must bear ;  
So 'neath its load the might of manhood's grown.

Nor murmur of a life by Falsehood marred,  
Or Roof-tree by the fires of Ruin charred.  
Why, what hath Falsehood in the world to do  
But Lie to Live, and die to prove the True,  
And then be buried, while the new life waves  
Its greenness o'er the Carrion in such graves ?  
But strike ! strike on, strike often, and strike  
hard !

Hope, work, fight on, my Friend, and you shall  
stand  
One of the foremost of a noble band ;  
Stand visibly in the smile of Heaven, and shed  
Light from within you, wheresoe'er you tread ;  
Stand on the higher summit to transmit  
A new live heart-beat from the Infinite,  
To kindle, as it throbs throughout the land.

The world is waking from its phantom dreams,  
To make out that which is from that which  
seems ;

And in the light of day shall blush to find  
What Wraiths of darkness had the power to blind  
Its vision ; what thin walls of misty gray,  
As if of granite, stopped its onward way :  
Up, and be busy as the early beams !

---

### THE ENGLISH OF IT.

It was a gallant stand, Tom ;  
Give us your hardy hand, Tom,  
For love of the Old Land, Tom,  
We grasp it with good-will.  
Although you heroes of the Fist  
May think more of the golden grist  
You bring to such a mill.

'Twas brave to see you dash on, Tom,  
And with your one arm lash on, Tom,  
In that true English fashion, Tom,  
Which never will wear out :  
The only fashion that would do,  
At Inkerman and Waterloo,  
And many a bloody bout.

Through all that punching time, Tom,  
The big heart rode sublime, Tom,  
As we have seen it climb, Tom,  
On other famous fields :



The temper beaten out with blows,  
That when to give in never knows,  
And so it never yields.

Valour shall have its crown, Tom,  
In your plain way you have shown, Tom,  
That we can hold our own, Tom,  
Against all comers still ;  
With not one feather of white in us ;  
But game, with lots of fight in us ;  
A heart and a half up-hill.

The Belt with which we are bound, Tom,  
Is yon blue Ocean round, Tom ;  
If any foe be found, Tom,  
Who thinks to take it, then  
He must fight for it till all's dark,  
And one shall go down, red and stark,  
Never to rise again.

We won our English Land, Tom,  
And keep it hand to hand, Tom,  
Like you at need we stand, Tom,  
Touch it whoever dares.  
If left to battle single-hand,  
We fight for this dear England,  
As once you fought, Tom Sayers !

---



## PRIDEAUX AT MAGDALA.

No Cross of Valour hath the Muse to give  
His faithful breast, but she may bid him live  
In hearts of grateful glow,  
Who went to bear his Message with last breath,  
Nor changed countenance at sight of Death,  
When Napier bade him go.

England, our Helen, watching from the wall  
To cheer us fighting, mourn us if we fall,  
O'erlooks her gallant Son !  
She hath so many lofty memories  
To keep her lifted gaze ; a deed like this  
So many would do—have done :

He did it ! Moyse, a Private in the " Buffs !"  
Though only one of our neglected " roughs,"—  
All English, life and limb :  
He would not bow his head except to die ;  
He could not let our England's likeness lie  
Dishonoured, shamed in him !

Duty, not Glory, is our proud Pass-word,  
Who ask that we may prove for England's sword  
True steel at need—no more.  
Yet worthy of his guerdon is Prideaux,  
As if on board they had borne him, lying low  
For us who were safe on shore.

That large content with death for England's sake  
In narrower hearts a nobler life shall wake,  
To breathe with ampler breath,


And some poor soul, caught in as bitter strait,  
Shall think of him, and sternly face its fate—  
Go on, and out-face Death !

Blow, winds of God ! and stir us to the root,  
Shake down all wormy and unworthy fruit,  
There's new life in your breeze !  
Traitors may talk of England going down  
(In quicksands they, their coward selves, have  
sown)—  
She swims in hearts like these !

---

## CAMOENS.

*"ENGLISHED by Richard Burton."* And well done,  
As it was well worth doing ! for this is one  
Of those old Poets, who are always new,  
That share eternity with all that's true,  
And of their own abounding spirits do give  
Substance to Earth's dead Shadows ; and make  
men live  
Who in action merely did but flit and pass,—  
Now fixed for ever by Thought's reflecting-glass.  
This is the Poet of weary Wanderers  
In perilous lands ; and wide-sea Voyagers,  
And climbers fallen and broken on the stairs :  
A man of men ; a master of affairs,  
Whose own life-story is, in touching ruth,  
Poem more potent than all feigned truth.  
His Epic trails a glory in the wake  
Of Gama, Raleigh, Frobisher, and Drake.



The poem of Discovery ! sacred to  
 Discoverers, and their deeds of derring-do,  
 Is fitly rendered, in the Traveller's land,  
 By one o' the foremost of that fearless band.

### PUNCH IN A GRAVE MOOD.

FAREWELL. No matter who may fall,  
 Our flag must wave out on the wall ;  
 The Workers brush their tears away,  
 My Merry-makers still be gay !  
 But there's a crack in my old voice ;  
 An ache at heart ; I miss you, Boys,—  
 Good fellows and dear Comrades gone,  
 And ever going one by one !

We know how some have had to quaff  
 The bitter cup, and make men laugh ;  
 Of scenes behind the Scenes we know  
 That would have spoiled the outer show.  
 And how you kept the worst behind,  
 And gave your best and never whined,—  
 Good fellows and dear Comrades gone,  
 And ever going one by one !

Mirth mixed with sadness everywhere !  
 Have you the *Châtiouri* there !  
 Has Elia joined you, and Molière,  
 Burns, Rabelais, Heine, and Voltaire ?  
 My Merry men with the Mermaids rare,  
 And Shakespeare chosen for the chair ?  
 Good fellows and dear Comrades gone,  
 And ever going one by one !

I think the smile of kindly mirth  
That you so often made on earth  
To lighten in the saddest face,  
And brighten in the darkest place,  
Will be reflected from below  
To shine on as your Afterglow !  
Good fellows and dear Comrades gone,  
And ever going one by one !

---

## A REVIEWER REVIEWED.

## I.

THE Nightingale and Cuckoo sang their best ;  
A Jackass was the judge. Long-ear addressed  
Himself to listen,—said that Philomel,  
Though somewhat wildly, warbled pretty well ;  
But, for a good plain song—in a single word,  
Like what himself might sing—why, he preferred  
The Cuckoo !—Such a common-sense-like bird !

## II.

I sang my Song, which I had long rehearsed,  
And asked, with heaving breast and throat athirst,  
For drink from some good soul, that might be you,  
Not craving nectar, nor ambrosial dew,  
But quite content with Critical half-and-half.  
And then your lattice opened with a laugh,  
And I, expectant of some natural drops,  
Received, like Socrates, your shrewish slops.

## III.

You are disappointed with my work ! Ah, true,  
It was not meant, my Friend, to mirror you ;  
The only thing on earth you care to view !

## IV.

Am I, too, such a miserable Elf ?  
Do let me look you in the face, my brother ;  
'Tis only in the Mirror of each other  
That we can see the littleness of self !

## V.

Below the surface my soul drew the breath  
Whose bubbles only rose up for their death,  
And you must sound the depths ere you can mark  
The things that I have dived for in the dark.  
'Tis hardly possible for pearls to swim  
Like the light bubbles breaking at the brim !

## VI.

Poor little Inkfish ! you may strain and squirt  
Your little life out in a little dirt.  
'Twould take a many million such to be  
Seen as a little stain even in the sea !

## VII.

O boy, the Apprentice-pen is sweet to touch  
As that first clasp-knife we so proudly clutch ;  
Ere conscience wakes we live one glorious hour,  
And cut and slash with cruel sense of power.  
We wield the Scissors as 'twere Fate's own Shears :  
Sheer folly ! as we learn in later years.



## VIII.

Think of a Midge blaspheming at the beam  
That makes him visible ; Suns him in its gleam,  
And gives him life for a moment to blaspheme !

## IX.

You had no power to crown me with the bay :  
You could not reach to snatch one leaf away ;  
But you may rob my little ones of bread,  
Helping to damn the Book you have not read.  
Be proud ! that is no trivial thing to do !  
Be safe ! there is no law for Thieves like you.

## X.

The time will come when such as you and your  
Co-mates, that try to slam some outer door  
On me and mine, will turn and see and start  
To find us folded safe in England's heart !

## XI.

I was surprised and chafed, but in no rage  
I pin my little Chafer to the page,  
My Specimen saved and mounted on the brink  
Of the vast black Oblivion of Ink !

## XII.

You did your little best to prick and sting,  
And Briar-like about my feet you cling :  
Is it that when I lift the waving wing  
Toward heaven it may uplift the creeping thing

Near the warm heart of God's own brooding blue?  
 But heaven is only to be grown into  
 By upward living!

True, the very dust  
 May climb the Sunbeam—ride the wind; yet must  
 Fall back to Earth again, as dust to dust:  
 And where you are rooted you must rot! Adieu.  
 I prick you out, I shake you off; I scorn  
 To carry you with me, even a single thorn!  
 The place for Briars now, as in the past,  
 Is on the dead men's graves they clutch at last.

---

#### AN OLD CUSTOM STILL EXTANT.

A POET sought the golden prize  
 For Wife and Child, till, out of breath,  
 He gained it—~~when~~ the Coins, in death,  
 Were laid upon his sightless eyes!  
 In winning bread for Child and Wife,  
 His death was ten times worth his life.

---

#### A FORERUNNER.

*"BEFORE his time by a Century?  
 What an abortion he must be!"*  
 So, naturally misconceived,  
 He lived unwelcomed, died ungrieved.



After long years the world turned round  
To read his work who had gone uncrowned ;  
Their loss they now commemorate,  
And doubly mourn their own sad fate !

When present, men forgot to trace  
The message for them in his face ;  
When passed, they turn, and, with their looks  
Adore the back side of his Books.

---

## THE FORERUNNER.

" *The many care not ?* " Well, if true,  
To their indifference is due  
One half the dearthness of the Few !

My Friends that would have welcomed me  
Come afterward, by Two and Three ;  
I can but meet them mentally.

I shall not hear the mingled shout  
Of blame and praise, belief and doubt :  
I vanish ere they find me out !

I saw the ambitious pass me by,  
To grasp their glory that seemed nigh,  
Nor felt their crave, nor swelled their Cry.

Dear Followers ! who will be Too Late  
To bid me Farewell in the Gate  
Of Life and Death where none may wait,

Only a little I fore-run ;  
I shall be with you still : We are one  
In that good work you must get done.

---

### ALEXANDER RUSSEL.

WHAT ! "RUSSEL of the *Scotsman*" dead ?  
Nay, Death himself would hang the head,  
And dare not tell the foolish lie ;  
Such living forces never die.

The Shadows that make up our night  
Were growing thin for him to fight.  
But still he fights, we think with pride,  
Our battle from the other side !

Hard head, warm heart, and liberal hand,  
Open or shut, to bless or brand ;  
Large-moulded, with Norse fire aglow ;  
This was a man, to friend or foe !

Long in our *mêlée* will be missed  
The mace of RUSSEL's mighty fist,  
That struck, and, wasting nought in sound,  
Buried its blow without rebound.

With "derring-do," and thought that strives,  
Erect his Statue in your lives,  
Warm-blooded, not in marble wan—  
The living measure of the man !

Walhalla ! Rise and welcome him  
Aross the Braga-Beaker's rim ;  
And, that his glory may be full,  
Brim high some Water-Drinker's Skull.

## A PERSONAL REPLY.

No! No. My Lord Dark-Lanthorn's-field,  
You are not the kind of man to wield  
The weight of England's Sword and Shield.

No! No. Too sacred is the Flag,  
For flaunting like a Bull-ring rag,  
Above your game of Bully-Brag.

No! No. Far better it ceased to wave  
There, with the Dead, suspended, safe  
In dust enough to be its grave!

No! No. You have led us to the ridge  
Of the Abysm, and like a Midge  
Would cross it. Nations need a bridge!

No! No. Though painted for the path  
Of War, you had better take a bath:  
Let Harlequin now sheathe his Lath.

No! No. Our England, made to don  
The mask of a face, with her true one  
Shall laugh you into Oblivion!

No! No. We do not mean to fight  
For Murderer and Sodomite;  
Born enemies of all that's right.

No! No. If you *must* end the play  
With some blood-letting Policy, pray  
You follow that of Castlereagh.

## AT THE PRISON-DOOR.

RIGHT to the other side o' the World a yell  
Rang round, so brutal, we could hardly tell  
Whether it rose from England or from Hell.

"Great God!" they cried, "*what has this Blabber  
done?*"

*Blazoned the sin of Modern Babylon  
To all beneath the never-setting sun!*

"Why, 'tis the Law of Let-Alone that we,  
Who are rich, should grind the poor, and trade be  
free;

*We pay, and pluck the fruits of Poverty.*

"How shocking! he would strip us Shirt and Smock,  
And show us naked in the Public Dock!"

'Twas shocking to the Knaves who need the shock!

The gorge of London rose; but NOT to thwart  
The monsters who had made us sick at heart,—  
Rose against Him who took the Children's part!

Time-honoured Institutions were at stake;  
The Brothels so long Sacred to the Rake;  
The Vested Interests began to quake.

The Cynics proffered him Don Quixote's crown,  
The Libertines their pity, Fools their frown;  
Press-gang AND Judges kicked him when he was  
down!

But 'twas the voice of Truth we know, they know,  
The Rowdy Rich who rushed to strike him low,  
Or shut his mouth with one back-handed blow;

And Truth shall yet be free, nor vainly strive  
For utterance, bound and dumbly buried alive;  
Free from the gag, the manacle, and gyve.

The Curs and Cowards of the Cockney Press  
May call it a great failure; nevertheless  
'Tis the Foreshadow of as great Success!

The Labourers wake at last from their long sleep;  
The Waters rise around us that shall sweep  
This foulness with their Deluge to the deep.

STEAD struck his blow and failed and fell, you say.  
Such was Their failure who have paved a way  
With their dead bodies for our feet to-day.

Look you! this Man is of another mould  
Than you who sell your little souls for gold,  
Or, where you have none, are in body sold!

And some are Chosen, born and bound, to be  
Torch-bearers; they who set the sufferers free  
Must show us sights men do not want to see.

In devious ways Detectives have to work  
And tramp the mire and hide in midnight mirk,  
If they would catch the Lawless where they lurk!

Though not in the Salvation Army's van,  
Nor of the Shut-eyed Faith, some of us can  
Respect a Worker, recognize a Man.

Honour to him, we cry, who sought to save  
The Girls dragged down our gutters to the grave!  
For him our plaudits ring, our welcomes wave.

And so we greet him at the Prison-porch,  
With hearts that beat the music of his march,  
And bosoms lifted for a Triumph-Arch.

---

### THE FALSIFYERS OF MYTHOLOGY.

You ask to have the Children's souls, in pledge  
That these shall only bear your kind of fruit,  
Who are but dead sticks in the living hedge,  
Rotten from lack of root!

Let England lift her hand to scratch her head  
Considering, Your hold's not worth a pin  
Who are dead scuf outside the skull, instead  
Of living brain within!

---

### DEDICATION TO THE "*NATURAL GENESIS*."

At times I had to tread  
Where not a Star was found  
To lead or light me, overhead;  
Nor footprint on the ground.

I toiled among the sands  
And stumbled with my feet;  
Or crawled and climbed with knees and hands  
Some future path to beat.

DEDICATION TO THE "*NATURAL GENESIS*." 113

I had to feel the flow  
Of waters whelming me :  
No foothold to be touched below,  
No shore around to see.

Yet, in my darkest night,  
And farthest drift from land,  
There dawned within the guiding light ;  
I felt the unseen hand.

Year after year went by,  
And watchers wondered when  
The diver, to their welcoming cry  
Of joy, would rise again.

And still rolled on Time's wave  
That whitened as it passed ;  
The ground is getting toward the grave  
That I have reached at last.

Child after child would say—  
"*Ah, when his work is done,*  
*Father will come with us and play—*"  
'Tis done. But Play-time's gone.

A willing slave for years,  
I strove to set men free ;  
Mine were the Labours, Hopes, and Fears,  
Be theirs the Victory.

**GARIBALDI.**



## GARIBALDI IN EXILE.

How dimmed is all thy glory, and how dark the  
 shadow falls ;  
 How wildly wails the Sorrow through thy Hamlets  
 and thy Halls !  
 Our Banner on the Seven Hills no longer beckons  
 me ;  
 The Dead alone are blessed who thy suffering may  
 not see.  
 How are thy brave ones scattered on many an  
 Alien strand,  
 Thy Children leal and true to the Roman Mother-  
 land.

The Birds that follow Summer, they come and they  
 depart  
 For the Land of my love, and the Home of my  
 heart :  
 And, like a wounded Bird, my spirit trembles in  
 the wind,  
 And flutters down : and they are gone, and I am  
 left behind.  
 O my Dovelets in the nest ! O the Spoiler's bloody  
 hand !  
 And I so far away from the Roman Motherland.

They have bound thee in the Grave-clothes ; but  
we watch with tears and sighs,  
Till Freedom comes like Christ, and thou like  
Lazarus shalt rise.  
Thy pale, pale face, my Country, yet shall flush  
with ripening bloom,  
As Nature's colour kindles when the breath of  
Spring doth come.  
Ah ! come, thou Spring of promise ; mighty Hope,  
put forth thy hand,  
And build thy Arch of Triumph for the Roman  
Motherland.

Sometimes when life is darkest, a glory bursts its  
glooms,  
As Lightning through the startled night, the face  
of things illumines ;  
A sudden splendour smites me, and ere the thun-  
ders roll,  
I see thy face look radiant through the darkness  
of my soul !  
I see thee sitting at the feet of Freedom, great and  
grand,  
Thy children happy in thy smile, thou Roman  
Motherland.

O thou among the Nations, for thy might, shalt  
yet be themed ;  
Thy fatal curse of Beauty by Love's blessing all  
redeemed !  
The red wounds where they pierced thee, shall to  
scars of glory turn,  
And in thy tearful eyes the light of boundless life  
shall burn.

The Heavens are filled with Martyrs, but our  
Earth still holds a band  
Who will meet in battle yet for the Roman Mother-  
land.

Many are the gallant hearts will never answer  
when  
Thy clarion-cry shall call us all into the field  
again !  
And many are the tears must fall, and prayers go  
up to God,  
But still the Vintage ripens, and the Wine-press  
shall be trod !  
The Harvest reddens rich for death, the Reapers  
clench the hand,  
And Victory comes to claim his Bride, our Roman  
Motherland.

---

## GARIBALDI ON THE MARCH.

THIS is the Helper that Italy wanted  
To free her from Fetters and Grave-clothes quite:  
His is the great heart no dangers have daunted ;  
His is the true hand to finish the fight.  
Way, for a man of the kingliest nature !  
Scope, for a soul of the high Roman stature !  
His great deeds have crowned him ;  
His Heroes are round him ;  
On, on, Garibaldi, for Freedom and Right.  
To brave battle-music up goes the smoke-curtain ;  
A country arises all one to his call :

The sound of *his* trumpet is never uncertain ;  
He fights for his Cause till it conquer or fall.  
His Chariot-wheels do not spin without biting ;  
And far better pointed for Freedom's red writing—  
His Rifles and Guns—  
Than their Politics pens ;  
Garibaldi, my Hero, best Man of them all !

When he sailed up our River, the frank, hearty  
Seaman,  
We saw how an English soul smiled from his  
face :  
For Italy's Saviour we knew it was *The* man,  
All hero, no matter what garb, or what place—  
And we prayed he might have one more grip that  
was glorious !  
Prophesied he should be Leader victorious  
Of Italy, free  
From the Alps to the sea ;  
Now breathless we watch while he runs the great  
race.

Fierce out of torment his Fighters have risen,  
Shouting from hell, where they tortured them  
dumb ;  
Maimed from old battle-fields, mad from the prison,  
Suddenly, strange as Cloud-armies, they come,  
With mouths that can shut like the Eagle's beak  
clasping,  
With hands that will grip like a bower-anchor  
grasping ;  
The flying Foe feels,  
When they're close at his heels,  
That Death and the Devil are bringing his doom.

Not only living ! his dead men are fighting  
 For him ! thus with few he can scare the great  
 host :

For each one they see an Unseen Foe is smiting ;  
 Over each head an avenging white Ghost !  
 All the young Martyrs they murdered by moon-  
 light ;

All the dark deeds of blood done in the noonlight,  
 Make their hearts reel

With a shudder, and kneel  
 To lay down their Arms and give all up for lost.

They tell the wild tales of him, gathered together,  
 Turn pale at his Shadow in midst of their speech ;  
 Down he swoops on them, like Hawk on the  
 heather,

Strikes home with sure aim, and upsoars beyond  
 reach.

Or, he sweeps all before him with whirling blade  
 reeking.

They fly helter-skelter, for shelter run shrieking,  
 As waves wild and white,  
 Driven mad with affright,

Are dashed into foam as they hide up the beach.

Watching o' nights in the cold, he remembers  
 The Homes of his love in their ashes laid low ;  
 And hot in his heart Vengeance rakes up the  
 embers,

To warm her old hands at the wrathful red glow.  
 He has had torn from him all that was nearest ;  
 He has seen murdered his Darlings the dearest ;

With all this and more,  
 To the heart's crimson core  
 He kindles ! and all flashes out on the Foe.

No peace, Garibaldi, till Italy, stronger,  
Shall sit with free nations, majestic, serene ;  
And meet them as Lovers may meet when no longer  
The cold Corse of one that was dead lies between.  
For this, God was with you when perils were round  
you ;  
For this, the fire smote you not, floods have not  
drowned you ;  
Their Sword and their Shot  
Have hindered you not,  
And your Purpose crouched long for its pouncing  
unseen.

On, with our British hearts all beating true to you ;  
All keeping time to the march of the brave !  
I would to God we might cut our way through to  
you,  
Gallantly breasting the stormiest wave.  
Would the old Lion could leap in to greet you,  
Just as our free blood is leaping to meet you,  
Stand by your side,  
In his terrible pride,  
Mighty to shield, as You're daring to save.

Long was the night of her kneeling ; but surely  
Shall Italy rise to her Queenliest height.  
Many a time has the battle gone sorely,  
To make the last triumph more signal and bright.  
Her Foes shall be swept from her path like the  
stubble ;  
Now is *their* day of down-treading and trouble ;  
God tires of old Rome !  
Venetia cries " Come ! "  
On, on, Garibaldi, for Freedom and Right !

## ONE OF GARIBALDI'S MEN.

A CRIPPLED Child, a weak wan Boy,  
Sat by his Mother's side,—  
A widowed Mother's gentle joy,  
Her only wealth and pride :  
One of those Spirits, sweet and sad,  
That breathe with burdened breath ;  
Are grave in life, but calmly glad  
Their faces smile in death.

With a weird lustre in his look,  
Over his books he pored,  
Like one that, in a secret nook,  
Sharpens a patriot sword.  
The story of his Country's wrongs  
Made his heart melt in tears ;  
The music of her olden songs  
Rang ever in his ears.

Oft in his face, white as a corse,  
Brave Soldier-blood up-springs,  
Hot as the Warrior leaps to horse,  
When Battle's trumpet rings ;  
With spirit afloat and sense aflame,  
Where Freedom's banners wave,  
To win a name of glorious fame,  
Or fill a Soldier's grave.

The leal heart of a loving Maid  
Ran over towards him,  
Longing with kisses to be stayed  
There at the ruddy brim !—

But hushed the yearning in her breast,  
Nor murmur made nor moan ;  
She looked as though she had found the nest,  
And, lo ! the Bird was flown.

Suddenly, Freedom's thunder-horn  
The graveyard stillness broke ;—  
It was the Resurrection-Morn,  
And Italy awoke !  
He felt her majesty and strength  
Up-lift his spirit too :  
To Manhood he had leaped at length,  
And almost stately grew.

Then came, with all they had to give,  
Each fervid worshipper :  
And he, too, not worth much to live,  
At least could die for her !  
The Widow lent her only Child,  
And bade him help to win ;  
While outwardly her proud face smiled,  
She—dropping tears within !

The General looked on this young life  
Held out in hands so small !  
He could not, for the battle-strife,  
Take the poor Widow's all.  
" *Poor Child !* " he said, " *rest you at home,*  
*For the good Mother's sake ;*  
*We'll not forget you when we come.* "  
It made his old heart ache.

'Twas at the close of a great day,  
The "*Red-Shirts*" raised their cheer,



For Garibaldi came to say,  
    *"Well done!"* One cried, *"I'm here!  
And wounded in the Battle's brunt."*  
    *"What! hit behind, my Child?*  
*But brave men wear their wounds in front,"*  
And playfully he smiled.

Again, at the Volturno's fight,  
    The Boy led on his band;  
Uplifted there on Capua's height,  
    He saw the Promised Land,  
As Pilgrims watch their Mecca rise  
    Over the desert's rim;  
He saw—possessed it with his eyes!  
    Enough, enough for him.

Proud of his Boys, the General rode  
    Past faces all aflame,  
And praised them; and their spirits glowed  
    As if from heaven he came.  
Then something caught his eye; he reined  
    His horse; stooped like a grand  
Old weather-beaten Angel, stained  
    With battle-smoke, and tanned.

With look more keen than cry or call,  
    One staggered from the rest:  
    *"I'm hit once more, my General,  
And"*—pointing to his breast—  
    *"This time—see! 'tis in the right place."*  
His smile was strangely sweet;  
He looked in Garibaldi's face,  
And fell dead at his feet!

## GARIBALDI AT ASPROMONTE.

THE Lion is down, and how the dogs will run !  
Something above the level is their delight  
To lift the leg at. How the birds of night  
Will hoot from out their dark, " HIS DAY IS DONE."

The worldly-wise will hasten to condemn  
The Man of Ages measured by the Hour ;  
The Summit of his visionary power,  
A Pinnacle of Folly is to them.

" *Would he had kept his attitude sublime !*"  
They cry. " *With crossed arms held his heart at  
rest,  
And left us his grand likeness at its best,  
Upon a hill up which the world might climb !*

" *Better for all had he been sooner shrined ;  
The old true heart, and very foolish head.  
A model Man ; especially if dead :  
Perfect as some Greek Statue, and—as blind.*"

Friends talk of *failure* : and I know how he  
Will slowly lift his surface-piercing eyes,  
And look them through with mournful, strange  
surprise,  
Until they shrink and feel 'tis Italy

That fails instead. The words they came to speak  
Will shrink back awed by his majestic calm.  
His wounds are such as bleed immortal balm,  
And he is strong again ; 'tis we are weak.

It is not Failure to be thus struck down  
 By Brothers who obeyed their Foe's command,  
 And in the darkness lopped the saving hand  
 Put forth to reach their Country her last crown !

He only sought to see her safely home ;  
 The tragic trials end, the suffering cease  
 In wedded oneness and completing peace ;  
 Then bow his old gray head and rest in Rome.

It is not failure to be thus struck back—  
 Caught in a Country's arms, clasped to her heart ;  
 She tends his wounds awhile, and then will start  
 Afresh. Some precious drops mark out her track.

No failure ! Though the rocks dash into foam  
 This first strength of a nation's new life-stream,  
 'Twill rise—a Bow of Promise—that shall gleam  
 In glory over all the waves to come.

We miss a footstep thinking "*Here's a stair,*"  
 In some uncertain way we darkly tread ;  
 But God's enduring skies are overhead,  
 And Spirits step their surest oft in air.

His ways are not as our ways ; the new birth  
 At cost of the old life is often given :  
 To-day God crowns the Martyrs in His heaven ;  
 To-morrow whips their murderers on our earth.

You take back Garibaldi to a prison ?  
 Well, that will prove the very road to Rome !  
 They would have said "*She croucheth to her doom,*"  
 If Italy in some shape had not risen.

We say it was God's voice that called him up  
The "BITTER MOUNTAIN," bound for sacrifice ;  
So to that height his Land might lift her eyes,  
And bless him as he drank her bitterest cup.

It is a faith too many still receive—  
Since that false prophecy of old went forth—  
" *The tribe of Judas yet shall rule the earth ;*"  
But he is one that never would believe.

His vision is most clear where ours is dim.  
The mystic spirit of eternity,  
That slumbers in us deep and dreamingly,  
Was ever quick and more awake in him :

And, like a lamp across some pathless heath,  
A light shone through his eyes no night could  
quench ;  
The winds might make it flicker, rains might  
drench,  
Nothing could dout it save the dark of death.

And if His Work's unfinished in the flesh,  
Why, then his soul will join the noble Dead,  
And toil till all shall be accomplished,  
And Italy hath burst this Devil's mesh.

Easier to conquer Kingdoms than to breed  
A man like Garibaldi, whose great name  
Hath fenced his Country with his glorious fame,  
Worth many armies in her battle-need.

His is the royal heart that never quails,  
But always conquers ; wounded, lying low,  
He never was so dear as he is now :  
They bind him, and more strongly he prevails.

Greater to-day than Emperor or King,  
Although for Throne they seat him in the dust ;  
The express Image of sublimest Trust,  
Crowned, consecrated by his suffering,

With Sovereignty that overtops success !  
Nothing but Heaven might reach his patriot  
brow,  
And lo, the Crown of thorns is on it now,  
With higher guerdon than our world's caress.

The Vision of all his glory fills our eyes,  
And with One heart expectant Nations throb  
Around him ; with one mighty prayer they sob,  
And wait God's answer to this Sacrifice,—

Praying for one more chance at turn of tide ;  
One blow for Rome ere many setting suns ;  
One stroke for Venice kneeling 'neath her guns ;  
All Italy abreast, and at his side :

That he may stand as Wellington once stood  
Victor upon the hard-won Pyrenees,  
With France below him, offering on her knees  
The White Flower Peace, sprung from her Root  
of Blood.

---

### FRANCE AND GARIBALDI.

THEY tricked him when the Lion-heart broke loose ;  
They mocked him as they caught him in the noose,  
Slew his young Heroes in the foulest strife :  
And then he went to offer France his life.

She robbed him of his country, and he gave  
Himself ; and only asked of her a grave !  
In natural greatness simple and sublime,  
He stands up peerless, towering o'er the time,  
With *none beside him*. So the Gallic Elf  
Explained him ! 'Twas *a man beside himself*.

---

### GARIBALDI'S PROPHECY.

THAT Pyramid of Imposture reared by Rome  
All of Cement for an Eternal Home  
And Shelter, that might shut out Heaven's Dome,  
Shall Crumble back to earth again : It must,  
For lack of blood to bind it ! Every gust  
Shall revel in the Desert of its dust !

No matter though it towers to the Sky  
And darkens Earth, you cannot make the Lie  
Immortal ; though stupendously enshrined  
By Art in every perfect mould of Mind :  
Angelo, Rafaele, Milton, Handel, all  
Its Pillars cannot stay it from the fall !

And when that Prison of the Immortal, Mind,  
Hath fallen to set free the bound and blind,  
No more shall life be one long dread of death ;  
Humanity shall breathe with fuller breath ;  
Expand in Spirit and in Stature rise,  
To match its Birthplace of the Earth and Skies.

## WEDDED LOVE.

## THE YOUNG POET TO HIS WIFE.

LIKE those Ambassadors of old, that went  
 To some far Orient land, with precious gifts  
 Of gems to nestle between Beauty's breasts,  
 And crown her brows with a crest of winking  
     flame,  
 Or clothe her starrily as Queenly Night ;  
 And found that land a garden where they grew,  
 Lavish, as all the dews were turned to gems ;  
 So bring I thee, Dear Lady of my love,  
 My jewels, I have garnered up, to find  
 How poor they are beside thy peerless wealth.  
 My Muse ! that moveth in a halo of light,  
 Throned on the regnant heights of Womanhood ;  
 The heart of all thy beauty warm as when  
 I looked out on the sunny side of Life,  
 And saw thee summering like a blooming Vine,  
 That reacheth globes of wine in at the lattice  
 By the ripe armful, with ambrosial smile.  
 The flying Cares but touch thy Life's fair face,  
 Lightly as swimming shadows dusk the Lake.  
 Come sit thee down, dear, by my side, To-night ;  
 The world shut out, our little world shut in,  
 Where we are happy as the Bird whose nest



Is heavened in the hush of purple Hills,  
 Or regioned in the palmy top of life.  
 Now shut thine eyes, and see a pageant bloom  
 Upon the dark,—a Vision sweeping by.

I was a dweller amid Shadows grim :  
 Till FREEDOM touched my yearning eyes, and lo !  
 Life in a shining circle, rounding rose,  
 As heaven on heaven goes up the starry night.  
 And FREEDOM was my glittering Bride. For me  
 She walked the world as a Divinity,  
 Sang like a Spirit in Life's darkened ways,  
 I' the Rainbow reached forth girdling arms of  
 love,

To clasp the Unapparent to the Earth,—  
 Turned common things to beauty : as the sun  
 Kindles a glory in the grass and dust,—  
 Went forth flame-plumed, in Chariot sublime,  
 And rode the winds, as one who walks the worlds.  
 And when the fresh Morn flowered like a Rose,  
 Birds sang of her, and all their happy hearts  
 Rang out in music, Leaves clapped faëry hands,  
 The flowers for joy stood tearful in her glory,  
 And World went singing unto World of FREEDOM.  
 And I would blazon her heroic name,  
 Sing such proud pæans as touch the world to  
 tears,

Or chariot it to battle in her Cause :  
 For O ! her softest breath, that might not stir  
 The summer gossamer tremulous on its throne,  
 Makes the crowned Tyrants start with realmless  
 looks !

I would have given the lustre of my life  
 To add one jewel to her diadem !

And then You came, and LOVE grew lord of all.  
Look how the Sun puts out the eyes of fire !  
So when Love's royal glance my lattice lit,  
The fires of FREEDOM whitened on my hearth.  
The sleeping Beauty in my heart's charmed Palace  
Woke at Love's kiss. My life was set aflush,  
As Roses redden when the Spring moves by,  
And the green buds peer out like eyes, to see  
The delicate spirit whose sweet presence stirred  
them.

How my heart ripened in its flooding spring ;  
As when the sap runs up the tingling trees,  
Till all the sunny life laughs out in leaves,  
And lifts its fluttering wings ! So my heart felt  
With such brave shoots of glory bursting up,  
As it had flowered for Immortality.  
The heights of Being came out from their cloud,  
As the cliffs kindle when the Morning comes  
Swimming the utmost Sea in ruddy haste,  
With foam of glory ; till the flood of light,  
Like mellow wine, runs down remotest hills.  
You came, my sparkling Bird of Paradise !  
With a soft murmuring as of winnowing wings  
That fold the nest so dove-like tenderly !  
With brows that parted lovely waves of hair,  
And took the gazer's eye like some white Grace !  
Eyes large with love ; lips eloquent of love ;  
And cheeks fresh-misted with the bloom of Morn.  
And thou didst move, a Splendour 'mid Life's  
Shadows,  
Making a Rembrandt Picture. So the Stars  
In all their glory pass the shrinking Dark.  
O, I was stirred as though a Spirit went by ;  
Or I had met some awful Loveliness,

That haunts the realm of Dreams, or dusky floats  
Across the wondering solitudes of Thought.  
So Love grew lord of all.

I touch my lyre,  
And Love o'erflows my heart, and floods my hand.  
Love makes all dear delights so soothly sweet,  
Life pants heart-stifled 'neath its luscious load,  
Like young Earth clasped in June's voluptuous  
arms,  
Faint with her fragrance, flooded in her flowers.  
Love is divine life, Beauty is its smile.  
O, Love will make the killing crown of thorn  
Burst into blossom on the Martyr's brow !  
Upon Love's bosom Earth floats like an Ark  
Through all the o'erwhelming Deluge of the night.  
Love rays us round as glory swathes a star,  
And, from the mystic touch of lips and palms,  
Streams rosy warmth enough to light a world :  
And Spirit-eyes, from out the purpling glooms,  
Mark how we feed this human Altar-flame ;  
How speeds this ripening into Deity ;  
What glittering robes for immortality  
Trail starry radiance through our dark of Earth !  
And in our home thy presence maketh Love  
A Mortal, who hath died to rise again,  
Immortal, in its nobler life with thee.

O Love ! make clear my vision, roll thou up  
My orb of Song from Passion's misting deeps  
To climb the heavens, and win the eternal calm ;  
And though it shine not 'mid the Suns of Song,  
To set the World sweet-murmuring in its light,  
A Memnon, at the radiant touch of Dawn,

I know each Star hath its own perfect place  
Above, though it may have no name on Earth.  
I hope my hope, I dream my dream, that life  
With me shall yet ring out melodious, 'twixt  
The silences of heaven and the grave.

O Labour ! blind and feeling for the day !  
Might I go forth to peer with eagle ken  
Into the blessed land of promise, where  
The Future like a fruitfuller Summer sits  
Ripening HER Eden silently, to bear  
The crowning flower of consummated Life,—  
Where Freedom's Song-Birds fly, to build their  
    nests,  
And warm to life their brood of darling dreams :  
Then see thy dark look lighten at my news,  
Thy dim eyes dance divinely at the grapes ;  
To loftier music time thy larger step ;  
And hearten thee to lift up onward brows !

I see a shape behind a mist, that burns  
In the flushed distance of some unseen Goal ;  
It grows with gazing on, like Lovers' beauty.  
With beckoning smiles the Glory draws me near ;  
One hand points up, one holds a leafy crown,  
For me to climb and wear with manlier growth :  
And airy Voices call me, bid me leap  
In Victory's Car as it goes bickering by.  
And Thou, dear Wife ! with exultation lit,  
Wilt drop proud tears to enrich my wine of joy,—  
A costlier cup than ever Anthony's Queen  
Magnificent ! drank in her voluptuous vein !

---

## LONG EXPECTED.

O MANY and many a day before we met,  
I knew some Spirit walked the world alone,  
Awaiting the Beloved from afar ;  
And I was the anointed chosen one  
Of all the world to crown her queenly brows  
With the imperial crown of human love,  
And light its glory in her happy look.  
I saw not with mine eyes so full of mist,  
But heard Faith's low sweet singing in the night,  
And groping through the darkness, touched God's  
hand.

My heart might toil on blindly, but, like earth,  
It kept sure footing through the thickest gloom.  
I knew my sunshine somewhere warmed the world,  
Though I trode darkling in a perilous way ;  
And I should reach it in His own good time  
Who sendeth sun, and dew, and love for all.

Earth, with her many voices, talked of thee !—  
Low winds, and whispering leaves, and piping  
birds ;

The amorous sunlight, and the virgin dews ;  
Eve's crimson air and light of twinkling gold ;  
Spring's kindled greenery, and her breath of balm ;  
The dance of happiness in summer woods,  
To silver dulcimer of sun-shot rain.

Thine eyes oped with their rainy lights, and  
laughters,

In April's tearful heaven of tender blue,  
With all the changeful beauty melting through  
them,—

Dawn opened, Sunset ended, in thy face.  
And standing as in Love's own presence-chamber,  
When silence lay like sleep upon the world,  
And it seemed rich to die, alone with Night,  
The Stars have trembled through the holy hush,  
And smiled down tenderly, and read to me.  
The love hid for me in a budding breast,  
Like fragrance folded in a young flower's heart.  
Strong as a sea-swell came the wave of wings,  
Strange trouble trembled through my inner depths,  
And answering wings have sprung within my soul :  
And from the dumb waste places of the dark,  
A voice has sighed, "*She comes !*" and ebbcd again ;  
While all my life stood listening for thy coming :  
I guessed the presence that I might not see,  
And felt it in the beating of my heart.

When all was dark within, sweet thoughts would  
come,

As starry guests swim golden down the gloom,  
And through Night's lattice smile a rare delight :  
While, lifted for the dear and distant Dawn,  
The face of all things wore a happy look,  
Like those dream-smiles which are the speech of  
Sleep.

Thus Love lived on, and strengthened with the  
days,

Lit by its own true light within my heart,  
Like a live diamond burning in the dark.

Then came there One, a mirage of the Dawn ;  
She swam on towards me sumptuous in her triumph,  
Voluptuously upborne, like Aphrodité  
Upon a meadowy swell of emerald sea.  
A ripe, serene, smile-affluent graciousness

Hung like a shifting radiance on her motion,  
As feathered flames upon the Dove's neck burn.  
Her lip might flush a wrinkled life in bloom!  
Her eyes had an omnipotence of power!  
"O eyes!" I said, "*if such your glories be,*  
*Sure 'tis a warm heart feedeth ye with light!*"  
The silver throbbing of her laughter pulsed  
The air with music rich and resonant,—  
As, from the deep heart of a summer night,  
Some bird with sudden sparklings of fine sound  
Strikes all the startled stillness into song.  
And from her sumptuous wealth of golden hair  
Down to the delicate, pearly finger-tip,  
Fresh beauty trembled from its thousand springs:  
And standing in the outer porch of life,  
All eager for the templed mysteries,  
With a full heart as rich in-fragrant love  
As the musk-roses are of morning's wine,  
What marvel if I questioned not her brow,  
For the flame-signet of the Hand divine,  
Or gauged it for the crown of my large love?  
I plunged to clutch the pearl of her babbling  
beauty,  
Like some swift diver in a shallow stream,  
That smites his life out on its heart of stone.  
Ah! how my life did run with fire and tears!  
With what a passionate pulse my love did beat!  
But she, rose-warm without,—God pity her—  
Was cold at heart as snow in last year's nest,  
And struck like death into my burning brain.  
Just passing with her wanton robes afloat,  
She brushed and blurred the hues of my young  
life,  
As one may smear a picture while 'tis wet.

My tears, that rained out love, she froze in falling,  
And wore them, jewel-like, to deck her triumph !.

But love is never lost, though hearts run waste ;  
Its tides may gush 'mid swirling, swathing deserts,  
Where no green leaf drinks up the precious life :  
True love doth evermore enrich itself,—  
Its bitterest waters run some golden sands.  
No star goes down but climbs in other skies ;  
The flower of Sunset folds its glory up,  
To burst again from out the bosom of Dawn ;  
And love is never lost, though hearts run waste,  
And sorrow makes the chastened soul a seer ;  
The deepest dark reveals the starriest hope,  
And Faith can trust her heaven behind the veil.

---

### WOODED AND WON.

THE plough of Time breaks up our Eden-land,  
And tramples down its flowery virgin prima.  
Yet through the dust of ages living shoots  
O' the old immortal seed start in the furrows :  
And, where Love looketh on with lustrous eye,  
These quickened germs of everlastingness  
Flower lusty, as in fabled Paradise !

And blessings on the starry chance of love !—  
And blessings on the morn of merry May !  
That led my footsteps to your leafy bower.  
Thus hangs the picture in my mind, sweet wife !  
Clear as a Millais in its tint and tone.  
Nature drew near me with her glorious shows,



And smiled to hear her young things all at play. .  
The birds were singing on the blossoming sprays,  
With Love's sweet mystery stirring at their hearts,  
Like first spring-motions in the veins o' the  
flowers.

A light of green laughed up the shining hills,  
That rounded through the mellowing, gloating air,  
As their big hearts heaved to some heart beyond,  
Or strove with inner yearnings for the crown  
Of purple rondure hung far-off in heaven !  
The Flowers were forth in all their conquering  
beauty

And, winking in their Mother Earth's old face,  
Said all her children should have happy hearts.

Deeper and deeper in the wood's green gloom  
I nestled for the fever at life's core :  
And thirstily my heart was drinking in  
Rich overflowings of some Cushat's love ;  
When lo ! the air instinct with glory grew,  
As if the world, while on her starry journey,  
Found sudden harbour in the clime of heaven.  
Upon a primrose bank you sat,—a sight  
To couch the old blind sorrow of my soul !  
A sweet, new blossom of Humanity,  
Fresh fallen from God's own home to flower on  
earth.

A golden burst of sunbeams glinted through  
The verdurous roof's lush-leavy greenery,  
And on you dropped its crown of wavering light.  
Your eyes—half shut, while through their silken  
eaves

Trembled the secret sweetness hid at heart—  
Oped sudden at full, and wide with wonderment !

The sweetest eyes that ever drank sun for soul :  
As subtly tender as a summer heaven,  
Brimmed with the beauty of a starry night !  
Your face, so dewy fresh and wondrous fair,  
Kindled as Love transfiguringly rose  
Like heavenward martyr through a birth of fire !  
The fleetest swallow-dip of a tender smile  
Ran round your mouth in thrillings ; while your  
cheek

Dimpled, as from the arch God's finger print ;  
Out flew his signal, fluttering in a flush !  
And when your voice broke up the air for music,  
It smote upon my startled heart as smites  
The new-born babe's first cry a mother's ear,  
Yet strangely touched some mystic memory,  
And dimly seemed an old pre-natal sound.

That day, with an immortalizing kiss,  
You crowned me monarch of your rich heart-world,  
Which heaved a boundless sea of love, whose tides  
Ran radiant pulsings through your rosy limbs.  
How the love-lights did float up in your eyes,  
Star after star from violet depths of night !  
Dear eyes ! all craving with Love's ache and  
hunger !

And all the spirit stood in your face athirst !  
And from the rose-cup of your murmuring mouth  
Sweetness o'erflowed, as from a fragrant fount.  
O kiss of life ! that oped our Eden-world !  
The very earth heaved bosom-like, and heaven  
Clung round and clasped us as in glowing arms,  
To crush the wine of all your ripened beauty,  
Which were a fitting sacrament for death—  
Into a richer cup of life for me.

## THE BRIDAL.

SHE comes ! the blushing Bridal Dawn,  
With her Auroral splendours on,  
And green Earth never lovelier shone :

She floateth on her azure way,  
In dainty dalliance with the May,  
Jubilant o'er the happy day !

Earth weareth heaven for marriage-ring,  
And the best garland of glory, Spring  
From out old Winter's world could bring.

All in white are the hawthorn boughs,  
The green blood reddens in the Rose,  
And every May-bud swells or glows.

The Apple-tree on its green bough  
Hath caught a cloud of rosy snow ;  
Up in the blue the Chestnuts blow.

Cloud-shadow-ships swim faëriely  
Over the greenery's sunny sea,  
That runs and ripples down the lea.

The birds a-brooding, strive to sing,  
Feeling the life warm under the wing :  
Their love, too, blossoms with the Spring !

The winds that make the flowers blow,  
Heavy with balm, breathe soft and low,  
All budding warmth, and amorous glow !

Such a delicious feel doth flood  
The eyes, as laves the burning bud  
When cool rains feed ambrosial blood.

Merrily Life doth revel and reign !  
Light in heart, and blithe in brain ;  
Running like wine in every vein.

Alive with eyes, the Village sees  
The Bridal dawning from the trees,  
And Housewives swarm i' the sun like Bees.

All silent yet the Belfrey-Choir !  
Up in the twinkling air the spire  
Throbs, golden in the bickering fire.

The winking windows burn and blush  
With colours rare as flow and flush  
Through summer sunsets bloomed and hush.

But, enter : rarer splendours brim,  
Such mists of gold and purple swim,  
And the light falls so rich and dim.

Even so doth Love Life's doors unbar,  
Where all the hidden glories are,  
That from the windows shine afar.

Love's lovely to the passers-by,  
But they who love are regioned high  
On hills of Bliss, with heaven nigh.

Dainty as Iris, when she swims  
With rainbow robe on lightsome limbs,  
The Bride's rare beauty overbrims !

The gazers drink rich overflows,  
Her cheek a livelier damask glows,  
And on his arm she leans more close.

A drunken joy reels in his blood,  
He wanders an enchanted wood ;  
She ranges realms of perfect good.

Dear God ! that he alone hath grace  
To light such splendour in her face,  
And win the blessing of embrace !

She wears her maiden modesty  
With tearful grace touched tenderly,  
Yet with a ripe Expectancy

Her virgin veil reveals a form,  
Flowering from the bud so warm,  
It needs must break the Cestus-charm.

Last night, with,her white wedding arms,  
And thoughts that thronged with quaint  
alarms,  
She trembled o'er her mirrored charms,

Like Eve first-glassing her new life ;  
And the Maid startled at the Wife,  
Heart-pained with herself at strife.

The unknown sea moans on her shore  
Of life : she hears the breakers roar ;  
But, trusting Him, she fears no more ;

For, o'er the deep seas there is calm,  
Full as the hush of all-heaven's psalm :  
The golden goal,—the Victor's palm !

And at her heart Love sits and sings,  
And broodeth warmth, begetting wings  
Shall lift her life to higher things.

The Blessing given, the ring is on ;  
And at God's Altar radiant run  
The currents of two lives in one !

Hushed with happiness, every sense  
Is crowded at the heart intense ;  
And silence hath most eloquence !

Down to his feet her meek eyes stoop,  
As *there* her love should pour its cup ;  
But, like a King, he lifts them up.

Her flashing face to heaven up-turns,  
There for a Mother's kiss it yearns :  
Through all her life Hope's sunrise burns !

And now she trembles to his breast,  
To proudly crown his loving quest ;  
And make it aye her happy nest.

His arms her hyacinth head caress,  
And fold her fragrant slenderness,  
With all its touching tenderness.

Now, on heaven's coast of crystal, crowned  
Hesperus lights life's outward-bound :  
And Evening palls her purple round.

A palace rich with glorious shows  
She maketh his life's narrow house  
To-night : but there he keeps no rouse !

Alone they hold their marriage-feast :  
Fresh from the Chrism of the Priest,  
He would not have the happiest jest

To storm her brows with a crimson fine ;  
And, sooth, they need no wings of wine  
To waft them into Love's divine.

So Strength and Beauty, hand-in-hand,  
Go forth into the honeyed land,  
Lit by the love-moon golden-grand,

Where God hath built their Bridal-bower ;  
And on the top of life they tower,  
To taste their Eden's perfect hour.

No lewd eyes o'er my shoulder look !  
They do but ope the blessed book  
Of Marriage, in their hallowed nook.

O, flowery be the paths they press,  
And ruddiest human fruitage bless  
Them, with a lavish loveliness !

Melodious move their wedded life  
Through shocks of time, and storms of strife,—  
Husband true, and perfect wife !

---

### WEDDED LOVE.

THE summer Night comes brooding over Earth,  
As Love comes brooding down on human hearts,  
With bliss that hath no utterance save rich tears.  
She floats in fragrance through the smiling dark,  
Foldeth a kiss upon the lips of Life,

Curtaineth into rest the weary world,  
And shuts us in with all our hid delight.  
The stars come sparkling through the tender gloom,  
Like dew-drops in the fields of heaven ; or tears  
That hang their jewels on the face of Night.  
A spirit-feel comes down the calm, and soft  
The Flowers fold their cups like praying hands,  
And with drooped head await the blessing, Night  
Gives with her Motherly magnanimity.

'Tis evening with the world ; but in my soul  
The light of wedded love is still at dawn  
Around my world, an everlasting Dawn.  
My heart rings out in music, like a Lark  
Hung in the charmed palace of the Morn,  
That circles singing to its mate i' the nest,  
With luminous being running o'er in song :  
So my life flutters round its mate at home !  
There, with her eyes turned on her heart, she reads  
The golden secrets written in its book,  
And broodeth o'er its hidden wealth of love,  
As Night i' the hush and halo of her beauty  
Bares throbbing heaven to its most tremulous  
depths,  
And broods in silence o'er her starry wealth.

And, fingering in her bosom's soft, white nest,  
A fair babe, beautiful as Dawn in heaven,  
Made of a Mother's richest thoughts of love,—  
Lies like a smile of sunshine among lilies,  
That giveth glory—drinking fragrant life.  
Sweet bud upon a Rose ! our plot of spring,  
And burst of bloom amid a wintry world !  
How dear it is to mark the look of life



Deepen, and darken, in her large, round eyes,—  
To watch the other rose put forth its leaves,  
And guess the perfumed secret of its heart ;  
To catch the silver words that come to break  
The golden silence hung like heaven around !

But lo, my hush of thought is thrilling, as  
A wood at night brims o'er with sudden song :  
Dear Wife ! with rich, low voice, she syllables  
Some precious music hoarded in her heart,  
And I am flooded with melodious rain,  
Like Nature standing crowned with sunlit showers.

“ As the heaving heart o' the Sea yearneth ever-  
lastingly  
For the Moon, heaven-charmèd by her in-  
fluence :  
And as Star to Star with love palpitateth like a dove,  
So my heart yearns up to his bright eminence.

“ For my Love, he seems to stand where Heaven  
leans so near at hand,  
That from other worlds his lineaments take  
light :  
And he fills my cup of wonder, flooding all my life  
with splendour,  
As a glorious, golden Moon fills all the night.

“ At the music of his words my heart carols like  
a bird's,  
And rich instincts burst from out it like  
heaven-flowers ;  
Wings bud in me at his kiss, all my being brims  
with bliss,  
As a valley brims with life in spring-tide hours.

"For my life was dark and cold as the night-dews  
on the wold,  
Waiting to be made alive with fire of dawn ;  
Till his presence on me lightened, and his blessing  
on me brightened,  
And my life like dew's lit up for heaven shone."

---

NAY, Sweet Heart ! that should be my song, who  
search

Love's lore in vain for fit similitudes  
To symbol what thy love hath been to me.  
The God lies prisoned in the mountain stone,  
The muffled Music slumbers in the strings,  
Awaiting the Deliverer's magic touch !  
So, thou beloved ! did I wait for Thee,  
To waken at thy touch. My Tree of being  
But made blind gropings in the dark, cold earth,  
And moaned and trembled in the wintry air,  
Stretching out naked hands to pluck at life :  
Until you came, with all your light, and warmth,  
Encircling round it like a summer heaven,  
And fed, and clad it with your fragrant beauty,  
Till budding branches burst on fire with bloom,  
And into ripe fruits mellowed goldenly.  
My life lay barren as a desolate moor  
That breaks, and burns, in twinkling green and  
gold,  
When Spring gives greeting with her kiss of life.

As weary earth goes darkling through the night,  
So my heart toiled on, tearful with its burthen :  
No beacon burned through all the gloom, to break

The sea of dark, with shining piers of light :  
Then on a sudden rose the blessed Morn,  
Sun-crowned my life, made all things beautiful,  
And gave the world its Eden-robes again.  
My spirit rose up orient with light ;  
Thy presence caught my heart up at the leap,  
Winged like a young world from the hands of  
God !

Methought a thousand graves of buried hopes  
Could crush it not from its proud eminence.  
The Future's dim cloud-curtain rent in twain,  
And lightened radiant revelation : All  
Life's purpose dawned, as unto dying eyes  
The dark of Death doth glisten into stars.

And since we met, thy life-long thought hath been  
To be cup-bearer of the wine of joy  
To one leal heart, and to make rich one life.  
Pulse after pulse, thy life hath mixed with mine,  
Like sea-waves hurrying up the beach to crown  
Their shore, and break in starry showers of light.  
Thou hast brought radiant sunrise every morn,  
Renewing all the glory passed away.  
Thy tender love hath twined about my life,  
Like the fair Woodbine wedded to the Thorn ;  
Hiding its harshness with her wealth of flowers !  
My heart drinks inspiration at thine eyes,  
And lights my brain up as with fragrant flame :  
Sweet eyes of starry tenderness, through which  
The soul of some immortal sorrow looks !  
Sorrow that addeth grace to loveliness,  
As its sad bloom enricheth the ripe fruit.  
Dear Eyes ! they have a radiant Alchemy,  
And pierce my being with such quickening light

As makes my heart a jewel-mine of love ;  
Even as the Sun strikes through the dark cold  
Earth,  
And fires her million veins with precious life.

My Life ran like a river in rocky ways,  
And seaward dashed, a sounding cataract !  
But thine was like a quiet lake of beauty,  
Soft-shadowed round by gracious influences,  
That gathers silently its wealth of earth,  
And woos heaven till it melts down into it.  
They mingled : and the glory, and the calm,  
Closed round me, brooding into perfect rest.  
O blessings on thy true and tender heart !  
How it hath gone forth like the Dove of old,  
To bring some leaf of promise in Life's deluge !  
Thou hast a strong up-soaring tendency,  
That bears me God-ward, as the stalwart oak  
Uplifts the clinging vine, and gives it growth.  
Thy reverent heart familiarly doth take  
Unconscious clasp of high and holy things,  
And trusteth where it may not understand.  
We have had sorrows, love ! and wept the tears  
That run the rose-hue from the cheek of Life ;  
But Grief hath jewels as Night hath her stars,  
And she revealeth what we ne'er had known,  
With Joy-wreaths danced about o'er our blinded  
eyes.

The heart is like an instrument whose strings  
Steal nobler music from Life's many frets :  
The golden threads are spun through Suffering's  
fire,  
Wherewith the marriage-robes for heaven are  
woven :

And all the rarest hues of human life  
Take radiance, and are rainbowed out in tears.

Thou'rt little changed, dear love! since we were  
wed.

Thy beauty hath climaxed like a crescent Moon,  
With glory greatening to the golden full.  
Thy flowers of spring are crowned with summer  
fruits,

And thou hast put a queenlier presence on  
With thy regality of Womanhood!  
Yet Time but toucheth thee with mellowing shades  
That set thy graces in a wealthier light.  
Thy soul still looks with its rare smile of love,  
From the Gate Beautiful of its palace-home,  
Fair as the spirit of the evening Star,  
That lights its glory as a radiant porch  
To beacon earth with brighter glimpse of heaven.

We are poor in this world's wealth, but rich in  
love;

And they who love feel rich in everything.

The heart of Ocean—thick with gems, as earth  
With blooms—is jewelled like a Bride o' the  
East:

The heart of Heaven swarms with golden worlds:  
A subtle heart of wealth hath our old world,  
And darks of diamonds, grand as nights of stars:  
But richer is the human heart that shrines  
The peerless wealth—th' immortal jewel Love!  
So let us live our life! and let our love,  
Our large twin-love, above our children bend,  
As the calm grand old heavens bend over earth,  
Revealing God's own starry thoughts and things;

So shall the image of our hearts' Ideal—  
The angel nestling in their bud of life—  
Smile upward in the mirror of their face  
A daily beauty in our darkened ways,  
And a perpetual feast of holy things.

O let us walk the world, so that our love  
Burn like a blessed beacon, beautiful  
Upon the walls of Life's surrounding dark.  
Ah! what a world 'twould be if love like ours  
Made heaven in human hearts, and clothed with  
smiles

The sweet sad face of our Humanity!  
What lives should quicken into sudden spring!  
What flowers of glory burst their frozen soil!  
As the red pulse of Dawn through cold gray skies,  
New life should flush up in the darkened face  
That readeth like a mourning epitaph  
Above the grave of beauty and of soul!  
A light should glimmer on the Helot's brow,  
And love should come into the mirkest being  
As mellowest moonlight silvers through the cloud.

1851.

## THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

Tenderly did he usher us within  
The holy of holies of a Father's heart,  
Where gloomed the first great sorrow still and stern—  
The dark, unfeatured Guest—now fading slow  
In hallowed, healing light.

Ah, few there be  
But miss some sweetest thing Earth lifted up  
In her old arms to take Heaven's blessing—pure  
As white foam-spirit flashing to the Moon,  
And gone as quickly from our mortal night.

## THE MOTHER'S IDOL BROKEN.

## I.

TWICE the Mother had divèd down  
 Into her sea of sorrow ;  
 O my love ! O my life ! my own sweet Wife !  
 God send you a merry good-morrow.  
 Betide her weal, or betide her woe,  
 Her smile it was calm and fearless ;  
 And proud were her eyes as she rose with the prize,  
 A pearl in her palms ! my Peerless !

O found you a little Sea-Syren,  
 In some perilous palace left ?  
 Or is it a little Child-Angel,  
 Of her high-born kin bereft ?  
 Or came she out of the Elfin-land,  
 By earthly love beguiled ?  
 Or hath the sweet Spirit of Beauty  
 Taken shape as our starry Child ?

Dear, do but look in her love-nest of sweets,  
 Where she lies in a smiling calm :  
 Wee armful of fruitage ; a sheaf of ripe bliss ;  
 On a bosom breathing balm.  
 Pure as the drop of dew, pride of the morn,  
 On leaves of a lily in blossom ;  
 Fresh as the fragrance newly born  
 In a violet's virgin bosom !



II.

God's Butterfly drawn to the flower of our love !  
 It seemeth the beautiful thing,  
 At the first surmise of the heaven she hath left,  
 For the Winterless World may wing.  
 So we fold her about with our love as 'twere  
     heaven,  
 Around her weave many a wile ;  
 And our hearts up-leap, living fountains of joy,  
 In the golden dream of her smile.

III.

On my ripely rounding Rose-tree,  
 Dreaming of life are three flowers :  
 One pusheth up her ruby-rose-cup,  
 For the rain of God's quickening showers.  
 With a magical burst of beauty, one glows  
 Dewily-dear in the sheen of love ;  
 And one pretty Softling, our baby-bud-rose,  
 Lies tenderly shut in the green of love.

IV.

O FAIR befall my dainty flowers,  
 Summering on their stem ;  
 Smiling up to the crowning Rose,  
 As she smileth down upon them.  
 Smiling up to their Queen in her beauty,  
 That smiles on each bonny breast-gem :  
 Blossoming, brimming with love for her  
 Who leans ruddy with love over them !  
 O fair befall my dainty flowers,  
 Summering on their stem !

And O the armful of rich love,  
    My fragrant human posies !  
Smile on them all, sweet Heaven,  
    And kiss my darling Roses.

## V.

THERE be three little Maidens ; three loving  
    Maidens ;  
    Three bonny Maidens mine ;  
Three precious jewels are set in Life's crown,  
    On prayer-lifted brows to shine.  
Six starry eyes, all love-luminous,  
    Look out of our heaven so tender ;  
Since the Honey-moon, glowing and glorious,  
    Arose in its ripening splendour.

There's Lilybell, Duchess of Wonderland,  
    With dance of life, dimples and curls ;  
Whose bud of a mouth will burst into flower  
    A-smile with the wanton white pearls :  
And Sweetcheek, our rosily-goldening peach  
    On the sunniest side o' the wall,  
But Marian's Mother's darling,  
    Marian's Idol of all.

## VI.

LIKE the merry voice-bird that sings on the bough,  
    I sing, O my woman Dove,  
To a nest I know in the leaves below,  
    Full of eyes alive with love.  
Two of our little Birds wander on wings,  
    One can but flutter and fall ;  
Sing, Marian Mother's wee darling,  
    Marian's Idol of all.

## VII.

PARENTS of Children three ;  
Two of them ruddy with glee ;  
One your White Child, your Pearl !  
Do you feel as I feel with my Girl ?  
For I peer in her tender face,  
And I fear that its light of grace  
Is too still and too starry a birth  
For our noisy, dim dwellings of Earth.  
She looks like a Changeling child  
Of the heavens—too lustrous, too mild  
For us. Other Roses are blowing  
While ours seems unfolding and going,—  
Dreamily happy in going.  
Yet on it more soft is the thorn  
Than the tiniest little snail's horn,  
And golden at heart is the Morn  
Of a day that will never be born.

Just a spirit of light is my Girl,  
Seen through a body of pearl ;  
A spirit of life that will fleet  
Away, more on wings than on feet.  
Her cheek is so waxenly thin,  
As if deathward 'twere dimpling in,  
And the cloud of her flesh, still more white  
Were clearing till soul is in sight.  
She leans as the wind-flowers stoop ;  
All their loveliness seen as they droop !  
Her eyes have the sweet native hue  
Of the heaven they are melting into,  
Blue as the Violets above  
The grave of some tender babe-love

That back to us wistfully bring  
The buried blue eyes with the Spring.  
Her large eyes too liquidly glister !  
Her mouth is too red.

Have they kissed her—  
The Angels that bend down to pull  
Our buds of the Beautiful,  
And whispered their own little Sister ?

O Parents of children three !  
Two of them bright of blee ;  
One, your White Child, your Pearl !  
Do you feel as I feel with my Girl ?  
For I think I could give half her wealth  
Of heaven for a little more health :  
The halo of Saints for the simple  
Blithe graces that dip in a dimple !  
Nay, I feel in my heart I could revel  
To see but a wee dash of devil ;  
A touch of the old Adam in her ;  
A glimpse of his fair fellow-sinner ;  
Any likeness of earth that would give  
Me a promise my Darling should live.  
I feel I could pray—"O my Maker,  
Take ME too, if Thou MUST take her."

## VIII.

ALL in our Marriage Garden  
Grew, smiling up to God,  
A bonnier Flower than ever  
Sucked the warmth of sun and sod.  
O beautiful unfathomably  
Its little life unfurled ;

Love's crowning sweetness was our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

From out a balmy bosom,  
Our Bud of Beauty grew ;  
It fed on smiles for sunshine,  
And tears for daintier dew.  
Aye nestling warm and tenderly,  
Our leaves of love were curled  
So close and close about our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

Two flowers of glorious crimson  
Grew with our Rose of light ;  
Still kept the sweet heaven-grafted slip  
Her whiteness saintly white.  
They caught the breeze and danced with glee ;  
They reddened as it whirled ;  
White, white and wondrous grew our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

With mystical faint fragrance,  
Our House of Life she filled—  
Revealed each hour some Fairy Tower,  
Where wingèd Hopes might build.  
We saw—though none like us might see—  
Such precious promise pearled  
Upon the petals of our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

But evermore the halo  
Of Angel-light increased ;  
Like the mystery of Moonlight,  
That folds some fairy feast.

Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently,  
Our darling bud up-curled,  
And dropped i' the Grave-God's lap—our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

Our Rose was but in blossom ;  
Our life was but in spring ;  
When down the solemn midnight  
We heard the Spirits sing :  
“ *Another bud of infancy,  
With holy dew's impearled ;*”  
And in their hands they bore our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

You scarce could think so small a thing  
Would leave a loss so large ;  
Her little light such shadow fling,  
From Dawn to Sunset's marge.  
In other Springs our life may be  
In other flowers unfurled ;  
But never, never match our wee  
White Rose of all the world.

## IX.

THIS is a curl of little Marian's hair !  
A ring of sinless gold that weds two worlds !  
Our one thing left with her dear life in it.  
Poor Misers ! o'er it secretly we sum  
Our little savings hoarded up above,—  
Our rich love-thoughts heart-hid to doat upon,—  
And glimpse our lost heaven in a flood of tears.  
A magic ring, through which fond Sorrow reads  
Of strange heart-histories, and conjures up

A vanished face, with its sweet spirit-smiles,  
 Babe-wonderings, and little tender ways.  
 At birth her hair was dark as it were dipped  
 In the death-shadow ; but it rarefied  
 In radiance as her head rose nigher heaven,  
 Till she—white Glory!—looked from a golden  
 midst.

This is her still face as she lay in death !  
 Spirit-like face, set in a silver cloud,  
 It comes to us in silent glooms of night ;  
 The wee wan face that gradually withdrew  
 And darkened into the great cloud of death.

O ye who say, "*We have a Child in heaven ;*"  
 And know how far away that heaven may seem ;  
 Who have felt the desolate isolation sharp  
 Defined in Death's own face ; who have stood  
 beside

The Silent River, and stretched out pleading hands  
 For some sweet Babe upon the other bank,  
 That went forth where no human hand might lead,  
 And left the shut house with no light, no sound,  
 No answer, when the Mourners wail without !  
 What we have known, ye know, ye only know.

She came like April, who with tender grace  
 Smiles in Earth's face, and sets upon her breast  
 The bud of all her glory yet to come,  
 Then bursts in tears, and takes her sorrowful leave.  
 She brought heaven to us just within the space  
 Of the dear depths of her large, dream-like eyes,  
 Then o'er the vista fell the death-veil dark.  
 She only caught three words of human speech :  
 One for her Mother, one for me, and one

She crowed with, for the fields, and open air.  
That last she sighed with a sharp farewell pathos  
A minute ere she left the house of life,  
To come for kisses never any more.

Pale Blossom ! how she leaned in love to us !  
And how we feared a hand might reach from  
    heaven

To pluck our sweetest flower, our loftiest flower  
Of life, that sprang from lowliest root of love !  
Some tender trouble in her eyes complained  
Of Life's rude stream, as meek Forget-me-nots  
Make sweet appeal when winds and waters fret.  
And oft she looked beyond Us with sad eyes,  
As for the coming of the Unseen Hand.  
We saw, but feared to speak of, her strange beauty,  
As some hushed Bird that dares not sing i' the night,  
Lest lurking foe should find its secret place,  
And seize it through the dark. With twin-love's  
    strength

All crowded in the softest nestling-touch,  
We fenced her round—exchanging silent looks.  
We went about the house with listening hearts,  
That kept the watch for Danger's stealthiest step.  
Our spirits felt the Shadow ere it fell.

Then the Physician left our door ajar  
A moment, and the grim thief Death stole in.  
Some Angel passing o'er Life's troubled sea,  
Had seen our Jewel shine celestial pure,  
And Death must win it for her bosom-pearl.  
We stood at Midnight in the Presence dread.  
At midnight, when Men die, we strove with Death,  
To wrench our jewel from his grasping hand.



Ere the soul loosed from its last ledge of life,  
Her little face peered round with anxious eyes,  
Then, seeing all the old faces, dropped content.

The mystery dilated in her look,  
Which, on the darkening death-ground, faintly  
caught

Some likeness of the Angel shining near.  
Her passing soul flashed back a glimpse of bliss.  
She was a Child no more, but strong and stern  
As a mailed Knight that had been grappling Death.  
A crown of conquest bound her baby-brow ;  
Her little hands could take the heirdom large ;  
And all her Childhood's vagrant royalty  
Sat staid and calm in some eternal throne.  
Love's kiss is sweet, but Death's doth make im-  
mortal.

The Mornings came, with all their glory on ;  
Birds, brooks, and bees were singing in the sun,  
Earth's blithe heart breathing bloom into her face,  
The flowers all crowding up like Memories  
Of lovelier life in some forgotten world,  
Or dreams of peace and beauty yet to come.  
The soft south-breezes rocked the baby-buds  
In fondling arms upon a balmy breast ;  
And all was gay as universal life  
Swam down the stream that glads the City of God.

But we lay dark where Death had struck us down  
With that stern blow which made us bleed within,  
And bow while the Inevitable went by.

And there our little one lay in confined calm ;  
Beyond the breakers and the moaning now !

And o'er her flowed the white, eternal peace :  
All dim the living lustres motion makes !  
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes !  
The breathing miracle into silence passed :  
Never to stretch wee hands, with her dear smile  
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers ;  
Never to wake us crying in the night :  
Our little hindering thing for ever gone,  
We might toil on in tearful quiet now.

A young Immortal came to us disguised,  
And in the joy-dance dropped her mask, and fled.  
Nought there of our wee darling save the mask.

The world went lightly by and heeded not  
Our death-white windows blinded to the sun ;  
The hearts that ached within ; the measureless loss ;  
The Idol broken ; our first tryst with Death.  
O Life, how strange thy face behind the veil !  
And stranger yet will thy strange mystery look,  
When we awake in death and tell our Dream.  
'Tis hard to solve the secret of the Sphinx !  
We had a little gold Love garnered up,  
To richly robe our Babe : the Mother's half  
Was turned to mourning-raiment for her dead :  
Mine bought the first land we called ours—Her  
grave.

We were as treasure-seekers in the earth,  
When lo, a death's-head on a sudden stares.

Clad all in her babe-beauty forth she went ;  
Her budding spring of life in tiny leaf ;  
Her faint dawn whitened in the perfect day.  
Our early wede awa' went back to God,

Bearing her life-scroll folded, without stain,  
And only three words written on it—two  
Our names! Ah, may they plead for us in heaven!

X.

VERY softly hold the Rose,  
On thy happy breast that blows!  
Thus from out my heart there sprang a flower of  
tender pride.  
All too wild my passion burned:  
For the cooling dews it yearned:  
In my hot hands drooped my gentle flower and  
died.

Be thy glory meekly worn:  
Fairest fruit is lowliest borne:  
Mine grew high as Life could climb, and arms  
could reach above.  
O, so proudly heaved my breast;  
All the world should see how blest;  
And the seeing Heavens took my lifted love.

XI.

THERE is her nest where balmily smiled  
Our Babe, as we leaned above;  
There she asked with her face for the tenderest  
place  
In all our world of love.  
Very silent and empty now! yet we feel  
It rock; and a tiny footfall  
Comes over the floor in the thrilling night-hush,  
And our hearts leap up for the call

Of our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;  
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

Last night, with hands to cracking clasped  
In the furnace-fire of my heart,  
Sitting, I saw the dead world  
All into spirit-life start  
At the mystic touch of the white Moonlight.  
My spirit arose likewise,  
And wandered away to the Graveyard,  
Where, a jewel in Death's hand, lies  
Our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;  
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

Slowly, slowly uprose the dead,  
All in their robes of white !  
Weirdly, weirdly uprose the dead,  
All in the silent night !  
Like lilies for God, from the dark grave-bed,  
They grew in a glory-rain ;  
And the crownèd Darling of Heaven, at the head  
Of all that glorified train,  
Was our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;  
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

In my dream I stood at the death-door dark,  
Alone and tremblingly,  
Till a Shining One came in a crescent bark,  
Moonlike, o'er a purple sea.  
She smiled to say that she knew the way,  
And at some secret sign,  
A memory of the old life stirred,  
And I knew that Angel mine !  
Our puir wee lammie dead and gone ;  
Our bonnie wee lammie dead and gone.

## XII.

WITHIN a mile of Edinburgh Town  
We laid our little darling down ;  
Our first seed in God's acre sown !

So sweet a place ! Death looked beguiled  
Of half his gloom ; or softly smiled  
To win our wondrous spirit-child.

God giveth His Beloved sleep  
So calm, within its silence deep,  
As Angel-guards the watch might keep.

The City looketh solemn and sweet ;  
It bares a gentle brow, to greet  
The Mourners mourning at its feet.

The sea of human life breaks round  
This shore o' the dead, with softened sound :  
Wild-flowers climb each mossy mound

To place in resting hands their palm,  
And breathe their beauty, bloom, and balm ;  
Folding the dead in fragrant calm.

A lighter shadow Grief might wear ;  
And old Heartache come gather there  
The peace that falleth after prayer.

Poor heart, that danced among the vines  
All reeling-ripe with sweet love-wines,  
Thou walk'st with Death among the pines !

Lorn Mother, at the dark grave-door,  
She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,  
But it is shut for evermore.

Blind, blind ! She feels, but cannot read  
Aright ; then leans as she would feed  
The dear dead lips that never heed.

The spirit of life may leap above,  
But in that grave her prisoned Dove  
Lies, cold to th' warm embrace of love,

And dark, though all the world is bright ;  
And lonely, with a City in sight ;  
And desolate in the rainy night.

Ah, God ! when in the glad life-cup  
The face of Death swims darkly up ;  
The crowning flower is sure to droop !

And so we laid our Darling down,  
When Summer's face grew ripely brown,  
And still, though grief hath milder grown,

Unto the Stranger's land we cleave,  
Like some poor Birds that grieve and grieve,  
Round the robbed nest, and cannot leave.

## XIII.

AH, the sweet Dream, the singing Dream, that  
sang

We knew not what, so sweet the melody !  
Made dim woe glimmer golden while we slept ;  
And when we woke the lulling Dream was gone.

We who had glowed like Angels in the sun,  
With life so lighted by her loveliness :  
We let her down into the drowning gloom,  
Sailing the awful Sea in our World-bark.

God's messenger of death seems blindly stern :  
 And 'tis so hard to leave a little babe  
 Within the Grave's cold arms, alone ! while Sorrow  
 Comes Home and chills the nest her sweet life  
 warmed.

So little to the world ! but what a world  
 Of difference in our little world of home !  
 This Stillness where the sweet Bird chirped to us ;  
 This good-night-parting, this morn-greeting loss.

And yet perchance the kind dark-Angel drew  
 Her in the secret shadow of his cloud,  
 Out of our warm and golden air, to hide  
 Her from some fearful Fate far-hurrying up ?

XIV.

TO-DAY, when winds of Winter blow,  
 And Nature sits in dream of snow,  
 With Ugolino-look of woe :

Wife from the window came to me,  
 Now leaves were fallen she could see  
 That wee grave in the Cemet'ry.

With wintriness all life did ache  
 For that dead darling's sainted sake ;  
 And lips might kiss, but hearts would quake.

Ho, ye who pass her narrow house,  
 By which the dark Leith sea-ward flows ;  
 O clasp your pretty nurslings close ;

And if some tender bud of light  
 Is drooping, as the snowdrop white,  
 With looks that weird wild heart strings smite

Think of our babe that will not wake,  
And fold your own till fond hearts ache,  
Sweet souls, for little Marian's sake.

## XV.

O HAPPY Tree ;  
Green and fragrant Tree ;  
Spring with budding jewels decked it like a Bride!  
All so fair it bloomed,  
And the summer air perfumed ;  
Golden autumn fruitage smiled in crowns of pride.

O human tree ;  
Waesome wailing tree ;  
In the winter wind how it rocks ! how it grieves !  
On a little low grave-mound,  
All its bravery lies discrowned :  
O'er its fallen fruit it heaps the withered leaves.

## XVI.

*" PRETTY flowers on Baby's head ;  
Who'll cry flowers when Baby's dead ? "*  
Singing hearts oft questioned,  
In the sweetest Summer fled.

Marian, Marian.

Tearful words, how lightly said !  
Mournfully remembered,  
Now the sweet New Year doth spread  
Blossom-life on Baby's bed.

Marian, Marian.



Tender emerald, white and red,  
 Flowers of her beauty bred :  
 Breathing all of her that's dead,  
 Cry, "*We crown her Baby-head !*"  
 Marian, Marian.

"*Who'll cry flowers when Baby's dead ?*"  
 Praying looks to heaven are led,  
 And it smiles as though it said,  
 "*Early her sweet fame hither sped.*"  
 Marian, Marian.

"*Faith, look up and firmly tread :*  
*Poor Bereaved, be comforted ;*  
*I will nurse the Child instead ;*  
*My Flowers garland Baby's head.'*  
 Marian, Marian.

God's unguessed reply is read :  
 Tears that came not, tears that pled  
 Crying darkly, here are shed :  
 Soft rest you, Darling ! dead  
 Marian, Marian.

XVII.

OUR leaves are shaken from the Tree,  
 Our hopes laid low,  
 That after our Spring-nurslings, we  
 May long to go.

The warm love-nest our little Doves leave  
 With helpless moan,  
 As they for us at heart would grieve  
 In heaven—alone !

The tender Shepherd beckoningly  
Our Lambs doth hold,  
That we may take our own when He  
Makes up the fold.

## XVIII.

With seeking hearts we still grope on,  
Where dropped our jewel in the dust :  
The looking crowd have long since gone,  
And still we seek with lonely trust :  
O little Child with radiant eyes !

In all our heart-ache we are drawn,  
Unweeting, to your little grave ;  
There, on your heavenly shores of dawn,  
Breaks gentlier Sorrow's sobbing wave :  
O little Child with radiant eyes !

Dark underneath the brightening sod,  
The sweetest life of all our years  
Is crowded in as gift to God,—  
Outside the gate we stand in tears.  
O little Child with radiant eyes !

Heart-empty as the Acorn-cup  
That only fills with wintry showers ;  
The breaking cloud but brimmeth up  
With tears this pleading life of ours.  
O little Child with radiant eyes !

We think of you, our Angel kith,  
Till life grows light with starry leaven :  
We never forget you, Darling with  
The gold hair waving high in heaven ;  
Our little Child with radiant eyes !

Your white wings grown you will conquer Death !  
 You are coming through our dreams even now,  
 With azure peep of heaven beneath  
 The arching glory of your brow,  
 Our little Child with radiant eyes !

We cannot pierce the dark, but oft  
 You see us with looks of pitying balm ;  
 A hint of heaven—a touch more soft  
 Than kisses—all the trouble is calm.  
 Our little Child with radiant eyes !

Think of us wearied in the strife,  
 And when we sit by Sorrow's streams,  
 Shake down upon our drooping life  
 The dew that brings immortal dreams.  
 Our little Child with radiant eyes !

XIX.

COME hither, Friends ! Come hither, Friends !  
 So great the joy our Father sends,  
     I want to share with you.  
 For He hath made the blind receive  
 New sight ! Come, help me to believe  
     The miracle is true !

*" O what the joy ? and whence the beam  
 That lights your look as with the gleam  
     Of waters in the waste ? "*  
 Come kneel by me on bended knee ;  
 Ye must stoop low if ye would see,—  
     Lower, if ye would taste !

Sweet Friends, ye know the little grave  
To which my heart would crawl and crave,  
    As 'twere a worm o' the dust!  
I writhed so low, it rose so high,  
The mound that shut out all my sky;  
    So broken was my trust.

This morn I sought it! hardly one  
Of all my unshed tears would run;  
    Instead—from out the sod—  
A spring had gushed through dust and weeds!  
And in the light of God it feeds  
    My life, direct from God.

## XX.

SPRING comes with violet eyes unveiled,  
Her fragrant lips apart!  
And Earth smiles up as though she held  
    Most honeyed thoughts at heart.  
But nevermore will Spring arise  
Dancing in sparkles of *her* eyes.

A gracious wind low-breathing comes  
As from the fields of God;  
The old lost Eden newly blooms  
    From out the sunny sod.  
My buried joy stirs with the earth,  
And tries to sun *its* sweetness forth.

The Trees move in their slumbering,  
Dreaming of one that's near!  
Put out their feelers for the Spring,  
To wake, and find her here!

My spirit on the threshold stands,  
And stretches out its waiting hands ;

Then goeth from me in a stream  
Of yearning ; wave on wave  
Slides through the stillness of a dream,  
To little Marian's grave :  
For all the miracle of Spring.  
My long lost Child will never bring.

Where blooms the golden crocus-burst,  
And Winter's tenderling,  
There lies our little Snowdrop,—first  
Of Flowers in our love's spring !  
How all the year's young beauties blow  
About her there, I know, I know.

The Blackbird with his warble wet,  
The Thrush with reedy thrill,  
Open their hearts to Heav'n, and let  
The influence have its will !  
Though all around the Spring hath smiled,  
She seems to have kissed where lies my child.

In purple shadow and golden shine  
Old Arthur's Seat is crowned ;  
Like shapes of Silence crystalline  
The great white clouds sail round !  
The Dead at rest the long day through  
Lie calm against the pictured blue.

At shut of Eve the stars may peep,  
But still there comes no night ;  
Only the Day hath fallen asleep,  
And smiles in dreams of light :

As though she felt the heart of Love  
Beat on in silent stars above.

O Marian, my maid Marian,  
So strange it seems to me !  
That you, the Household's darling one,  
So soon should cease to be.  
Ah, was it that our praying breath  
Might kindle heavenward fires of faith ?

So much forgiven for your sake  
When bitter words were said,  
And little arms about the neck  
With blessings bowed the head !  
So happy as we might have been,  
Our hearts more close with you between.

Dear early Dew-drop ! such a gleam  
Of sun from heaven you drew,  
We little thought that smiling beam  
Would drink the precious dew !  
But back to heaven our dew was kissed,  
We saw it pass in mournful mist.

Our lowly home was lofty-crowned  
With three sweet budding girls !  
Our Marriage-ring was wreathen round  
With darling wee love-pearls !  
One jewel from the ring is gone,  
One fills a grave in Warriston.

We bore her beauty in our breast,  
As heaven bears the Dawn,  
We brooded over her dear nest,  
Still close and closer drawn.

Hearts thrilled and listened, watched and  
throbbed,  
And strayed not,—yet the nest was robbed.

*“ Stay yet a little while, Beloved ! ”*

In vain our prayerful breath :  
Across heaven's lighted window moved  
The shadow of black Death.  
In vain our hands were stretched to save ;  
There closed the gateways of the Grave !

Could my death-vision have darkened up  
In her sweet face, my child ;  
I scarce should see the bitter cup  
I could have drunk and smiled :  
Blessing her with my last-wrung breath,  
Dear Angel in my dream of death.

Her memory is like music we  
Have heard some singer sing,  
That thrills life through, and echoingly  
Our hearts forever ring ;  
We try it o'er and o'er again,  
But ne'er recall that wondrous strain.

My proud heart like a river runs,  
Lying awake o' nights ;  
I see her with the shining Ones  
Upon the shining heights.  
And a wee Angel-face will peep  
Down starlike through the veil of sleep.

My yearnings try to get them wings  
And float me up afar,  
As in the Dawn the Skylark springs  
To reach some distant Star

That all night long swam down to him  
In brightness, but at morn grew dim.

She is a spirit of light that leavens  
The darkness where we wait ;  
And starlike opens in the heavens  
A little golden gate !  
O may we wake and find her near  
When work and sleep are over here !

No sweetness to this world of ours  
Is without purpose given,  
The fragrance that goes up from flowers  
May be their seed in Heaven.  
We saw Heaven in her face, may we  
Her future face in Heaven see.

In some far spring of brighter bloom,  
More life, and ampler breath,  
My bud hath burst the folding gloom,  
A-flower from dusty death !  
We wonder will she be much grown ?  
And how will her new name be known ?

I saw her ribboned robe this morn,  
Mine own lost little child ;  
Wee shoes her tiny feet had worn,  
And then my heart grew wild.  
We only trust ourselves to peep  
In on them when we want to weep.

But hearts will break or eyes must weep,  
And so we bend above  
These treasures of old days that keep  
The fragrance of young love.



The harvest-field though reaped and bare  
Still hath two patient gleaners there.

I never think of her sweet eyes  
In dusky death now dim,  
But waters of my heart will rise,  
And there they smile and swim,  
Forget-me-nots so blue, so dear,  
Swim in the waters of a tear.

How often in the days gone by  
She lifted her dear head,  
And stretched wee arms for me to lie  
Down in her little bed ;  
And cradled in my happy breast  
Was softly carried into rest.

And now when life is sore oppressed  
And runs with weary wave,  
I long to lay me down and rest  
In little Marian's grave :  
To smile as peaceful as she smiled—  
For I am now the nestling child.

Immortal Love, a spirit of bliss  
And brightness, moves above,  
While here forever Sorrow is  
A shadow cast by Love.  
But love for her no sorrow will bring  
And no more tearful leaves-taking.

No passing sorrows on their march  
Will leave sad foot-prints now,  
No troubles strain the tender arch  
Of that white baby brow.

No cares to cloud, no tears that come  
To rob the cheek of dainty bloom.

All sweetest shapes that Beauty wears  
Are round about her drawn ;  
Auroral hues, and vernal airs,  
And blessings of the dawn ;  
All loveliness that ne'er grows less ;  
Time cannot touch her tenderness.

The patient calm that comes with years,  
Hath made us cease to fret,  
Though sometimes in the sudden tears  
Dumb hearts will quiver yet :  
And each one turns the face, and tries  
To hide Who looks through parent eyes.

**LYRICS OF LOVE.**

## SWEET SPIRIT OF MY LOVE.

SWEET Spirit of my love !  
 Through all the world we walk apart :  
     Thou mayst not in my bosom lie ;  
 I may not press Thee to my heart  
     Nor see the love-thoughts light thine eye :  
 Yet art Thou with me. All my life  
     Orbs out in thy warm beauty's sphere ;  
 My loftiest dreams of Thee are rife,  
     And coloured with thy presence dear.

Sweet Spirit of my love !  
 I know how beautiful Thou art,  
     But never tell the starry thought :  
 I only whisper to my heart,  
     *"She lights with heaven thy earthliest spot."*  
 And birds that night and day rejoice,  
     And winds and waves give back to me  
 Their music murmuring of thy voice ;  
     And warble into songs of Thee.

Sweet Spirit of my love !  
 No Spring, or Summer bloom-bedight,  
     That garlands earth with rainbow-showers ;  
 No breath of Morn, or eyes that Light  
     Doth open in the waking flowers ;  
 No Bee goes honey-laden by,  
     No flash of water, sigh of tree ;  
 Never a New Moon mounts the sky  
     But draws my heart's love-tide to Thee !

Sweet Spirit of my love !  
When Night's soft silence clothes the earth,  
To wake the passionate bird of love,  
And Stars laugh out in lofty mirth,  
And yearning souls divinelier move ;  
When Stillness hallows every spot,  
And, lapped in feeling's luxury,  
The heart's break-full of tender thought ;  
Then art Thou with me, still with me.

Sweet Spirit of my love !  
I listen for thy footfall, feel  
Thy look is burning on me, such  
As reads my heart ; 'twill sometimes reel  
And throb, expectant for thy touch !  
For by the voice of birds and brooks,  
And flowers with dews of heaven wet,  
And earnest stars with yearning looks,  
I know that we shall mingle yet.

Sweet Spirit of my love !  
Strange places on me smile, as Thou  
Hadst passed, and left thy beauty's tints :  
Even the wild flowers seem to know,  
And light and shade flash mystic hints.  
Methinks, like olden Gods, Thou'lt come  
In cloud ; but mine anointed eyes  
Shall see the glory burn through gloom,  
And clasp Thee, Sweet ! with large surprise.

---

## NOT I, SWEET SOUL, NOT I

ALL glorious as the Rainbow's birth,  
She came in Spring-tide's golden hours ;  
When Heaven went hand-in-hand with Earth,  
And May was crowned with buds and flowers.  
The mounting devil at my heart  
Clomb faintlier, as my life did win  
The charmed heaven, she wrought apart,  
To wake its better Angel in.  
With radiant mien she trode serene,  
And passed me smiling by !  
O ! who that looked could help but love ?  
Not I, sweet soul, not I.

The dewy eyelids of the Dawn  
Ne'er oped such heaven as hers did show :  
It seemed her dear eyes might have shone  
As jewels in some starry brow.  
Her face flashed glory like a shrine,  
Or lily-bell with sunburst bright ;  
Where came and went love-thoughts divine,  
As low winds walk the leaves in light :  
She wore her beauty with the grace  
Of Summer's star-clad sky ;  
O ! who that looked could help but love ?  
Not I, sweet soul, not I.

Her budding breasts like fragrant fruit  
Of love were ripening to be pressed :  
Her voice, that shook my heart's red root,  
Might not have broken a Babe's rest,—

More liquid than the running brooks ;  
More vernal than the voice of Spring,  
When Nightingales are in their nooks,  
And all the leafy thickets ring.  
The love she coyly hid at heart  
Was shyly conscious in her eye ;  
O ! who that looked could help but love ?  
Not I, sweet soul, not I.

---

## LOVE ME.

*" ALL dear as the feeling when first flowers start,  
Thou cam'st in thy musical lightness :  
And the cloud wept itself in rich rain on my heart,  
That had hidden thy beauty and brightness.  
'Twas as Life's topmost window oped suddenly, bright  
With the glittering face of an Angel,  
The sweet secret out-flashed on thy forehead of light,  
And thy voice was thy own love's Evangel !  
O how shall I crown thee, Love, on my heart's throne,  
Thou art so far, far above me ? "*  
And aye, as her dear eyes looked love in my own,  
The Maiden answered, " Love me."

*" My Belovèd is fair as some beautiful Star  
That walks in a pleasance of glory ;  
And her large-hearted looks and her lineaments are  
As some Queen's of the old Greek story !  
There's never night now, since those dear eyes of  
thine  
Smiled on me with soft sweet splendour,  
And I drank of the wine of thy kisses divine :  
O what for such love shall I render ? "*

And aye, as I knelt at my true Love's shrine,  
She bent in her beauty above me :  
And aye, as her dear eyes looked love into mine,  
The Maiden answered, "*Love me.*"

*"O could my heart, mountain-regioned in bliss,  
Thy life with Love's affluence dower,  
Thou shouldst have heaven in a world e'en like  
this,*

*And the joy of a life in each hour !  
Thou shouldst go forth like a conquering Queen,  
Reaping rich heartfuls of treasure,  
Nor strive where the worn of heart wearily glean  
But handfuls, in harvesting pleasure."*

And aye, as I knelt at my true Love's shrine,  
She bent in her beauty above me :  
And aye, as her dear eyes looked love into mine,  
The Maiden answered, "*Love me.*"

---

### THE PATRIOT TO HIS BRIDE.

CAN you leave the fond bosom of Home, where  
Joy hath been from your earliest waking ?  
Can you give its endearments to come, where  
Life hath many a hot heart-aching ?  
Have you counted the cost to stand by me,  
In the battle I fight for Man ?  
Shall your womanly love deify me,  
Who stand under the world's dark ban ?  
A daring high soul you will need, dear Love,  
To brave the life-battle with me :  
For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear Love,  
And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.



Sweet ! know you of gallant hearts perishing,—  
 The fine spirits that dumbly bow ?  
 For a little of Fortune's cherishing,  
 They are breaking in agony now !  
 And without the sunshine that life needeth,  
 Alas ! Sweet ! for me and for you :  
 But little the careless world heedeth  
 For love like ours, tender and true !  
 A daring high soul you will need, dear Love,  
 To brave the life-battle with me :  
 For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear  
 Love,  
 And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

Well, you've sworn, I have sworn, God hath bound  
 us,  
 And the world shall not tear us apart :  
 I have flung my love's war-cloak around us,  
 And you live in each pulse of my heart !  
 It may be our name in Earth's story  
 Shall endure when we are no more ;  
 For love lives while the Stars burn in glory,  
 And the Flowers bud on Earth's green floor.  
 But a daring high soul you will need, dear  
 Love,  
 To brave the life-battle with me :  
 For your true heart may oftentimes bleed, dear  
 Love,  
 And your sweet eyes dim tearfully.

---

## A POOR MAN'S WIFE.

HER dainty hand nestled in mine, wee and white,  
And timid as trembling dove ;  
And it twinkled about me, a jewel of light,  
As she garnished our banquet of love :  
'Twas the queenliest hand in all lady-land,  
And she but a poor Man's wife !  
O ! little I dreamed how that dainty white hand  
Could dare in the battle of Life.

Her heart it was lowly as maiden's might be,  
But hath climbed to heroic height,  
And burned like a shield in defence of me,  
On the field of sorest fight !  
And startling as fire, it hath often flashed up  
In her eyes, the good heart and rare ;  
As she drank down her half of our bitterest  
cup,  
And taught me how to bear.

Her sweet eyes that seemed, with their smile  
sublime,  
Made to look me and light me to heaven,  
They have triumphed through bitter tears many  
a time,  
Since their love to my life was given :  
And the maiden-meek voice of the womanly  
Wife  
Still bringeth the heavens nigher ;  
For it rings like the voice of God over my life,  
Aye bidding me climb up higher.

I hardly dared think it was human, when  
I first looked in that glorified face ;  
For it shone as the heavens had opened then,  
And clad it with splendour and grace !  
But dearer the innermost light of it grew  
In our dark and most desolate day,  
As the Rainbow, when heaven hath no break of  
blue,  
Smileth the storm away.

'Twas a shape of the lithest Loveliness,—  
Just an armful of heaven to enfold !  
But the form that bends flower-like in love's caress,  
With the Victor's strength may be souled !  
In the light of her presence transfigured I stand,  
And the poor Man's English home  
She fills with the Beauty of Greece the grand,  
Or the fairest Madonna in Rome.

---

## MY BONNY LADY.

You say Eve gave her Daughters to restore  
The Eden that their Mother lost of yore ;  
They lead us through the Angel-guarded door,  
And where they smile it blooms for evermore ?  
Then Dearest of Eve's Daughters dear is she  
Who makes an Eden in my Home for me ;  
*My Bonny Lady.*

No seeming beauty perilous to know,  
Like dream of ripeness on the sour sloe,

But sweet to the true heart as summer fruit,  
And sound and strong to love's most secret root ;  
A soul made human by its kindling life !  
A woman ripened to the perfect Wife !

*My Bonny Lady.*

She grows in graces as the flowers bloom ;  
Her robe of beauty woven in Heaven's loom !  
She wears her jewels in her lips and eyes :  
Diamond sparks ! warm rubies ! pearls of price !  
And see what shapely sweetness may be shown  
Supremely, in a simple morning gown !

*My Bonny Lady.*

Upon her dear brow is no band of care  
That binds the heavy burden souls must bear ;  
The dew of childhood's Heaven yet lingering lies  
Cool in the shadows of her morning eyes ;  
So may some spirit in its brightness wait  
With welcome at the beautiful heaven-gate.

*My Bonny Lady.*

Eyelids once lifted with the kiss of Love,  
Droop tender after as the brooding dove !  
Lips, when the soul of joy is tasted, will  
Hush its loud sound of laughter, and be still.  
Yet is she happy as the lark that sings,  
Winnowing out the music with its wings ;

*My Bonny Lady.*

Lo, how she bows with soft and settled bliss,  
Over her babe in breathing tenderness !  
Her image my Madonna bends above,  
To mingle One in my heart's sea of Love !

Thus hath she doubled love and Love's caress,  
With doubled blessing, doubled power to bless.

*My Bonny Lady.*

Her smile the sum of sweetness infinite !  
Her neck a throne where many graces sit !  
Like music of the soul her motion is,  
But none can know the inner sanctities ;  
Outside they stand in wonder, I alone,  
Pass in adoring at the spirit-throne.

*My Bonny Lady.*

Behold her in religious lustre stand,  
Clothed all in white and fit for spirit-land !  
Her thankful eyes uplift for angel food ;  
And you might worship her, so pure, so good ;  
For all shy beauty, all sweet shadowy grace,  
Breaks into brightness through my Lady's face ;

*My Bonny Lady.*

I think of her and mine eyes softly close  
While all my heart with sweetness overflows ;  
Each breath it breathes in blessing sets astir  
Some gracious balm, and sweet as hidden myrrh.  
My Rest while toiling up the hill of life !  
A Halfway House to Heaven ! my Angel-Wife !

*My Bonny Lady.*

---

## HUSBAND AND WIFE.

PROUDLY I stood in the rare Sunrise,  
As the dawn of your beauty brake ;  
But I feared for the storm, as I looked at the skies,  
And trembled for your sweet sake !

And O, may the evil days come not, I said,  
As I yearned o'er my tender blossom :  
Strong arm of love ! shelter the dearest one's head ;  
And I nestled you deep in my bosom.  
May the tears never dim the love-light of her eye,—  
May her Life be all Spring-weather !—  
Was the prayer of my heart, ere you, Love, and I,  
Were Husband and Wife together.

But the suns will shine, and the rains will fall,  
On the loftiest, lowliest spot !  
And there's mourning and merriment mingled for  
all

That inherit the human lot.  
So we've suffered and sorrowed and grown more  
strong,  
Heart-to-heart, side-to-side, we have striven,  
With the love that is summer-tide all the year  
long,  
And the spirit that makes its own heaven !  
We clung the more close as the storm swept by,  
We kept the nest warm in cold weather ;  
And seldom we've faltered since you, Love, and I,  
Have been Husband and Wife together !

Like the sweet happy flowers of the wilderness,  
You have dwelt life to life with Nature ;  
And caught the wild beauty and grace of her  
ways,  
And grown to her heavenlier stature !  
In prospering calm, and in quickening strife,  
Hath your womanly worth unfolded ;  
And sunshine and shower have enriched your life,  
And ripened its harvest golden.

There is good in the grimmest cloud o' the sky,  
There are blessings in wintry weather :  
Even Grief hath its glory, since you, Love, and I,  
Have been Husband and Wife together.

O, Life is not perfect with Love's first kiss :  
Who winneth the blessing must wrestle ;  
And the deeper the trouble, the dearer the bliss,  
That may in the core of it nestle !  
Our Angels oft greet us in tearful guise,  
Our saviours will come in sorrow :  
While the murkiest midnight that frowns from the  
skies,  
Is at heart a radiant Morrow !  
We laugh and we cry, we sing and we sigh,  
And Life will have wintry weather !  
So we'll hope, and love on, since you, Love, and I,  
Are Husband and Wife together.

---

WHEN I COME HOME.

AROUND me Life's hell of fierce Ardours burns,  
When I come home, when I come home ;  
Over me Heav'n starry-heartedly yearns,  
When I come home, when I come home.  
For a feast of Gods garnished, the palace of Night  
At a thousand star-windows is throbbing with light.  
London makes mirth ! but I think God hears  
The sobs in the dark, and the dropping of tears ;  
For I feel that He listens down Night's great dome :  
When I come home, when I come home ;  
Home, home, when I come home,  
Late in the night when I come home.

I walk under Midnight's triumphal arch,  
    When I come home, when I come home ;  
Exulting with life like a Conqueror's march,  
    When I come home, when I come home.  
I pass by the vast-chambered mansions that shine,  
Overflowing with splendour like flagons with wine :  
I have fought, I have vanquished the dragon of Toil,  
And before me my golden Hesperides smile !  
And O but Love's Apples make rich the gloam,  
When I come home, when I come home !  
    Home, home, when I come home,  
    Late in the night when I come home.

O the sweet, merry mouths will up-turn to be kissed,  
    When I come home, when I come home !  
How the younglings yearn from the hungry nest,  
    When I come home, when I come home !  
My weary, worn heart into sweetness is stirred,  
And it dances and sings like a singing Bird,  
On the branch highest heaven,—a-top of my life :  
As She meets me and greets me, my welcoming  
    Wife !  
And her pale cheek is tinted with tenderest bloom,  
When I come home, when I come home ;  
    Home, home, when I come home,  
    Late in the night when I come home.

Clouds furl off the shining face of my life,  
    When I come home, when I come home,  
And leave heaven bare on her bosom, sweet Wife,  
    When I come home, when I come home.  
With her brave smiling Energies,—Faith warm  
    and bright,—  
With love glorified and serenely alight,—



With her womanly beauty and queenliest calm,  
She steals to my heart in a blessing of balm ;  
And O but the wine of Love sparkles with foam,  
When I come home, when I come home !  
    Home, home, when I come home,  
    Late in the night when I come home.

---

## LOVE'S FAIRY-RING.

WHILE Titans war with social Jove,  
    My own sweet Wife and I,  
We make Elysium in our love,  
    And let the world go by !  
O never hearts beat half so light  
    With crownèd Queen or King !  
O never world was half so bright  
    As is our fairy-ring,  
        Dear love !  
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Our world of empire is not large,  
    But priceless wealth it holds ;  
A little heaven links marge to marge,  
    But what rich realms it folds !  
And clasping all from outer strife  
    Sits Love with folded wing,  
A-brood o'er dearer life-in-life,  
    Within our fairy ring,  
        Dear love !  
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Thou leanest thy true heart on mine,  
And bravely bearest up !  
Aye mingling Love's most precious wine  
In Life's most bitter cup !  
And evermore the circling hours  
New gifts of glory bring ;  
We live and love like happy flowers,  
All in our fairy-ring,  
Dear love !  
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

We've known a many sorrows, Sweet !  
We've wept a many tears,  
And often trod with trembling feet  
Our pilgrimage of years.  
But when our sky grew dark and wild,  
All closelier did we cling :  
Clouds broke to beauty as you smiled,  
Peace crowned our fairy-ring,  
Dear love !  
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

Away, you foes of heart and home ;  
Away, O Hate, and Strife !  
Hence, revellers, reeling drunken from  
Your feast of human life !  
Heaven shield our little Goshen round,  
From ills that with them spring,  
And never be their footprints found  
Within our fairy-ring,  
Dear love !  
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

But, come ye who the Truth dare own,  
Or work in Love's dear name ;

Come all who wear the Mystic's crown,  
Or Martyr's robe of flame !  
Sweet souls a heartless world may doom  
Like Birds made blind to sing !  
For such we'll aye make welcome room  
Within our fairy-ring,  
Dear love !  
Our hallowed fairy-ring.

---

## TO THE BELOVED ONE.

HEAVEN hath its crown of Stars, the Earth  
Her glory-robe of flowers—  
The Sea its pearls—the grand old Woods  
Their songs and greening showers :  
The Birds have homes, where leaves and blooms  
In beauty wreathe above ;  
High yearning hearts, their rainbow-dream—  
And we, Sweet ! we have love.

We walk not with the worldly Great,  
Where Love's dear name is sold ;  
Yet have we wealth we would not give  
For all their mines of gold !  
We revel not in Corn and Wine,  
Yet have we from above  
Manna divine, and will not pine,  
While we may live and love.

There's sorrow for the toiling poor,  
On Misery's bosom nursed :  
Rich robes for ragged souls, and Crowns  
For branded brows Cain-cursed !

But Cherubim, with clasping wings,  
Ever about us be,  
And, happiest of God's happy things!  
There's love for you and me.

Thy lips, that kiss till death, have turned  
Life's water into wine;  
The sweet life melting through thy looks  
Hath made my life divine.  
All Love's dear promise hath been kept,  
Since thou to me wert given;  
A ladder for my soul to climb,  
And summer high in heaven.

I know, dear heart! that in our lot  
May mingle tears and sorrow;  
But, Love's rich Rainbow's built from tears  
To-day, with smiles To-morrow.  
The sunshine from our sky may die,  
The greenness from Life's tree,  
But ever, 'mid the warring storm,  
Thy nest shall sheltered be.

I see thee! Ararat of my life,  
Smiling the waves above!  
Thou hail'st me Victor in the strife,  
And beacon'st me with love.  
The world may never know, dear heart!  
What I have found in thee;  
But, though nought to the world, dear heart!  
Thou'rt all the world to me.

---

## MATRIMONY.

Two human Stars in passing are  
Attracted as through heaven they float ;  
Sometimes they form a double Star ;  
Sometimes they put each other out :  
And sometimes one and one make three,  
Our World's most perfect Trinity.

---

## THE LOVE-LETTER.

THE Lover felt a warm wave coming  
Before her Written Message came ;  
The World within and round him blooming  
Burst into a flower of fragrant flame :  
As if with mouth to mouth he met her ;  
Or, as two Spirits meet above :  
*" If such a Wave foreran her letter,  
How deep the ocean of her love."*

---

## LOVE-IN-IDLENESS.

WE sit serenely 'neath the night,  
As still as stars with swift delight ;  
In tears, that show how in Life's deep  
The hidden pearls of beauty sleep !  
And quiet, as of sleeping trees,  
And silence, as of dreaming seas.  
The channels of our bliss run filled,  
Their faintest happy murmur stilled.

Upon thy forehead rests my palm,  
And on my spirit rests thy calm.  
I cannot see thy cheek, but know  
Its tint of rose-bloom hath a glow  
Like ruby light, and richly lies  
The dew i' the shadow of thine eyes :  
Deep eyes ! dear wells of tenderness,  
That ask how they may soothliest bless !

Warm incense like the soul o' the South,  
Is round us, and thy damask mouth  
With the sweet spirit of its breath,  
Dissolves me in delicious death.  
Musk-roses breathing in the gloom,  
Drop fragrance fainting in the room ;  
Such sensuous sadness fills the air,  
Ripe life a bloom of dew doth wear.

The harping hand hath dulled the lyre  
Of thrilling heartstrings—by their fire  
That droops, the dreamy Passions doze  
In large luxuriance of repose.  
While we our fields of pleasure reap,  
Our Babes lie in the wood of Sleep :  
One, first love's dream of beauty wrought !  
One the more perfect afterthought.

We sit with silent glory crowned,  
And Love's arms wound like heaven round :  
Or on rich clouds our spirits swim  
The summer twilight cool and dim.  
I only see—that thou art near ;  
I only feel—I have thee dear !  
I only hear thy beating heart,  
I only know we cannot part.

A BALLAD OF THE OLD TIME.

SWEET Night, drop down from thy starry bower  
Thy influence dewily mild ;  
Softly bend over my love's tender flower,  
As a Mother bends over her child.  
Hush the hills in a deep, dark dream ;  
To slumber stretch valley and lea ;  
Fold over all thy purple and pall,  
And bring my Love to me.

You white witching Moon, with your beautiful  
smile ;  
You flowers that fondle his feet ;  
You weird wee Women of fairyland, wile  
Not my Love with your kisses sweet.  
For him my bower in the old gray tower  
Is dighted and dainty to see :  
All gentle Powers that walk the night-hours,  
Hasten my Love to me.

I count my love's rosary over again,  
With its feelings and fancies and fears ;  
Till it breaks in my brain with the tension of pain,  
And my pearls are but trembling tears !  
I sorrow and sing with the thorn at my breast ;  
Mine eyes watch unweariedly :  
Come crown them, and calm them, and kiss them  
to rest ;  
Dear my Love, hasten to me.

The ripe swelling buds that are quickened with  
spring,  
Will peep from their silken fold ;

And my broidered belt is too short to cling  
Round my waist with its girdling gold.  
But my Love he will bring the plain gold ring ;  
Base-born his Babe shall not be !  
Leal is his love as the heaven above :  
He never will lightly me.

My Love he hath little of silver or gold ;  
Of land he hath never a sod ;  
But my Love is a gay gallant gentleman—  
He's a king by the grace of God.  
He has borne up the battle-tide broadsword in  
hand !  
He is comely as any ladye !  
O and were I a King's daughter,  
None other should marry me.

My Love shall not wait at the Castle-gate,  
My Love shall not tirl at the pin ;  
My Love he will climb to my bower-window ;  
Sing O, but my Love shall come in.  
The dragon below lieth weary and old,  
Sleeping all under the tree ;  
While I feast my Love on the apples of gold—  
But soft ! He is coming to me.

---

### IN THE NIGHT.

EARTH like a Lady poor and low  
Adores Night's kingly beauty now,  
While I, on fire in breast and brow,  
Awake to weep for thee, Love !



The distant glories of the night,  
The Moon that walks in soft white light,  
These cannot win my charmed sight,  
Nor lure a thought from thee, Love.

I'm thinking of the short sweet hour  
Our fond hearts felt Love's growth of power,  
And summered as in Eden's bower  
When I was blest with thee, Love !  
There burned no beauty on the trees,  
There woke no song of birds or bees,  
But Love's cup for us held no lees,  
And I was blest with thee, Love.

Then many-coloured fancies spring  
From out my heart on splendid wing,  
Like Chrysalis from Life's wintering,  
Burst bright and summeringly, Love !  
And as a Chief of battle lost  
Counts, and recounts his stricken host,  
Stands tearful Memory making most  
Of all that's touched with thee, Love.

Perhaps in Pleasure's brilliant bower  
Thy heart may half forget Love's power,  
But at this still and starry hour  
Does it not turn to me, Love ?  
O, by all pangs for thy sweet sake,  
In my deep love thy heart-thirst slake,  
Or, all-too-full, my heart must break :  
Break ! break ! with loving thee, Love !

---

## FALLEN.

As the White Snow crowns the Hills, and the  
arms of Ether fills,  
With the lustre of its loveliness—a presence as  
of light,  
And it looks up in Heaven's face with all a  
Virgin's trusting grace :  
So the Maiden walked on Purity's white height.  
But the Snow will blush for bliss, at the red  
Dawn's fervent kiss ;  
And fall from its high throne, and lose the  
brightness from its brow ;  
And be trodden on the highways, and be trampled  
in the by-ways :  
So the Maiden's life is stained and trampled  
now.

---

## DESERTED.

Love came to me in a golden cloud,  
With a rosy glory kissed ;  
And caught me up, and in heaven we rode,  
Till it melted in mournful mist.  
Gone ! gone ! is the light that shone,  
With the dream of my earlier day :  
And the wild winds moan ; alone ! alone !  
I wander my weary way.

The days come and go, and the seasons roll,—  
In their glory they pass me by ;  
And the lords of life and the happy in soul  
Walk under a smiling sky.

And the sweet spring-tide comes back to us o'er  
The soothèd winter sea ;  
But He will return no more, no more,  
Never come back to me.

It were better that I lay sleeping  
With his baby upon my breast,  
Where the weary have done with their weeping,  
And the wretched are rocked to their rest.  
The world is a desolate, dreary one,  
Full of sad tears at best :  
God, take back Thy wandering weary one,  
Like a wounded bird home to its nest.

---

## DROWNED.

'Tis Midnight hour and the Dead have power  
Over the Wronger now !  
He is tortured and torn till the coming of morn ;  
Pierced to the heart with the Crown of thorn  
That he set on the Suicide's brow.

Wind him around in the toil of your charms ;  
Nestle him close, young Bride !  
At the Midnight hour he is drawn from your arms ;  
Through the dark with the Dead he must ride !

Spirit from body is consciously drawn ;  
Death comes not to kindly unsheathe ;  
And the closer you cling the more anguish you  
wring  
From the form you so fondly enwreath !

The rose of her mouth is red-wet, red-warm,  
She smiles in her haven of calm !  
Troubled and tossed and lashed by the Lost,  
Slumber for him hath no balm !

Again that ghostly groping along  
The Corridor of Dreams !  
And a dark Desolation luridly lit  
Is his face by Lightning gleams !

Love's cup flushes up for his crowning kiss,  
But, with his lip at the brim,  
The Dead uncurtain his bower of bliss,  
Stretching their arms for him !

Wind him around in the toil of your charms ;  
Nestle him close, young Bride !  
Yet, at Midnight hour he is torn from your arms ;  
Through the dark with the Dead he must ride :

And the Dark, ah, the Dark ! hath a million Eyes,  
All of his secret tell !  
And whispering winds pursue him like fiends  
That hiss in his ears of Hell !

Warm in her bed the young Bride lies,  
Breathing her peaceful breath :  
Dead Mother and Babe with their drowned eyes  
Stare dim through the watery death.

'Tis Midnight hour and the Dead have power  
Over the Wronger now !  
He is tortured and torn till the coming of morn ;  
Pierced to the heart with the Crown of thorn  
That he set on the Suicide's brow.

## JILTED.

WELL! Friend! this arrow hath missed its mark,  
But, Man! you have more in your quiver.  
All over no doubt with your Pleasure-bark,  
But swim like a lusty liver!  
A-top of some Ararat next the skies  
You shall clap your wings and crow;  
Higher and higher your spirits will rise  
While the Deluge is ebbing below.  
Thank God some First Loves do miscarry,  
Men frequently say when they come to marry.

Very likely she *had* some love for you!  
Some love till death doth sever:  
And some for a Month or a Year or two,  
And some they say for ever.  
Your love would have lasted, no doubt, my  
brother,  
That at least was eternal:  
We all think so, one time or other,  
While very young and vernal.  
But you might not have found your heaven  
within  
The pretty blue eyes you so wanted to win.

The Learned will tell you those beautiful eyes  
Of witching, bewildering blue,  
Are as drumlie waters, or earth-made skies,  
Or un-rinsed linen in hue!  
For want of clearness their charm is given,  
And hearts are whirled away;

Blue is not the Natural colour of heaven  
Where dwelleth the perfect day,—  
And the woman you thought you were loving,  
looked through  
Far other eyes than you worshipped, at you!

Yes, I know how you stood all a-flame for her,  
Your heart of hearts to fill;  
I know how you hardly dared to stir  
Lest your delight should spill;  
Then came the clap on the back, my Friend,  
That made the dreamer start,  
And, at the awakening whack, my Friend  
Found he had lost his heart.  
Pass on, nor loiter with longing eye,  
'Tis no use looking, unable to buy.

You say that she gave you kiss for kiss;  
But that is no promise of marriage.  
Surely you know in a world like this  
A Lady must ride in her carriage?  
Although, like a lane I saw last spring,  
The way of her life should go,—  
One side with violets blossoming,  
The other white-winty with snow.  
Of saffron the Greek wedding-robe was of old,  
Parents in England prefer it in gold.

The old love wasn't the true love;  
That you have plainly proved.  
Be turning your thoughts to a new love,  
Somebody waits to be loved;  
Somebody patiently waiting for you,  
And the purified love you can give her,

With a soul full of love as the summer dew  
Is of sun with its kiss all a-quiver.  
To keep the ghost from your vacant chair,  
Nothing like nestling a warm wife there.

Do not be wasting the rest of your wine  
By pouring it out in the dust.  
What of your faith, old comrade of mine,  
Can you take your trial on trust?  
The knife is sharp and the flesh must shrink,  
But, as in the mythical day,  
God often perfects the Manhood I think  
By cutting the Woman away.  
He takes but a Spare-rib and gives you a Wife,  
With a heart beating warm in her, life of your life.

---

## LOVE AND THE LADY.

'TWERE vain to ask that one so cold should give  
The vital warmth of heart that makes Love live;  
But in thy bosom leave a little room  
For Love to die in; marble for a Tomb!  
To be imparadised he doth but crave  
That she who was his death may be his grave:  
The monumental mockery of a Wife,  
For ever hard and cold and like to life:  
Thus, when the winged Divinity hath flown,  
We prize the old Greek statue of Love in stone.

---

## ICHABOD.

SEVEN Summers' Suns have set ! the world is once  
more sweetly flooded  
With fragrance, for the virgin-leaves and violet-  
banks have budded :  
Heaven claspeth Earth, as round the heart first  
broodeth Love's rich glow ;  
A blush of Flowers is mantling where the lush  
green grasses grow !  
All things feel summering sunward, golden tides  
stream down the air,  
Which burns, as Angel-visitants had left a glory  
there !  
But darkness on my aching spirit shrouds the  
merry shine,—  
I long to feel a gush of Spring in this poor heart  
of mine.

Morn opes Heaven's secret portal, back the pearly  
gates are drawn,  
And all the fields of glory blossom with the crimson  
Dawn :  
But never comes thy clasping hand, or carol of thy  
lips,  
That made my heart soar like a spirit freed from  
Death's eclipse.  
Sweet voice ! it came like magic music, healing  
angels make,  
When pain sat heavy on my brow, and heart was  
like to break :



Methought such love gave wings to climb some  
 starry throne to win ;  
 Thou didst so lift up earth's horizon—letting heaven  
 in.

I'm thinking, Darling, of the days when life was  
 all divine,  
 And love was aye the silver cord that bound my  
 heart to thine ;  
 When life bloomed at thy coming, as the green  
 earth greets the sun,  
 And, like two dew-drops in a kiss, our twin souls  
 wed in one.  
 Ah ! still I feel ye at my heart ! and 'mid the stir  
 and strife,  
 Ye sometimes lead my feet to walk the angel-side  
 of Life :  
 The magic music yearns within, as unto thee I  
 turn,  
 And those dear eyes, a-blaze with soul, through all  
 my being burn.

Come back,—come back ; I long to clasp thee in  
 these arms, mine own ;  
 Lavish my heart upon thy lips, and make my love  
 the Crown  
 And Arc of Triumph to thy life. Why tarry ?  
 Time hath cast  
 Strange shadows on my spirit since we met and  
 mingled last !  
 Yet there be joys to crown thee with ; the sunshine  
 and the sweet  
 Are hived, like honey, in my heart, to share them  
 should we meet :

How I have hoarded up my life ! how tenderly I  
    strove  
To make my heart fit home for thee, its nestling  
    Bird of love !

God bless thee ! once the radiant world thy beauty  
    crownlike wore,  
But life hath lost the strange sweet feel that  
    cometh never more !  
The flowers will bud again in spring, and happy  
    birds make love,  
With melting hearts, a-brooding o'er their passion  
    in the grove.  
But thou wilt never more come back, to clothe my  
    heart with spring ;  
Dear God ! Love's sweetest chord is turned to  
    Pain's most jarring string !  
The Glory hath departed ! and my spirit pants to  
    go  
Where, 'mid Life's troubled waters, 'twill not see  
    the wreck below.

---

### A VILLAGE COURTING.

O SHY and simple Village Girl,  
    With daisy-drooping eyes ;  
Like light asleep within the pearl,  
    Love in your young life lies.  
A hundred times in meadow and lane  
    With careless hearts we walked ;  
But we shall never meet again,  
    And talk as we have talked.

All in a moment life was crossed,  
In a fairy spell I'm bound ;  
Yet fear to tell you what I've lost,  
Or know what I have found.

When last I met you, tearful-meek  
The emerald gloaming came ;  
Some veil fell from you, in your cheek  
The live rose was aflame !  
So distant and so dear you grew,  
More near, yet more estranged,  
And at your parting touch I knew  
That all the world was changed.  
All in a moment life was crossed,  
In a fairy spell I'm bound ;  
Yet fear to tell you what I've lost,  
Or know what I have found.

Your fairness haunts me all night long,  
I walk in a dream by day ;  
My silent heart breaks into song,  
And the prayerless kneels to pray.  
Ten times a day the hot tears start,  
For very pride of you :  
Would God you were safe at home in my heart,  
To rest the rough world through.  
All in a moment life was crossed,  
In a fairy spell I'm bound ;  
Yet fear to tell you what I've lost,  
Or know what I have found.

My heart ! She comes by lane and stile,  
With glances shy and sweet ;  
Making the sunlight with her smile,  
And music with her feet.

Ah! could I clasp her in mine arm  
Until she named the hour  
When life should move from charm to charm,  
And love from flower to flower!  
All in a moment life was crossed,  
In a fairy spell I'm bound;  
Yet fear to tell her what I've lost,  
Or know what I have found.

---

## ON A WEDDING-DAY.

THUS, hand in hand, and heart in heart,  
Face nestling unto face,  
Forgotten things like Spirits start  
From many a hiding-place!  
There is no sound of Babe or Bird,  
And all the stillness seems  
Sweet as the music only heard  
Adown the land of dreams.

And if, because it is so proud,  
My heart will find a voice,  
And in its dear dream love aloud,  
And speak of sweet still joys,  
It is no genuine gift of God,  
But only Goblin Gold,  
That withers into dead leaves, should  
The secret tale be told.

Nine years ago you came to me,  
And nestled on my breast,  
A soft and winged mystery  
That settled here to rest;

And my heart rocked its Babe of bliss,  
And soothed its child of air,  
With something 'twixt a song and kiss,  
To keep it nestling there.

At first I thought the fairy form  
Too spirit-soft and good  
To fill my poor, low nest with warm  
And wifely womanhood.  
But such a cozy peep of home  
Did your dear eyes unfold ;  
And in their deep and dewy gloom  
What tales of love were told !

In dreamy curves your beauty drooped,  
As tendrils lean to twine,  
And very graciously they stooped  
To bear their fruit, my Vine !  
To bear such blessed fruit of love  
As tenderly increased  
Among the ripe vine-branches of  
Your balmy-breathing breast.

We cannot boast to have bickered not  
Since you and I were wed ;  
We have not lived the smoothest lot,  
Nor made the downiest bed !  
Time has not passed o'erhead in Stars,  
And underfoot in flowers,  
With wings that slept on fragrant airs  
Through all the happy hours.

It is our way, more fate than fault,  
Love's cloudy fire to clear,

To find some virtue in the salt  
That sparkles in a tear !  
Pray God it all come right at last,  
Pray God it so befall,  
That when our day of life is past  
The end may crown it all.

Ah, Dear ! though lives may pull apart  
Down to the roots of love,  
One thought will bend us heart to heart,  
Till lips re-wed above !  
One thought the knees of pride will bow  
Down to the grave-yard sod ;  
You are the Mother of Angels now !  
We have two babes with God.

Cling closer, closer, for their loss,  
About our darlings left,  
And let their memories grow like moss  
That healeth rent and rift ;—  
For his dear sake, our Soldier Boy,  
For whom we nightly plead  
That he may live for God, and die  
For England in her need,—

For her, who like a dancing boat  
Leaps o'er life's solemn waves,  
Our little Lightheart who can float  
And frolic over graves ;  
And Grace, who making music goes,  
As in some shady place  
A Brooklet, prattling to the boughs,  
Looks up with its bright face.

Cling closer, closer, life to life,  
Cling closer, heart to heart ;  
The time will come, my own wed Wife,  
When you and I must part !  
Let nothing break our band but Death,  
For in the worlds above  
'Tis the breaker Death that soldereth  
Our ring of Wedded Love.

---

## A LYRIC OF LOVE.

THE Bird that nestles nearest earth,  
To Heaven's gate nighest sings ;  
And loving thee, my lowly life  
Doth mount on Lark-like wings !  
Thine eyes are starry promises :  
And affluent above  
All measure in its blessing, is  
The largess of thy love.

Merry as laughter 'mong the hills,  
Spring dances at my heart !  
And at my wooing, Nature's soul  
Into her face will start !  
The Queen-moon, in her starry bower,  
Looks happier for our love ;  
A dewier splendour fills the flower,  
And mellower coos the Dove.

My heart may sometimes blind mine eyes  
With utterance of tears,  
But feels no pang for thee, Beloved !  
But all the more endears :

And if life comes with cross and care  
Unknown in years of yore,  
Lest thou shouldst half the burthen bear,  
I shall be strong once more.

Ah! now I see my life was shorn,  
That, like the forest-brook  
When leaves are shed, my darkling soul  
Up in heaven's face might look!  
And blessings on the storm that gave  
Me haven on thy breast,  
Where life hath climaxed like a wave  
That breaks in perfect rest.

---

#### AT EVENTIDE.

I sit beneath my shadowing Palm,  
All in the green o' the day at rest:  
And pictured in a sea of calm,  
The Past arises in my breast.  
The winter world takes leafy wing  
In that sweet April-tide of ours;  
And hidden Love lies listening,  
Where nodding smile the bridal flowers.

I sing, and shut mine eyes and dream  
I hear her singing, my young Bride!  
Who on a-sudden from Life's stream  
Rose Swan-like swimming at my side.  
God love her! she was very fair,  
And in her eyes, to light my way,  
The Love-Star sprang and sparkled where  
The hidden Babe of Blessing lay.



With healing as of summer showers  
That only nestle down to bless ;  
And silent ministry of flowers,  
That only breathe their tenderness ;  
She, softly as a starry scheme,  
My charmed world hath circled round,  
Till life doth seem a pleasant dream  
The Victor dreameth sitting crowned.

Gone is the sunshine from her hair,  
That made her beauty needless bright,  
To tint a many clouds of care,  
And cause the dark to smile with light.  
But so she lives that when the wind  
Of winter shreds the leaves, dear Wife !  
Seed ripe for Heaven Death may find  
On the poor withered stem of life.

---

## THE MISTLETOE BOUGH.

'TWAS on a merry Christmas night,  
A many years ago,  
I saw my Love, with dancing sight,  
As she came over the snow.  
The Elvish Holly laughed above ;  
A sweeter red below !  
When first I met with my true Love,  
Under the Mistletoe Bough.

Bright-headed as the merry May-Dawn  
She floated down the dance ;  
I thought some Angel must have gone  
Our human way by chance :

I held my hands, and caught my bliss,  
Children, I'll show you how !  
And Earth touched Heaven in a kiss,  
Under the Mistletoe Bough.

Ere leaves were green we built our nest,  
The March winds whistled wild ;  
But in our love we were so blessed,  
Old Poverty he smiled.  
And Love the heart of Winter warmed,  
Love blossomed 'neath the snow ;  
All fairy-land in blessings swarmed  
Under the Mistletoe Bough.

The storms of years have beat our Bark,  
That rocks at anchor now ;  
But She was smiling through the dark,  
My Angel at the prow.  
And brimming tides of love did bear  
Us over the rocks below !  
To-night, all safe in harbour here,  
Under the Mistletoe Bough.

May you, Boys, win just such a Wife ;  
Come drink the toast in wine !  
And you, Girls, may you light a life  
As she has brightened mine.  
Dear was the bonny Bride, and yet  
I'm prouder of her now  
Than on the merry, merry night we met,  
Under the Mistletoe Bough.

---

## LIFE AND DEATH.

ALL night the Mother laboured long and sore ;  
All night the Father lingered at Death's door  
And could not pass beyond ; could not withdraw  
From his fast-fading eyes, until he saw  
Their coming little one ; the Mother strove  
To give him this last pledge of visible love ;  
But vainly strove to bring her babe to birth :  
And, at the last grave-edge of crumbling earth,  
Where life and death were locked in one last strain,  
His spirit clung with glazing gaze in vain :  
For when the Infant came, with smiling dawn,  
The waiting, watching, weary soul was gone :  
Even in Life's gateway Babe and Parent passed  
Each other, with Death's shadow overcast.

---

## WOMAN.

My fellow-men, as yet we have but seen  
Wife, Sister, Mother and Daughter, not the Queen  
Upon her Throne, with all her jewels crowned !

Unknowing how to seek, we have not found  
Our Goddess, waiting her Pygmalion  
To woo her into Woman from the stone !

Our Husbandry hath lacked essential power  
To fructify the promise of the flower ;  
We have not known her nature ripe all round.

We have but seen her beauty on one side  
That leaned in love to us with blush of bride:  
The pure white Lily of all Womanhood  
With heart all-golden still is in the bud.

We have but glimpsed a moment in her face  
The glory she will give the future race ;  
The strong heroic spirit knit beyond  
All induration of the Diamond.

She is the natural bringer from above ;  
The Earthly mirror of Immortal Love ;  
The chosen Mouthpiece for the Mystic Word  
Of Life Divine to speak through ; and be heard  
With human Voice, that makes its Heavenward  
call  
Not in one Virgin Motherhood, but all.

Unworthy of the gift how have Men trod  
Her pearls of pureness, Swine-like, in the sod !  
How often have they offered her the dust  
And ashes of the fanned-out fires of lust ;  
Or, devilishly inflamed with the divine,  
Waxed drunken with the Sacramental wine.

How have Men captured her with savage grips,  
To stamp the kiss of Conquest on her lips,—  
As feather in their crest have worn her grace,  
Or brush of fox that crowns the hunter's chase ;  
Wooded her with Passions that but wed to fire  
With Hymen's Torch their own funereal pyre ;  
Stripped her as Slave and Temptress of Desire ;  
Embraced the body when her soul was far  
Beyond possession as the loftiest star !

Her Whiteness hath been tarnished by their touch ;  
 Her Promise hath been broken in their clutch ;  
 The Woman hath reflected Man too much,—  
 And made the Bread of Life with earthiest leaven.

Our coming QUEEN must be the Bride of Heaven ;  
 The Wife who will not wear her bonds with pride  
 As Adult Doll with fripperies glorified :  
 The Mother fashioned on a nobler plan  
 Than Woman who was merely made FROM Man.

CRIES OF FORTY-EIGHT.

## CRIES OF 'FORTY-EIGHT.

Let my Songs be cited  
 As breakers of the peace,  
 Till the Wrongs are righted ;  
 The man-made miseries cease :  
 Till Earth's Disinherited  
 Beg no more to earn their bread ;  
 Till the consuming darts of burning Day  
 Shall fire the midnight Foxes ; scare away  
 From Labour's fruits the parasites of prey.  
 Let them die when all is done,  
 Now Victoriously begun !

Our Visions have not come to nought,  
 Who saw by Lightning in the night ;  
 The deeds we Dreamed are being Wrought  
 By those who Work in clearer light ;  
 In other ways our fight is fought,  
 And other forms fulfil our Thought  
 Made visible to all men's sight.

## THE PEOPLE'S ADVENT.

'Tis coming up the steep of Time,  
 And this old world is growing brighter !  
 We may not see its Dawn sublime,  
 Yet high hopes make the heart throb lighter !  
 Our dust may slumber under-ground  
 When it awakes the world in wonder ;  
 But we have felt it gathering round !—  
 We have heard its voice of distant thunder !  
 'Tis Coming ! yes, 'tis Coming !

'Tis coming now, that glorious time  
 Foretold by Seers and sung in story,  
 For which, when thinking was a crime,  
 Souls leaped to heaven from scaffolds gory !  
 They passed. But lo ! the work they have  
     wrought,  
 Now the crowned hopes of Centuries blossom !  
 The lightning of their living thought  
 Is flashing through us, brain and bosom :  
 'Tis Coming ! yes, 'tis Coming !

Creeds, Empires, Systems, rot with age,  
 But the great People's ever youthful !  
 And it shall write the Future's page  
 To our Humanity more truthful ;



The gnarliest heart hath tender chords  
To waken at the name of "Brother!"  
'Tis coming when these scorpion-words  
We shall not speak to sting each other.  
'Tis Coming! yes, 'tis Coming!

Out of the light, you Priests, nor fling  
Your dark, cold shadows on us longer!  
Aside, thou world-wide curse, called King!  
The people's step is quicker, stronger!  
There's a Divinity within  
That makes men great if they but will it;  
God works with all who dare to win,  
And the time cometh to reveal it.  
'Tis Coming! yes, 'tis Coming!

Freedom! the Despots kill thy braves,  
Yet in our memories live the sleepers;  
And, though doomed millions feed the graves  
Dug by death's fierce, red-handed Reapers,  
The World will not forever bow  
To things that mock God's own endeavour.  
'Tis nearer than they wot of now,  
When Flowers shall wreath their Sword for ever!  
'Tis Coming! yes, 'tis Coming!

Fraternity! Love's other name!  
Dear, heaven-connecting link of being;  
Then shall we grasp thy golden dream,  
As souls, full-statured, grow far-seeing:  
Thou shalt unfold our better part,  
And in our life-cup yield more honey;  
Light up with joy the Poor Man's heart,  
And Love's own world with smiles more sunny!  
'Tis Coming! yes, 'tis Coming.

Aye, it must come ! The Tyrant's throne  
Is crumbling, with our hot tears rusted ;  
The Sword earth's mighty have leant on  
Is cankered, with our best blood crusted.  
Room for the men of Mind ! Make way  
You Robber Rulers !—pause no longer !  
You cannot stay the opening day !  
The world rolls on, the light grows stronger—  
The People's Advent's coming !

---

### THE BATTLE-CALL.

You Serfs of England rouse ye from this dreaming !  
A spirit stirs that never more shall sleep ;  
Look to the Future, lo ! your Dayspring streaming  
With a new life that makes the Nations leap.  
The eyes of Rich and Poor flash wide with wonder !  
The Robbers tremble in their loftiest tower,  
Strange words roll o'er the world on wheels of  
thunder,  
The leaves from Royalty's tree fall hour by  
hour,—  
Earthquakes leap in the Temples, crumbling  
Throne and Power.

Vampires have drained humanity's best blood,  
Kings robbed, and Priests have cursed us in  
God's name ;  
Out in the midnight of the Past we stood,  
While these have darkly plied their devilish  
game.

We have been worshipping the deadly Crown  
Which drew Heaven's laugh in Lightnings on  
our head;  
Chains fettered us who bowed abjectly down;  
We deemed our Gods divine; but lo! instead—  
They are but gilded clay,—'Tis morn! the  
glamour's fled!

Call ye this "merry England,"—once the place  
Of souls self-deified and glory-crowned?  
Where smiles made sunshine in the Peasant's face,  
And Justice reigned—Her awful eyes close-  
bound?  
Where Toil with open brow went on light-hearted,  
And twain in love Law never thrust apart?  
How is the glory of our life departed  
From us, who sit and nurse our bleeding smart;  
And slink, afraid to break the laws that break  
the heart!

Hushed be the Herald on the walls of fame,  
Vaunting this People as their Country's pride;  
Weep rather, with your souls a-fire with shame:  
See ye not how the flattering knaves deride  
Us flattered fools? how priestcraft, strong and  
stealthy,  
Stabbing at freedom through its veil of night,  
Beguiles the poor to flush its coffers wealthy?  
Hear how the land groans in the grip of Might,  
Then quaff your cup of Wrongs, and laud a  
Briton's "Right."

There's not a spot in all this dear green land,  
Where Tyranny's cursed brand-mark is not  
seen:

O! were it not for its all-blasting hand,  
A very heaven below this might have been!  
Has it not hunted forth our workers brave,—  
Killed the red rose of health that crowned our  
daughters,  
Wedded our living hopes unto the grave,—  
Filled happy homes with strife, the world with  
slaughters,  
And turned our thoughts to blood—to gall, the  
heart's sweet waters?

Where is the spirit of our stalwart Sires,  
Who rose and wrung their Rights from Tyrannies olden?  
Great Spirits have been here, for Freedom's fires  
Live in their ashes, to earth's heart enfolden;  
The mighty Dead lie slumbering around,—  
Whose names thrill through us as Gods were in  
the air;  
Life leaps from where their dust makes holy ground:  
Their deeds spring forth in glory,—live all-  
where,—  
But we are Traitors to the Trust they bade us  
bear.

Go forth, when Night is hushed, and heaven is  
clothed  
With stars that in God's presence smiling roll;  
Feel the stirred spirit leap as 'twere betrothed  
To some eternal bridegroom of the soul;  
Feel the hot tears start in the eyes upturning,  
The tide of goodness heave its brightest waves,—  
Then suddenly crush the grand and God-ward  
yearning

With the sad thought that ye are bounden  
Slaves!

O! how long will ye make your hearts its living  
graves?

Immortal Liberty! we see thee stand

Like Morn just stepped from heaven upon a  
mountain

With beautiful feet, and blessing-laden hand,

And heart that welletth Love's most living  
fountain!

O! when wilt thou draw from the People's lyre

Joy's broken chord? and on the People's brow

Set Empire's crown? light up thy Altar-fire

Within their hearts, with an undying glow;

Nor give us blood for milk, as men are drunk  
with now?

Old Legends tell us of a Golden Age,

When earth was guiltless,—Gods the guests of  
men,

Ere sin had dimmed the heart's illumined page,—

And prophet-voices say 'twill come again.

O! happy age! when Love shall rule the heart,

And time to live shall be the poor man's dower,

When Martyrs bleed no more, nor Exiles smart,—

Mind is the only diadem of power.—

People, it ripens now! awake! and strike the  
hour.

Hearts, high and mighty, gather in our cause;

Bless, bless, O God, and crown their earnest  
labour,

Who dauntless fight to win us Equal Laws,

With mental armour, and with spirit-sabre!

Bless, bless, O God ! the proud intelligence,  
That now is dawning on the People's forehead,—  
Humanity springs from them like incense,  
The Future bursts upon them, boundless—  
starried—  
They weep repentant tears, that they so long  
have tarried.

---

### THE EARTH FOR ALL.

*THUS saith the Lord :* You weary me  
With prayers, and waste your own short years :  
Eternal Truth you cannot see  
Who weep, and shed your sight in tears !  
In vain you wait and watch the skies,  
No better fortune thus will fall ;  
Up from your knees I bid you rise,  
And claim the Earth for All.

They ate up Earth, and promised you  
The Heaven of an empty shell !  
'Twas theirs to say ; 'twas yours to do,  
On pain of everlasting Hell !  
They rob and leave you helplessly  
For help of Heaven to cry and call :  
Heaven did not make your misery ;  
The Earth was given for All !

Behold in bonds your Mother Earth ;  
The rich man's prostitute and slave !  
Your Mother Earth, that gave you birth,  
You only *own* her for a grave !

And will you die like Slaves, and see  
 Your Mother left a fettered thrall?  
 Nay! live like Men and set her free  
 As Heritage for All!

---

THE LORDS OF LAND AND MONEY.

LIFT up your faces from the sod;  
 Frown with each furrowed brow;  
 Gold apes a mightier power than God,  
 And wealth is worshipped now!  
 In all these toil-ennobled lands  
 You have no heritage;  
 They snatch the fruit of Youthful hands,  
 The staff from weary Age.  
 O tell them in their Palaces,  
 These Lords of Land and Money—  
 They shall not kill the Poor like Bees,  
 To rob them of Life's honey.

Through long dark years of blood and tears,  
 We've toiled like branded Slaves,  
 Till Wrong's red hand hath made a land  
 Of Paupers, Prisons, Graves!  
 But our long-sufferance endeth now;  
 Within the souls of men  
 The fruitful buds of promise blow,  
 And Freedom lives again!  
 O tell them in their Palaces,  
 These Lords of Land and Money!  
 They shall not kill the Poor like Bees,  
 To rob them of Life's honey.

Too long have Labour's Nobles knelt  
Before factitious "Rank";  
Within our souls the iron is felt—  
In tune our fetters clank!  
A glorious voice goes throbbing forth  
From millions stirring now,  
Who yet before these Gods of earth  
Shall stand with lifted brow,  
And tell them in their Palaces,  
These Lords of Land and Money!  
They shall not kill the Poor like Bees,  
To rob them of Life's honey.

---

## THE AWAKENING.

How sweet is the fair face of Nature when May  
With her rainbow earth-born and flower-woven  
hath spanned  
Hill and dale; and the music of birds on the spray  
Makes Earth seem a beautiful faëry land!  
And dear is our First-love's young spirit-wed  
Bride,  
With her meek eyes just sheathing in tender  
eclipse,  
When the sound of our voice calls her heart's ruddy  
tide  
Up in beauty to break on her cheek and her  
lips.  
But Earth has no sight half so glorious to see,  
As a People up-girding its might to be free.



To see men awake from the slumber of ages,  
Their brows grim from labour, their hands hard  
and tan,

Start up living Heroes, long dreamt-of by Sages !  
And smite with strong arm the Oppressors of  
man :

To see them come dauntless forth 'mid the world's  
warring,

Slaves of the midnight-mine ! Serfs of the sod !  
Show how the Eternal within them is stirring,

And never more bend to a crownèd clod :  
Dear God ! 'tis a sight for Immortals to see,—  
A People up-girding its might to be free.

Battle on bravely, O sons of Humanity !

Dash down the Cup from your lips, O ye Toilers !

Too long hath the world bled for Tyrants' insanity—

Too long our weakness been strength to our  
Spoilers !

The heart that through danger and death will be  
dutiful ;

Soul that with Cranmer in fire would shake  
hands,

And a life like a Palace-home built for the  
beautiful,

Freedom of all her belovèd demands—

And Earth has no sight half so glorious to see,

As a People up-girding its might to be free !

---

“ALL’S RIGHT WITH THE WORLD.”

THE brow of Morning smiles with her one star ;  
Lush-leafy Woods break into singing ; Earth  
From dewy dark rolls round her balmy side,  
The floods of Dawn flow into a sea of day,  
And all goes right and merrily with the World.

Spring with a tender beauty clothes the earth,  
And makes her happy as the Bride of Heaven,  
As though she knew no sorrow—held no grave :  
No glory dims for all the hearts that break ;  
And all goes right and merrily with the World.

Birds sing as sweetly in the bowers of Spring ;  
Suns mount as regally their sapphire throne ;  
Stars set the gloom aglow, and harvests yield,  
As though man nestled in the lap of Love ;  
All, all goes right and merrily with the World.

But slip your dainty mask aside and see  
Hell open fathomless at your very feet !  
The Poor are murdered body and soul ; the Rich  
In Pleasure’s Goblet melt their pearl of life ;  
Ay, all goes right and merrily with the World.

Lean out into the looming Future, list  
The battle roll across the night to come !  
“ See how we right our Wrongs at last,” Revenge  
Writes with red radiance on the midnight heaven :  
Yet all goes right and merrily with the world.

So Sodom, grim old Reveller ! danced to her death.  
 Voluptuous Music throbb'd through all her Courts ;  
 Mirth wantoned at her heart, one pulse before  
 The tongues of Fire told out her tale of wrongs—  
 And all went right and merrily with the World !

---

A CRY OF THE UNEMPLOYED.

'Tis hard to be a wanderer through this bright  
 world of ours,  
 Beneath a sky of smiling blue, on fragrant paths  
 of flowers,  
 With music in the woods, as there were nought  
 but pleasure known,  
 Or Angels walked Earth's solitudes, and yet with  
 want to groan :  
 To see no beauty in the stars, nor in Earth's wel-  
 come smile,  
 To wander cursed with misery ! willing, but cannot  
 toil.  
 With burning sickness at my heart, I sink down  
 famished :  
 God of the Wretched, hear my prayer : I would  
 that I were dead !

Heaven droppeth down with manna still in many  
 a golden shower,  
 And feeds the leaves with fragrant breath, with  
 silver dew the flower.  
 Honey and fruit for Bee and Bird, with bloom  
 laughs out the tree,  
 And food for all God's happy things ; but none  
 gives food to me.

Earth, wearing plenty for a crown, smiles on my  
aching eye,  
The purse-proud,—swathed in luxury,—disdainful  
pass me by :  
I've willing hands, an eager heart—but may not  
work for bread !  
God of the Wretched, hear my prayer : I would  
that I were dead !

Gold, art thou not a blessed thing, a charm above  
all other,  
To shut up hearts to Nature's cry, when brother  
pleads with brother ?  
Hast thou a music sweeter than the voice of  
loving-kindness ?  
No ! curse thee, thou'rt a mist 'twixt God and men  
in outer blindness.  
“ *Father, come back !* ” my Children cry ; their  
voices, once so sweet,  
Now pierce and quiver in my heart ! I cannot,  
dare not meet  
The looks that make the brain go mad, for dear  
ones asking bread—  
God of the Wretched, hear my prayer : I would  
that I were dead !

Lord ! what right have the poor to wed ? Love's  
for the gilded great :  
Are they not formed of nobler clay, who dine off  
golden plate ?  
'Tis the worst curse of Poverty to have a feeling  
heart :  
Why can I not, with iron grasp, choke out the  
tender part ?

I cannot slave in yon Bastille! I think 'twere bitterer  
pain,  
To wear the Pauper's iron within, than drag the  
Convict's chain.  
I'd work but cannot, starve I may, but will not  
beg for bread:  
God of the Wretched, hear my prayer: I would  
that I were dead!

---

## MERRY CHRISTMAS EVE.

MERRY Christmas Eve in a Palace where knavery  
Crowded all treasures that Workers surrender;  
Where spirits grow rusted in silkenest slavery;  
Life is out-panted in sloth and in splendour:  
In gladness and glory Wealth's darlings were  
meeting,  
And jewel-clasped fingers linked softly again;  
New Friendships a-twining, and Old Friends a-  
greeting;  
No thought of God's creatures that crouch in  
their pain!

Merry Christmas Eve in a Poor man's grim hovel,  
There huddled in silence a famishing family;  
Church-bells were chiming in musical revel,  
Through Night's mask a-mocking with merry  
anomaly.  
All in the happy time there they sat, mourning—  
Two Sons—two Brothers—in penal chains  
bleeding;

Their hearts wandered forth to the never-returning,  
Who rose on their vision, pale, haggard, and  
pleading.

Merry Christmas Eve! for the Rich there was music  
And dancing, and Wine on Wine woo'd on the  
board;

O Falstaff! you prince of Lies! 'twould have  
made YOU sick,

To hear how they flattered a Mammonite Lord!  
What matter, though hearts might be breaking  
without?

Their moans did not reach them where rang  
roof and rafter

With mirth that in face of the wretched will flout.  
Ay, laugh on, ye callous, in Hell there is  
laughter!

Merry Christmas Eve! but the stricken ones heard  
No neighbourly welcome, no kind voice of kin;  
They looked at each other, but spake not a word,  
While through crevice, and cranny, the sleet  
drifted in.

In a desolate corner, one, hunger-killed, lay,  
And the Mother's hot tears were a bosom-babe's  
food.

What marvel, O Statesmen, what marvel, I pray,  
Such misery nurseth Crime's viperous brood?

O men, Angel-imaged in Nature's fair mint,  
Is it for this, ye were fashioned divine?

Ah, where's the God-stamp—Immortality's print?  
We are Tyrants and Slaves, knit in one tortured  
twine:

That a few, like to gods, may stride over the earth,  
 Millions are murdered, or given in pawn ;  
 When will the world quicken for Liberty's birth,  
 Which she waiteth, with eager wings beating  
 the dawn ?

False Priests, dare ye say 'tis the will of your God,  
 These things should be done 'neath His shelter-  
 ing sky ?

That millions of Paupers should bow to the sod ?  
 Up, up, trampled hearts, it's a Lie ! it's a Lie !  
 They may carve "State" and "Altar" in charac-  
 ters golden,

But Tyranny's symbols are ceasing to win ;  
 Be stirring, O people, *your* Flag is unfolden,  
 And brave be the battles you blazon therein.

### OUR FATHERS ARE PRAYING FOR PAUPER-PAY.

SMITTEN stones will talk with fiery tongues,  
 And the worm, when trodden, will turn ;  
 But, Cowards, ye cringe to the cruellest wrongs,  
 And answer with never a spurn.  
 Then torture, O Tyrants, the spiritless drove,  
 Old England's Helots will bear :  
 There's no hell in their hatred, no God in their love,  
 No shame in their deepest despair.  
 For our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,  
 Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;  
 Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,  
 And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

The Tearless are drunk with our tears : have they  
driven

The God of the poor man mad ?

For we weary of waiting the help of Heaven,

And the battle goes still with the bad.

O but death for death, and life for life,

It were better to take and give,

With hand to throat, and with knife to knife,

Than die out as thousands live !

Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,

Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;

Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,

And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

Fearless and few were the Heroes of old,

Who played the peerless part :

We are fifty-fold, but the gangrene Gold

Is eating out England's heart.

With their faces to danger, like Freemen they  
fought,

With their daring, all heart and hand :

And the thunder-deed followed the lightning-  
thought,

When they stood for their own good land.

Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,

Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;

Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,

And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

When the heart of one half the world doth beat

Akin to the brave and the true,

And the tramp of Democracy's earth-quaking  
feet

Goes thrilling the wide world through,—



We should not be crouching in darkness and dust,  
And dying like slaves in the night ;  
But big with the might of the inward "*must*,"  
We should battle for Freedom and Right !  
Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,  
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;  
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,  
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

What do we lack, that the Ruffian Wrong  
Should starve us 'mid heaps of gold ?  
We have brains as broad, we have arms as strong  
As our Captors, if only as bold !  
Will a thousand years more of meek suffering  
school  
Your lives to a sterner bravery ?  
No ! down and down with their Robber Rule,  
And up from the land of slavery !  
Our Fathers are praying for Pauper-pay,  
Our Mothers with Death's kiss are white ;  
Our Sons are the rich man's Serfs by day,  
And our Daughters his Slaves by night.

---

## ANATHEMA MARANATHA.

DEEPER and deeper the Despot's lash flayeth,  
Swifter and swifter fierce Misery slayeth ;  
Tighter and tighter the grip of Toil groweth,  
Nigher and nigher the dark Ruin floweth.  
And still ye bear on, and ye faint heart and breath,  
Till ye creep, scourged hounds, to your kennel of  
death :

O down to the dust with ye, Cowards and Slaves,  
Plague-stricken Cumber-grounds, slink to your  
graves !

Love is the Crown of all life, but ye wear it not ;  
Freedom, Humanity's palm, and ye bear it not ;  
Beauty spreads banquet for all, but ye share it  
not ;

Grimmer the blinding veil glooms, and ye tear it  
not.

Weaving your life-flowers in Wealth's robe of  
glory,

Ye stint in your starkness with youth smitten  
hoary !

O down to the dust with ye, Cowards and Slaves,  
Plague-stricken Cumber-grounds, slink to your  
graves !

They have broken your hearts for their hunger, and  
trod

The wine-press for Death, with our fruitage of  
God ;

And ye lick their feet, red with your blood, like  
dumb cattle !

Far better, far braver to meet them in battle !

The bow that Tell drew hath lost none of its spring,

Did ye nerve with your daring the arrow and string :

O down to the dust with ye, Cowards and  
Slaves,

Plague-stricken Cumber-grounds, slink to your  
graves !

There's a curse on the Mammonites fiery and fell,  
Their hearts are as hard as the Millstones of Hell ;

And there's wringing of hands with the Knave  
and the Tyrant,  
For God's graven Autograph's on their death-  
warrant.

The people arise face to face with their Foes :  
Up now ! while before us the Fire-Pillar glows !  
Or down to the dust with ye, Cowards and Slaves,  
Down, down for ever, and rot in your graves !

---

## A CRY OF THE PEOPLE.

Tossing in torture, the weary World turneth,  
To clutch Freedom's robe round her slavery's  
starkness :

With shame and with shudder, poor Mother ! she  
yearneth

O'er wrongs that are done in her dearth and her  
darkness.

O gather thy strength up, and crush the Abhorred,  
Who murder thy poor heart, and drain thy life-  
springs,

And are crowned but to hide the Cain-brand on  
their forehead :

Let these be the Last of the Queens and the  
Kings !

By the Lovers and Friends we have tenderly  
cherished,

Who made the Cause soar up like flame at their  
breath ;

Who struggled like Gods met in fight, or have  
perished

In Poverty's battle, with grim daily death :

By all the dear ones that bitterly plead for us—  
 Life-flowers tied up in the heart's breaking  
 strings—  
 Sisters that weep for us—Mothers that bleed for us—  
 Let these be Last of the Queens and the Kings!

Sun and Rain kindle greenly the graves of our  
 Martyrs,  
 Ye might not tell where the red blood ran like  
 rain!  
 But there it burns ever! and heaven's weeping  
 waters  
 And bleaching suns never can whiten the stain!  
 Remember the hurtling the Tyrants have wrought  
 us,  
 And smite till each helm on head flashes and  
 rings!  
 Life for life, blood for blood, is the lesson they've  
 taught us,  
 And be these the Last of the Queens and the  
 Kings!

Ho! weary Night-watch, is there light on the  
 summit?  
 Sentinel through the dark, say, is there hope?  
 For deeper in gloom than the fathom of plummet,  
 Our Bark through the tempest doth stagger and  
 grope!  
*"To God's Unforgiven, to Caitiff and Craven—  
 To Crown and to Sceptre, a cleaving curse clings:  
 Ye must fling them from deck, would ye steer into  
 Haven,  
 For Death tracks the Last of the Queens and the  
 Kings!"*

## PRESS ON.

PRESS on, press on, ye Rulers, in the roused world's  
forward track :

It moves too sure for you to put the dial of  
Freedom back !

We're gathering up from near and far, with souls  
in fiery glow,

And Right doth bare its arm of might to bring  
the Spoilers low.

Kings, Priests, ye're far too costly, and we weary  
of your rule ;

We crown no more "Divinity," where Nature  
writeth "Fool !"

Ye must not bar our glorious path as in the days  
agone ;

We know that God made Men, but men made  
Kings and Priests—Press on !

Press on, press on, ah ! "Nobles !" you have played  
a daring game ;

Now falls your star of luck, now fades the prestige  
of your name :

Too long have you been fed and nursed on human  
blood and tears ;

The naked truth is known, and Labour leaps to  
life, and swears

His pride of strength to bloated Ease he will no  
longer give :

For all who live should labour, "Lords," then all  
who work might live !

The combat comes ! make much of what you've  
    wrung from Fatherland !

Press on, press on ! To-day we plead, To-morrow  
    we command.

Press on ! a million pauper-brows bend down in  
    Misery's dust ;

God's champions of eternal Truth still eat the  
    mouldy crust :

This damning curse of Tyrants must not kill the  
    nation's heart ;

The spirit in a million Slaves doth pant, on fire to  
    start

And strive to mend the world, and join the  
    Nation's march sublime ;

While myriads sink heart-broken, and the land  
    o'er-swarms with crime.

" O God ! " they cry, "*we die, we die, and see no  
    earnest won !*"

Brothers, join hand and heart, and in the work  
    press on, press on !

---

### THEY ARE BUT GIANTS WHILE WE KNEEL.

Good People ! put no faith in Kings, nor in your  
    Princes trust,

Who break your hearts for bread, and grind your  
    faces in the dust :

The Palace-Paupers look from lattice high, and  
    mock your prayer :

The Champions of the Christ are dumb, or golden  
    bit they wear.

THEY ARE BUT GIANTS WHILE WE KNEEL. 249

O but to see ye bend no more to earth's crime-  
cursèd things :  
Be ye God's Oracles : stand forth, as Nature's  
Priests and Kings !  
Ye fight and bleed, while Fortune's darlings slink  
in splendid lair,  
With lives that crawl, like worms through buried  
Beauty's golden hair !—  
A tale of lives wrung out in tears their Grandeur's  
garb reveals,  
And the last sobs of breaking hearts sound in  
their Chariot-wheels !  
O league ye—crush the things that kill all love  
and liberty !  
They are but Giants while we kneel : ONE LEAP,  
AND UP GO WE.

Trust not the Priests, whose tears are lies, and  
hearts are hard and cold ;  
Who lead ye to sweet pastures, where they fleece  
the foolish fold !  
The Church and State are linked and sworn to  
desolate the land :  
Good people, 'twixt these Foxes' tails, We'll fling  
a fiery brand.  
Up, if ye will be free, to Golden Calves no longer  
bow :  
The Nations yearn for Liberty—the world grows  
earnest now.  
Your bent-knee is half-way to hell !—Up, Serviles,  
from the dust !  
The Harvest of the free red-ripens for the sickle-  
thrust.

They're quaking now, and shaking now, who  
wrought the hurtling sorrow,  
To-day the Desolators, but the Desolate To-mor-  
row !  
Loud o'er their murder's menace wakes the watch-  
word of the Free :  
They are but Giants while we kneel : ONE LEAP,  
AND UP GO WE !

Some bravest patriot-hearts have gone, to break  
beyond the Sea,  
And many in the Dungeon have died for you and  
me !  
And still we glut the Merciless—give all Life's  
glory up,  
That stars of flame, and winking eyes, may crown  
their revel-cup.  
Back, trample on the Many ! Death and Danger  
ambushed lie ;  
Beware ye, or the blood may run ! the patient  
people cry :  
*" Ah ! shut not out the light of hope, or we may  
blindly dash,  
Like Samson with his strong death-grope, and whelm  
ye in the crash.  
Think how they spurred the People mad, that old  
Régime of France,  
Whose heads, like poppies, from Death's Scythe fell in  
a bloody dance."*  
Ye plead in vain, ye bleed in vain, O Blind !  
when will ye see  
They are but Giants while we kneel ? ONE LEAP,  
AND UP GO WE.



THEY ARE BUT GIANTS WHILE WE KNEEL. 251

The merry flowers are springing from our last-year  
Martyrs' mould,

As if their dreams had blossomed telling what  
they would have told,

Of our unfettered Future : and what this earth  
shall be

When we have bartered blows and bonds for life  
and liberty.

Ah ! what a face of glory shall the weary world  
put on,

When Love is crownèd, and shall rule the heart,  
its royal throne !

O we shall see our darlings smile,—who meet us  
tearful now,—

Ere the Eternal morn breaks gray, on the Beloved's  
brow :

And pride, not sháme, shall flush the face of our  
heart-nestling Dove,

And Love shall give the kiss of Death no more to  
those we love.

Wake, Titans, scale th' Olympus where the hinder-  
ing Tyrants be :

They are but Giants while we kneel : ONE LEAP,  
AND UP GO WE !

---

## SONG OF THE RED REPUBLICAN.

FLING out the red Banner ! its fiery front under,  
Come, gather ye, gather ye, Champions of  
Right !

And roll round the world, with the voice of God's  
thunder,

The Wrongs we've to reckon, Oppressions to  
smite.

They deem that we strike no more like the old  
Hero-band,

Victory's own battle-hearted and brave :

Once more brothers mine, it were sweet but to see  
ye stand,

Triumph or Tomb welcome, Glory or Grave !

Fling out the red Banner ! in mountain and valley

Let Earth feel the tread of the Free once again ;

Now soldiers of Liberty make one more rally,

Old Earth yearns to know that her children are  
Men.

We are nerved by a thousand wrongs, burning  
and bleeding ;

Bold Thoughts leap to birth, but the bold Deeds  
must come ;

And wherever Humanity's yearning and pleading,

One battle for Liberty strike we heart-home.

Fling out the red Banner ! achievements immortal

Have yet to be won by the hands labour-brown ;

Though few of us enter the proud promise-portal,

Yet wear it in thought like a glorious Crown !

O joy of the onset ! sound trumpet ! array us ;  
 True hearts would leap up were all hell in our  
 path ;  
 Up, up from the Slave-land ; who stirreth to stay  
 us,  
 Shall fall, as of old, in a Red Sea of wrath.

Fling out the red Banner, O Sons of the morning !  
 Young spirits awaiting to burst into wings,—  
 We stand shadow-crowned, but sublime is the  
 warning,  
 All heaven's grimly hushed, and the Bird of  
 Storm sings !  
 "*All's well*," saith the Sentry on Tyranny's tower,  
 While Hope by his watch-fire is gray and tear-  
 blind ;  
 Ay all's well ! Freedom's Altar burns, hour by  
 hour,  
 Live brands for the fire-damp with which ye  
 are mined.

Fling out the red Banner ! the Patriots perish,  
 But where their bones whiten the seed striketh  
 root :  
 Their blood hath run red the great harvest to  
 cherish :  
 Now gather ye, Reapers, and garner the fruit.  
 Victory ! victory ! Tyrants are quaking !  
 The Titan of Toil from the bloody thrall starts ;  
 The Slaves are awaking, the dawn-light is breaking,  
 The foot-fall of Freedom beats quick at our  
 hearts !

---

They are with us, they are here,  
Smiling in the flash o' the tear,  
Happy when we know they are near !

They are here !  
Here, where life ran ruddy rain,  
When power from God seemed wrenched ;  
Here, where tears fell—molten brain !  
And hands were agony-clenched !  
Lift the veil and look ! Ah ! now  
There's a glory, where the glow  
Of their fire-crown seamed each brow.

They are here !  
With us in the march of time ;  
With us side by side !  
Let us live their lives sublime,  
Die as they have died !  
Wait : these Martyrs yet shall come,  
Myriad-fold from out their tomb !  
In the Despots' day of doom.

---

### THE MEN OF 'FORTY-EIGHT.

THEY rose in Freedom's rare sunrise,  
Like Giants roused from wine ;  
And in their hearts and in their eyes  
The God leaped up divine !  
Their souls flashed out, naked as swords  
Unsheathed for fiery fate !  
Strength went like battle with their words—  
The men of 'Forty-eight.  
Hurrah !  
For the men of 'Forty-eight.

The Kings have got their Crown again,  
And blood-red revel cup ;  
They've bound the Titan down again,  
And heaped his grave-mound up !  
But still he lives, though buried 'neath  
The mountain,—lies in wait,  
Heart-stifled heaves and tries to breathe  
The breath of 'Forty-eight.  
Hurrah !  
For the men of 'Forty-eight.

Dark days have fallen, yet in the strife  
We bate no hope sublime,  
And bravely works the exultant life,  
Their hearts pulsed through the time :  
As grass is greenest trodden down,  
Their suffering makes men great,  
And this dark tide shall richly crown  
The work of 'Forty-Eight.  
Hurrah !  
For the men of 'Forty-eight.

Some in a bloody burial sleep,  
Like Greeks to glory gone,  
But in their steps avengers leap  
With their proof-armour on :  
And hearts beat high with dauntless trust  
To triumph soon or late,  
Though they be mouldering down in dust—  
The Men of 'Forty-eight !  
Hurrah !  
For the Men of 'Forty-eight.

O when the World wakes up to worst  
The Tyrants once again,  
And Freedom's summons-shout shall burst,  
Rare music ! on the brain,—  
Old Truehearts still, in many a land,  
Ye'll find them all elate—  
Brave remnant of that Spartan-band,  
The Men of 'Forty-eight.  
Hurrah !  
For the Men of 'Forty-eight.

---

#### A WELCOME.

Ho ! Patriots of Old England, wake !  
And join ye heart and hand,  
To welcome him for Freedom's sake  
To our dear Fatherland !  
He needs no proud Triumphal Arch,  
Nor Banners on the wind :  
In hearts that beat his triumph-march,  
Kossuth is fitly shrined !  
We meet him here, we greet him here—  
With Love's wide arms caress him !  
Kings would have no such welcome cheer,  
As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

He rose like Freedom's Morning star,  
Where all was darkling, dim ;  
We saw his glory from afar,  
And fought in soul for him !

Brave Victor! how his radiant brow  
Kinged Freedom's host like Saul!  
And in his Crown of Sorrow now  
He's royallest heart of all.  
We meet him here, we greet him here—  
With Love's wide arms caress him!  
Kings would have no such welcome cheer,  
As Kossuth hath: *God bless him.*

Ay, English hearts through proud tears gush  
With glory at his name,  
Whose brave deeds made the roused blood rush  
Along our veins like flame:  
We cheered him through his hero-strife  
And, in his presence met,  
Will show the world that patriot life  
Lives in Old England yet!  
We meet him here, we greet him here—  
With Love's wide arms caress him!  
Kings would have no such welcome cheer,  
As Kossuth hath: *God bless him.*

He cometh dim with glorious dust,  
From out his wrestling-ring:  
But, blessings—praises—deathless trust—  
Like armies round him cling!  
His Hungary billows o'er with graves  
Of Martyrs not in vain;  
A rising ripening harvest waves  
Its fruit of that red rain!  
We meet him here, we greet him here—  
With Love's wide arms caress him!  
Kings would have no such welcome cheer,  
As Kossuth hath: *God bless him.*

Freedom will run her radiant round,  
Though clouds shut out the sky ;  
O may his country's heart yet bound  
To Kossuth's conquering cry ;  
And once again the Hapsburgh Star  
His flaming Sword make dim ;  
And palsy strike the arm that dare  
Not strike a blow for him !  
We meet him here, we greet him here—  
With Love's wide arms caress him !  
Kings would have no such welcome cheer,  
As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

Ring out, exult, and clap your hands,  
Free Men and Women brave ;  
Shout, Britain ! shake the startled land,  
And free the bounden Slave !  
Come forth, make merry in the sun,  
And give him welcome due ;  
Heroic deeds have crowned him one  
Of Earth's Immortal few !  
We meet him here, we greet him here—  
With Love's wide arms caress him !  
Kings would have no such welcome cheer,  
As Kossuth hath : *God bless him.*

---

### THE EXILE.

AY, Tyrants, build your Babels ! forge your fetters !  
link your chains !  
As brims your guilt-cup fuller, ours of grief ebbs  
to the drains ;



Still, on the Cross, your crowns of thorn for Freedom's Martyrs twine ;  
Still batten on live hearts and madden o'er the hot blood-wine.  
Murder men sleeping, or awake torture them dumb with pain,  
And tear, with hands all bloody red, the vesture of the slain !  
Your feet are on us, Tyrants—strike ! and hush Earth's wail of sorrow :  
Your sword of power, so red to-day, shall kiss the dust to-morrow.  
O ! but 'twill be a merry day the world shall set apart,  
When Strife's last brand is broken in the last crowned Despot's heart !  
And it shall come,—despite of Rifle, Rope, and Rack, and Scaffold,  
Once more we lift undaunted brows, and battle on unbaffled.

Our hopes ran mountains high, we sang at heart,  
wept tears of gladness,  
When France, the bravely beautiful, dashed down her sceptred madness ;  
And Hungary her one-hearted race of mighty heroes hurled  
In the death-gap of nations, as a bulwark for the world.  
O Hungary ! gallant Hungary ! very glorious wert thou,  
That rose up with the beauty of the morning on thy brow.

And Rome,—who, while her heroes bled, felt her  
old breast heave higher,—  
How her eyes reddened with the flash of all their  
Roman fire !  
Mothers of Children, who shall live the Gods of  
future story,  
Your blood shall blossom from the dust, and crown  
the world with glory.  
Ye'll tread them down yet, Curse and Crown !  
uplift the trodden Slave,  
And Freedom shall be sovran in the courts of Fool  
and Knave.

Wail for the hopes that have gone down ! the life  
so freely spilt !  
Th' Eternal Murder still sits throned and crowned  
in damning guilt :  
Still in God's golden sun the Tyrant's bloody  
banners burn,  
The Priests,—Hell's midnight Thugs !—to their  
soul-strangling work return !  
See how the Oppressors of the Poor with serpents  
hunt their blood ;  
Hear, from the dark, the groan and curse go mad-  
dening up to God.  
They kill and trample us poor worms, till earth is  
dead men's dust ;  
Death's red tooth daily drains our hearts, but end,  
ay, end it must.  
The herald of deliverance leaps in the womb of  
Time ;  
The Poor's grand army treads the Age's march  
with step sublime.

Ours is the mighty future! and what marvel,  
brother men,  
Should the devoured of ages rise and turn devourers  
then?

O! brothers of the horny hand see through your  
tears and smile,  
The World is rife with sound of fetters snapping  
'neath the file;  
I lay my hand on England's heart, and in each  
life-throb mark,  
The pealing thought of freedom ring its Tocsin in  
the dark.  
I see the Toiler hath become another Gospel's  
Preacher,  
And, as he wins a crust, stands proudly forth, the  
true world-teacher;  
He still toils on, but, Tyrants, 'tis a mighty thing  
when Slaves,  
Who delve their lives into their work, know that  
they dig your graves!  
Anarchs! your doom comes swiftly! brave and  
eager spirits climb,  
To ring Oppression's death-knell from the old  
watch-towers of time;  
A spirit of resistless might is stirring at this hour,  
And thought is burning in men's eyes with more  
than speechful power.

Old England cease the mummer's part! wake,  
Starveling, Serf, and Slave!  
Rouse in the majesty of wrong, as kindred of the  
brave!

Speak, and the world shall answer, with her voices  
    myriad-fold,  
And men, like Gods, shall grapple with the giant-  
    wrongs of old.  
Now, Mothers of the people, give your babes heroic  
    milk ;  
Sires, soul your sons for daring deeds, no more soft  
    thews of silk ;  
Great spirits of the mighty dead take shape, and  
    walk our mind,  
Their glory smites our upward look, we seem no  
    longer blind ;  
They tell us how they broke their bonds, and  
    whisper, "*So may ye :*"  
One sharp, stern struggle, and the Slaves of cen-  
    turies are free !  
The people's heart, with pulse like cannon, panteth  
    for the fray,  
And Brothers, dead or living, we'll be with you in  
    that day.

---

### IT WILL END IN THE RIGHT.

NEVER despair ! O, my Comrades in sorrow !  
I know that our mourning is ended not. Yet,  
Shall the vanquished to-day be the Victors to-  
    morrow,  
Our Star shall shine on in the Tyrant's Sunset.  
Hold on ! though they spurn thee, for whom thou  
    art living  
A life only cheered by the lamp of its love :

Hold on ! Freedom's hope to the bounden ones  
giving :

Green spots in the waste wait the worn spirit-  
dove.

Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite,  
Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of  
Truth bright,  
And, my life for thine ! it shall end in the Right.

What, though the Martyrs and Prophets have  
perished !

The Angel of Life rolls the stone from their  
graves :

Immortal's the faith, and the freedom they  
cherished,

Their lone Triumph-cry stirs the spirits of slaves !  
They are gone,—but a Glory is left in our life,

Like the day-god's last kiss on the darkness of  
Even—

Gone down on the desolate seas of their strife,

To climb as star-beacons up Liberty's heaven.

Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite,  
Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of  
Truth bright,

And, my life for thine ! it shall end in the Right.

Think of the Wrongs that have ground us for ages,

Think of the Wrongs we have still to endure !

Think of our blood, red on History's pages ;

Then work, that our reck'ning be speedy and  
sure.

Slaves cry to their Gods ! but be our God revealed

In our lives, in our works, in our warfare for  
man ;

And bearing—or borne upon—Victory's shield,  
Let us fight battle-harnessed, and fall in the  
van.

Hold on,—still hold on,—in the world's despite,  
Nurse the faith in thy heart, keep the lamp of  
Truth bright,  
And, my life for thine ! it shall end in the Right.

---

### THE KINGLIEST KINGS.

Ho ! ye who in a noble work  
Win scorn, as flames draw air,  
And in the way where Lions lurk,  
God's image bravely bear ;  
Though trouble-tried and torture-torn,  
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

Life's glory, like the bow in heaven,  
Still springeth from the cloud ;  
Soul ne'er out-soared the starry Seven,  
But Pain's fire-chariot rode :  
They've battled best who've boldliest borne ;  
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

The Martyr's fire-crown on the brow  
Doth into glory burn ;  
And tears that from Love's torn heart flow,  
To pearls of spirit turn.  
Our dearest hopes in pangs are born ;  
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

As beauty in Death's cerement shrouds,  
And Stars bejewel Night,  
Bright thoughts are born in dim heart-clouds,  
And suffering worketh might.  
The mirkest hour is Mother o' Morn,  
The kingliest Kings are crowned with thorn.

---

## HOPE ON, HOPE EVER.

HOPE on, hope ever ! though To-day be dark,  
The sweet sunburst may smile on thee To-morrow :

Though thou art lonely, there's an eye will mark  
Thy loneliness, and guerdon all thy sorrow !  
Though thou must toil 'mong cold and sordid men,  
With none to echo back thy thought, or love thee,

Cheer up, poor heart ! thou dost not beat in vain ;  
While God is over all, and heaven above thee,  
Hope on, hope ever.

The iron may enter in and pierce the soul,  
But cannot kill the love within thee burning :  
The tears of misery, thy bitter dole,  
Can never quench thy true heart's eager yearning  
For better things : nor crush thy ardour's trust,  
That Error from the mind shall be uprooted,  
That Truth shall flower from all this tear-dewed dust,  
And Love be cherished where Hate was em-bruted !

Hope on, hope ever.

I know 'tis hard to bear the sneer and taunt,—  
    With the heart's honest pride at midnight  
        wrestle ;  
To feel the killing canker-worm of Want,  
    While rich rogues in their mocking luxury  
        nestle ;  
For I have felt it. Yet from Earth's cold Real  
    My soul looks out on coming things, and cheerful  
The warm Sunrise floods all the land Ideal,  
    And still it whispers to the worn and tearful,  
        Hope on, hope ever.

Hope on, hope ever ! after darkest night  
    Comes, full of loving life, the laughing Morning ;  
Hope on, hope ever ! Spring-tide, flushed with light,  
    Aye crowns old Winter with her rich adorning.  
Hope on, hope ever ! yet the time shall come,  
    When man to man shall be a friend and brother ;  
And this old world shall be a happy home,  
    And all Earth's family love one another !  
        Hope on, hope ever.

---

### THE THREE VOICES.

A WAILING Voice comes up a desolate road,  
    Drearily, drearily, drearily !  
Where mankind have trodden the By-way of blood,  
    Wearily, wearily, wearily !  
Like a sound from the Dead Sea all shrouded in  
    glooms  
    With breaking of hearts, fetters clanking, men  
        groaning,



Or chorus of Ravens that croak among tombs,  
It comes with the mournfullest moaning :  
    *" Weep, weep, weep ! "*  
    Yoke-fellows, listen,  
    Till tearful eyes glisten :  
'Tis the Voice of the Past : the dark, grim-featured  
    Past,  
All sad as the shriek of the midnight blast :  
    Weep, weep, weep,  
Tears to wash out the terrible stain,  
    Where Humanity rotted  
    That lands might be fatted,  
Or life ran a deluge of hot, ruddy rain :  
    Weep, weep, weep.

Another Voice comes from the millions that bend,  
    Tearfully, tearfully, tearfully !  
From hearts which the scourges of Slavery rend,  
    Fearfully, fearfully, fearfully !  
From many a worn, noble spirit that breaks,  
    In the world's solemn shadows adown in Life's  
    valleys,  
From Mine, Forge, and Loom, Mount and Valley  
    it wakes,  
On the soul wherein Liberty rallies :  
    *" Work, work, work ! "*  
    Yoke-fellows, listen :  
    Till earnest eyes glisten :  
'Tis the Voice of the Present. It bids us, my  
    Brothers,  
Be Freemen : and then for the freedom of others  
    Work, work, work !  
For the Many, a holocaust long to the Few :

O work while ye may !  
O work while 'tis day !  
And cling to each other, united and true :  
Work, work, work.

There cometh another Voice sweetest of all,  
Cheerily, cheerily, cheerily !  
And my heart leapeth up at its clarion-call,  
Merrily, merrily, merrily !  
It comes like the touch of the Spring-tide, un-  
warping  
The frost of oppression that bound us :  
It comes like a choir of Celestials, harping  
Their gladsomest music around us :  
" Hope, hope, hope ! "  
Yoke-fellows, listen,  
Till gleeful eyes glisten :  
The Voice of the Future, the sweetest of all,  
Makes the heart leap to its clarion-call.  
Hope, hope, hope !  
Be of good cheer and step forth in the van,  
For Serfdom hath passed,  
And Labour at last  
Shall enter the Brotherhood common to Man :  
Hope, hope, hope !

---

#### ONWARD AND SUNWARD.

*" TELL me the song of the beautiful Stars,  
As grandly they glide on their blue way above us,  
Looking, despite of our spirit's sin-scars,  
Down on us here as if yearning to love us ! "*

GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY OF BETTER MEN. 271

This is the song in their work-worship sung,  
All through the world-jewelled universe rung :  
*" Onward for ever, for evermore onward,"*  
And ever they open their loving eyes Sunward.

*" Onward,"* shouts Earth, with her myriad voices  
Of music, aye answering the song of the Seven,  
As like a winged child of God's love she rejoices,  
Swinging her Censer of glory in heaven.  
And lo, it is writ by the finger of God,  
In sunbeams and flowers on the smiling green sod :  
*" Onward for ever, for evermore onward,"*  
And ever she turneth all trustfully Sunward.

The mightiest souls of all time hover o'er us,  
Who laboured like Gods among men, and have  
gone  
With great bursts of sun on the dark way before us :  
They're with us, still with us, our battle fight  
on,  
Looking down victor-browed, from the glory-  
crowned hill,  
They beckon and beacon us on, onward still :  
And the true heart's aspirings are onward, still  
onward ;  
It turns to the Future, as earth turneth Sunward.

---

GOD'S WORLD IS WORTHY OF BETTER  
MEN.

BEHOLD ! an idle tale they tell,  
But who shall blame their telling it ?  
The rogues have got their cant to sell,  
The world pays well for selling it !

They say our earth's a desert drear,—  
Still plagued with Egypt's blindness !  
That we were sent to suffer here,—  
And by a God of kindness !

That since the world hath gone astray  
It must be so for ever,  
And we should stand still, and obey  
Its Desolators. Never !

We'll labour for the better time,  
With all our might of Press and Pen ;  
Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,  
God's world is worthy of better men.

'Twas meant to be, since it began,  
A world of love and gladness :  
Its beauty may be marred by man  
With all his crime and madness,

Yet 'tis a fair world still. Love brings  
A sunshine for the dreary ;  
With all our strife, sweet Rest hath wings  
To fold about the weary.

The Sun in glory, like a God,  
To-day in heaven is shining ;  
The flowers on the jewelled sod  
Love-messages are twining,

As radiant of immortal youth  
And beauty, as of old ; ah ! then  
Believe me 'tis eternal truth,  
God's world is worthy of better men.

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY. 273

O ! they are bold, knaves over-bold,  
Who say we are doomed to anguish :  
That men in God's own image souled,  
Like hell-bound slaves must languish.

Probe Nature's heart to its red core,  
There's more of good than evil ;  
And man, down-trampled man, is more  
Of Angel than of Devil.

Prepare to die? *Prepare to live !*  
We know not what is living :  
And let us for the world's good give,  
As God is ever giving.

Give Action, Thought, Love, Wealth, and Time ;  
Work hand and brain, wield Press and Pen :  
Believe me, 'tis a truth sublime,  
God's world is worthy of better men.

---

THIS WORLD IS FULL OF BEAUTY.

THERE lives a Voice within me, a guest-angel of my  
heart,  
And its bird-like warbles win me, till the tears  
a-tremble start ;  
Up evermore it springeth, like some magic melody,  
And evermore it singeth this sweet song of songs  
to me—  
*"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds  
above,  
And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of  
love."*

Morn's budding, bright, melodious hour comes  
sweetly as of yore ;  
Night's starry tendernesses dower with glory ever-  
more :

But there be million hearts accursed, where no  
glad sunbursts shine,  
And there be million souls athirst for Life's  
immortal wine.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds  
above ;

And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of  
love.

If faith, and hope, and kindness passed, as coin,  
'twixt heart and heart,

Up through the eye's tear-blindness, how the  
sudden soul should start !

The dreary, dim, and desolate, would wear a sunny  
bloom,

And Love should spring from buried Hate, like  
flowers from Winter's tomb.

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds  
above ;

And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of  
love.

Were truth our uttered language, Spirits might  
talk with men,

And God-illuminated earth should see the Golden  
Age again ;

The burthened heart should soar in mirth like  
Morn's young prophet-lark,

And Misery's last tear wept on earth quench Hell's  
last cunning spark !

This world is full of beauty, as other worlds  
above;  
And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of  
love.

We hear the cry for bread with plenty smiling all  
around;  
Hill and valley in their bounty blush for Man  
with fruitage crowned.  
What a merry world it might be, opulent for all,  
and aye,  
With its lands that ask for labour, and its wealth  
that wastes away!  
This world is full of beauty, as other worlds  
above;  
And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of  
love.

The leaf-tongues of the forest, and the flower-lips  
of the sod—  
The happy Birds that hymn their raptures in the  
ear of God—  
The summer wind that bringeth music over land  
and sea,  
Have each a voice that singeth this sweet song of  
songs to me—  
*"This world is full of beauty, as other worlds  
above;  
And, if we did our duty, it might be as full of  
love."*

## THERE'S NO DEARTH OF KINDNESS.

THERE's no dearth of kindness  
In this world of ours ;  
Only in our blindness  
We gather thorns for flowers !  
Outwardly we are spurning—  
Trampling one another !  
While we are inly yearning  
At the name of " Brother ! "

There's no dearth of kindness  
Or love among mankind,  
But in darkling loneliness  
Hooded hearts grow blind !  
Full of kindness tingling,  
Soul is shut from soul,  
When they might be mingling  
In one kindred whole.

There's no dearth of kindness,  
Though it be unspoken ;  
From the heart it sendeth  
Smiles of heaven in token  
That there be none so lowly,  
But have some angel-touch :  
Yet, nursing loves unholy,  
We live for self too much !

As the wild-rose bloweth,  
As runs the happy river,  
Kindness freely floweth  
In the heart for ever.



But if men will hanker  
Ever for golden dust,  
Best of hearts will canker,  
Brightest spirits rust.

There's no dearth of kindness  
In this world of ours ;  
Only in our blindness  
We gather thorns for flowers !  
O cherish God's best giving,  
Falling from above,—  
Life were not worth living,  
Were it not for Love.

---

## THE KNIGHTS OF LABOUR.

UNITE ye now, a Brother-band,  
With dauntless will, and stalwart hand :  
We are but few, toil-tried, and true,  
Yet hearts beat high to dare and do :  
And who would not a Champion be  
In Labour's Knightlier Chivalry ?

We fight ! but bear no bloody brand,  
We fight to free our Fatherland :  
We fight that smiles of love may glow  
On lips where curses quiver now !  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! true Warriors we,  
In Labour's Knightlier Chivalry !

Ah ! there be eyes that ache to see  
The day-dawn of our victory :

Lives full of heart-break with us plead,  
And Watchers weep, and Martyrs bleed :  
O ! who would not a Champion be  
In Labour's Knightlier Chivalry ?

Work, Brothers mine ; work, brain and hand :  
To free our labour and our land ;  
That Love's Millennial morn may rise  
On happy hearts and blessed eyes.  
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! true Workers be  
In Labour's Knightlier Chivalry.

---

### THE CHIVALRY OF LABOUR.

OUR world oft turns in gloom, and Life hath many  
a perilous way,  
Yet there's no path so desolate and thorny, cold  
and gray,  
But Beauty like a Beacon burns above the dark of  
strife,  
And as an Alchemist she turns all things to golden  
life.  
On human hearts her presence droppeth precious  
manna down ;  
On human brows her glory gathers like a coming  
crown :  
Her smile lights up Life's troubled stream, and  
Love, the swimmer ! lives ;  
And O, 'tis good to battle for the guerdon that she  
gives !

Come let us worship Beauty with the Knightly  
 faith of old,  
 O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of  
 Gold !

The first-fruits of the Past at Beauty's shrine are  
 offered up,  
 From which a vintage meet for Gods she crusheth  
 in her cup :  
 And from the living Present doth she press the  
 rare new wine,  
 To glad the hearts of all her Lovers with a draught  
 divine.  
 Earth's crowning miracle ! she comes ! with bless-  
 ing lips, that part  
 Like mid-May's rose flushed open with the fra-  
 grance of her heart :  
 And life turns to her colour—kindles with her  
 light—like flowers  
 That garner up the golden fire, and suck the  
 mellow showers.  
 Come let us worship Beauty with the Knightly  
 faith of old,  
 O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold !

Come let us worship Beauty where the budding  
 Spring doth flower,  
 And lush green leaves and grasses breathe out !  
 sweeter hour by hour ;  
 Or Summer's tide of splendour floods the lap o' the  
 World once more,  
 With riches like a sea that surges jewels on its  
 shore.

Come feel her ripening influence when Morning  
    feasts our eyes—  
Through open gates of glory—with a glimpse of  
    Paradise :  
Or queenly Night sits crownèd, smiling down the  
    purple gloom,  
And Stars, like Heaven's fruitage, melt i' the  
    glory of their bloom.  
Come let us worship Beauty with the Knightly  
    faith of old,  
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of  
    Gold !

Come from the den of darkness and the City's soil  
    of sin,  
Put on your radiant Manhood, and the Angel's  
    blessing win !  
Where wealthier sunlight's shed from Heaven, like  
    welcome-smiles of God,  
And Earth's blind yearnings leap to life in flowers  
    from out the sod :  
Come worship Beauty in the forest-temple, dim and  
    hush,  
Where stands Magnificence dreaming ! and God  
    burneth in the bush :  
Or where the old hills worship with their silence  
    for a psalm,  
Or Ocean's weary heart doth keep the sabbath of  
    its calm.  
Come let us worship Beauty with the Knightly  
    faith of old,  
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of  
    Gold !

Come let us worship Beauty: she hath subtle  
power to start  
Heroic word and deed out-flashing from the humblest heart!  
Great feelings will gush unawares, and freshly as  
the first  
Rich Rainbow that up startled Heaven in tearful  
splendour burst.  
O blessed are her lineaments, and wondrous are  
her ways  
To picture God's dim likeness in the faded human  
face!  
Our bliss shall richly overbrim like sunset in the  
west,  
And we shall dream immortal dreams, and banquet  
with the Blest:  
Come let us worship Beauty with the Knightly  
faith of old,  
O Chivalry of Labour toiling for the Age of Gold!  
1849.\*

---

## TO-DAY AND TO-MORROW.

HIGH hopes that burned like Stars sublime  
Go down i' the Heaven of Freedom,  
And true hearts perish in the time  
We bitterliest need 'em;  
But never sit we down and say  
There's nothing left but sorrow;  
We walk the Wilderness To-day,  
The Promised Land To-morrow.

\* "The argument from beauty is monstrous to Democrats."—*Spectator*, April 27, 1889.

Our Birds of song are silent now ;  
Few are the flowers blooming ;  
Yet life is in the frozen bough,  
And Freedom's Spring is coming ;  
And Freedom's tide creeps up alway,  
'Though we may strand in sorrow ;  
And our good Bark, a-ground To-day,  
Shall float again To-morrow !

'Tis weary watching wave by wave,  
And yet the Tide heaves onward ;  
We climb, like Corals, grave by grave,  
That pave a pathway sunward ;  
We are driven back, for our next fray  
A newer strength to borrow,  
And where the Vanguard camps To-day  
The Rear shall rest To-morrow !

Through all the long, dark night of years  
The People's cry ascendeth,  
And Earth is wet with blood and tears,  
But our meek sufferance endeth.  
The Few shall not for ever sway,  
The Many moil in sorrow ;  
The Powers of Hell are strong To-day,  
The Christ shall rise To-morrow !

Though hearts brood o'er the Past, our eyes  
With smiling Futures glisten ;  
For, lo ! Our day bursts up the skies !  
Lean out your souls and listen !  
The world is rolling Freedom's way,  
And ripening with her sorrow :  
Take heart ! who bear the Cross To-day  
Shall wear the Crown To-morrow.

O Youth ! flame-earnest, still aspire,  
With energies immortal !  
To many a heaven of Desire  
Our yearning opes a portal.  
And though Age wearies by the way,  
And hearts break in the furrow,  
Youth sows the golden grain To-day,—  
The Harvest comes To-morrow.

Build up heroic lives, and all  
Be like a sheathen sabre,  
Ready to flash out at God's call,  
O Chivalry of Labour !  
Triumph and Toil are twins, though they  
Be singly born in Sorrow ;  
And 'tis the Martyrdom To-day  
Brings victory To-morrow.

LADY LAURA.



Braveheart, the ardent Socialist,  
Fierce hater of all Wrong,  
Told us how Low and Lofty kissed,  
And sang their Wedding-Song.

"*The Problem's solved*," laughed Pessimist ;  
Now comes the Golden Year ;  
"*When Peerness is by Peasant kissed,*  
*And Peasantless by Peer !*"

## LADY LAURA.

BEHOLD the Rainbow ! how its Arch  
 Of glory spans a world of green  
 Like Bridge of Triumph, all unseen,  
 We passed through on the Midnight march !

Midsummer Morn her silvery gray  
 Rain-veil up-lifteth fold on fold ;  
 And purple-tinged and topped with gold  
 The clouds grow fleecy and float away

High o'er the Violet-shadowed Hills  
 That take from them their soft attire :  
 With fragrance and with sheeny fire  
 All the blue round of Æther fills :

The air is like Heaven rippling down :  
 The sweet South winds waft open wide  
 The gates of Glory for the tide  
 Of Summer : Lo ! the flowers strewn

In spray of white and waves of gold  
 That glide along the fresh green ground :  
 Such throng of blessings dances round  
 The Earth's old heart ; lo ! these unfold !

Wee cups of flowery wine brim high,  
 By the way-side, on brier and bush ;  
 As lifted in a waiting hush  
 By unseen hands for passers by.

Her ripe cheek on the air, red Rose !  
She leaneth from her fragrant bower ;  
Like lady from her latticed tower ;  
And by sweet force of beauty blows !

Glad to the heart with a golden dream,  
The little daisies lift the head ;  
Their wee lips glisten wet and red ;  
Their look is thankful as a hymn.

The wildest weed the wind hath sown,  
The commonest grass, is glorified,  
Even as the Tulip in her pride ;  
The Trumpet of her beauty blown.

At faëry palace-portals peer  
Quick eyes of Birds that sing i' the sun ;  
Their hearts with music overrun ;  
Listens each leafy forest-ear.

All Life lies in a bath of balm,  
And feels the lavish glory flow :  
Nothing to do but thrill and grow  
In strength, and joy, and luscious calm.

Now Love breathes dewier delight,  
In cool green ways, and tender gloom ;  
Being hath such a dazzling bloom ;  
Its sun of bliss grows over-bright.

And young maids feel love stir the blood  
To wanton with the kissing leaves  
And branches ; and the quick sap heaves  
And dances with new life in flood.

Till blown to its hidden heart with sighs,  
Love's red rose blooms in cheeks so dear,  
And like rich jewels upward peer  
Love-thoughts that swim through melting eyes.

O balmy Morn ! O tender type !  
What tearful wooings of the May  
Have brought about this bridal-day  
Of Earth the rathe with June the ripe !

But, we must turn where Greed for Toil  
Hath closed and clasped this picture-book ;  
Where Nature hath a Gnome-like look,  
And from her features dies the smile.

## II.

PLEASANTLY rings the Chime that calls to Bridal-  
hall or Kirk ;  
But Hell might gloatingly pull for the peal that  
wakes the babes to work !  
“ *Come, little Children,*” the Mill-bell rings, and  
drowsily they run,  
Little old Men and Women, and human worms  
who have spun  
The life of Infancy into silk ; and fed, Child,  
Mother, and Wife,  
The Factory's smoke of torment, with the fuel of  
human life.  
O weird white face, and weary bones, and whether  
they hurry or crawl,  
You know them by the Factory-stamp, they wear  
it one and all.

The Factory-Fiend in a grim hush waits till all are  
in, and he grins  
As he shuts the door on the fair, green world  
without, and hell begins !  
The least faint living rose of health from the  
childish cheek he strips,  
To run the thorn in a Mother's heart : and ever he  
sternly grips  
His sacrifice ; with Life's soiled waters turns his  
'wilderer wheels ;  
And shouts, till his rank breath thickens the air,  
and the Child's brain Devil-ward reels.

From Cockerow until Starlight, very patiently they  
plod ;  
A sea of human faces turning sadly up to God.  
O wan white winter world that hides no coloured  
dreams of Spring !  
No summer sunshine brightens ; no buds blossom ;  
no birds sing.  
In at the window Nature looks, and sings, and  
smiles them forth,  
To walk with her, and talk with her, and tread  
the summering Earth ;  
And drink the air that cools the heart in pathways  
dim with dew ;  
While the miracle of Morning raises glorified life  
anew.  
But they are shut from the heavenly largess ; they  
must stint and moil,  
Though Death stare ghastly in their face, and life  
is endless toil.  
Did you mark how vacantly they eyed the land of  
loveliness,

The Flower of Sleep into their eyes, your heart  
would ache to press.  
The moving glory of the heavens, their pomp and  
pageantry,  
Flame in their shadowed faces, but no soul comes  
up to see.  
They see no Angels lean to them ; they stretch no  
spirit-hand ;  
Melodious Beauty sings to them ; they do not  
understand.

Yet here, where the sweet flower of life may hoard  
no precious dew,  
To feed its heart of greenness, keep the glory of  
its hue ;  
Here, where the fingers of Work and Want are  
writing silent, slow,  
Their warrant for the grave on many a Mother's  
darling's brow ;  
Here, where the Fiend doth trample out the soul-  
sparks day by day ;  
Here, where such seed of God is rotting in the  
killing clay ;  
Some Saviour-Seraph walks the waves of sorrow  
and of sin,  
And some poor wrestler doth not sink the wreck-  
ing gulfs within ;  
And aye she rises with her charge in loving arms  
caressed,  
As Morn emerges out of night, her love-star on  
her breast.

## III.

IN a grand old Gothic Palace,  
The Lady Laura dwells :  
It crowns the warm green valleys, high  
As the surge of summer swells.  
There, with her emerald chalice, Spring  
Kneels, offering beauty's wine ;  
There, in a land of enchantment, sing  
The birds through shower and shine.  
'Tis a noble solitude serene,  
Where the sudden glory glows !  
In a happy nook of nestling green,  
That Virginal flower blows,—  
Just in the sweetness of the bud,  
Brimming with brightness and balm ;  
The tenderest glimpse of Womanhood  
Golden, and sweet, and calm.  
She is the Lily of the land ;  
Born neither to spin nor toil :  
She can rest her fair cheek on her dainty white  
hand,  
While the human honey-bees moil.  
O the world of rich visions that peer in her  
eyes :  
Around her what fantasies dancel  
As she leans in her air of paradise,  
And the bower of dalliance :  
But her earnest life is sorrowfully  
O'ershadowed from above :  
She knows the ache of Life's mystery,  
And she feels the hurt of Love.

The Lady Laura's soul is sad  
For the suffering under the sun :  
She looks on the world, and is only glad  
For the Duties to be done.  
She might have moved by in the pageant grand,  
Sweet slip of a lordly line !  
Nor soiled the glory of her white hand,  
And fairy fingers fine ;  
And swam in this world's wine and oil,  
With those who sink for the next,  
Faint with delight, and plundered Toil  
With no strange thought perplexed.  
The burnished stream would have bravely borne  
Her, dancing down in its whirl ;  
And the dark wreck-kingdom have proudly worn  
On its bosom the pure queen-pearl.  
But Sorrow hath touched her young, young years,  
When their rose-light was smiling and fair ;  
And her eyes have wept the sharp, sharp tears,  
That pierce through all mirage of air.  
Ah, the Poor ! with her finer sense she hears  
How they moan in their cloud of care.  
They will tell you down in the valleys  
What the Orphan Heiress hath done ;  
How the grand old Gothic Palace  
With Love's new wine doth run.  
She is Dawn on the cold hill-tops that divide  
The Poor from their neighbour Rank ;  
The first bright wave of a sluggish tide,  
That hath overleapt its bank.  
And to Lady Laura by window and door,  
Hearts climb with the Roses up,  
Their blessings to breathe, and their pride to pour,  
In many a brimming cup.



Rebel hindrance she treads queenly down,  
Where it stands in her Throne's high way.  
O Factory-Fiend with the fearful frown,  
She blooms in your Desert to-day !

## IV.

THE lady Light hath Daughters seven,  
In sovereign state sit smiling fair  
On seats of cloud ; but through the air  
They float on sunbeams down from Heaven :

For they their lofty home will leave,  
To winnow, on their golden plumes,  
Through Ocean-bowers, and water-glooms ;  
And wondrous spells of beauty weave

To clothe the Sea-shells in their trance  
So lone and cold, with coloured lights,  
And jewel-flames ; till their dim Night's  
Alive with shapes of radiance.

On Alpine heights a little Flower  
From its snow-cradle soft doth reach ;  
And with its tiny hands beseech  
Thy vesture-hem, Eternal Power !

Then straightway help of heaven descends,  
And vital influences run  
Down golden ladders of the sun,  
And pleading life wins spirit-friends.

Thus souls in barrenest solitude  
Oft bring the kindly powers down,  
To lighten on them with a crown,  
Or cheer them with immortal food.

And thus on one poor Worker's sight  
Dawns Lady Laura through the mirk,  
Much marvelling how there may lurk  
A presence touched with tender light.

His life stands still to hear what fate  
Comes with the step of mystery ;  
And hushed for some event to be,  
In conscious calm the waters wait.

She sees a prayer for rest and air  
In every face, but, in his eyes  
Alone, are childish memories ;  
And his the only spirit there

That waves the Seraph-wand of fire,  
To fright the Serpent flickering near.  
One jewel in that dark Mine ! and clear  
It flashes as she brightens nigher.

And all beside how dull and grim !  
O saintly show of maiden grace,  
From out a golden mist, her face  
Comes floating, floating on to him.

Daughter of Light ! she seems to swim,  
As on the wings of a mighty love ;  
Sad-smiling his blind world above ;  
Sunning that human forest dim.

She speaks to him ; she takes his hand ;  
With such a gracious tenderness !  
The tears against his eyelids press ;  
Life's waste in sudden flower doth stand.

As when the spirit of Winter old  
Passes away in a dream of spring,  
The quick buds burst, and shimmering  
All into fluttering wings unfold,

And wave so strong, and thrill so free,  
As they the wakened world would wing  
Along the warm way of the Spring,  
Where they are drawn deliciously :

So from his life a burst of wings  
Is thrilling leaf-like for the light ;  
And in that Splendour's wake of white,  
They make melodious murmurings.

Light, Music, Fragrance, seem to kiss  
And swathe him in a bloom of fire ;  
Make shining beauty his attire,  
And bury his dead past in bliss.

At her soft touch ethereal dies  
The old dark, as Morning's spear of light  
Doth gently touch the dying night,  
And from it Day, a white Spirit, doth rise.

## V.

THE Lady Laura took him, in her kind and queenly  
way,  
From out that cruel iron world, to the tender  
human day.  
There all the folded bloom of life like a banner  
rich unfurled,  
And waved luxuriant in the air of a glad and  
glorious world.

She fed his mind, she led his mind, through vistas  
strange and sweet ;

Ah, blessed boon to toil and lay the fruitage at  
her feet !

She took his widowed Mother ; oh, the full and  
flowing hand !

To rest her weary bones from toil, and live upon  
her land.

Their barren world of poverty with flowers she  
girdled round,

Till life that toiled with bleeding feet could walk  
on softer ground.

My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; his being doth  
rejoice,

A breaking sea of rapture ; every wave uplifts a  
voice.

Like dungeoned foe that seeth the King's Daugh-  
ter walking nigh,

He blesseth the revealing dark for the beauty  
thronèd high,

And in the beating of his heart, and flashing of  
his eye,

A new life climbeth,—waving glory,—as she  
passeth by.

My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; he can see her  
day by day,

And bless his eyes with her beauty, and with  
blessings strew her way.

My Lady comes ; my Lady goes ; she passes from  
his sight,

As daylight dies into the skies, and at her gate  
stands Night.

## VI.

AH, little thinks my Lady  
Of the subtle seedling sown ;  
But, fruitful was the silence  
Where its secret life hath grown.  
From human love's great ocean  
It draws the nursing springs ;  
And 'tis fed on desert manna  
That her fragrant beauty brings.

Ah, little thinks my Lady,  
As the days and seasons roll,  
How she took him by the hand,  
To pass into his soul.  
There she lives in a light of smiles ;  
And like a soft caress,  
Her voice goes soothing, soothing  
With a kiss of tenderness.

O Love, though shut without, will laugh  
All barriers above ;  
And higher as they mount, still grows  
The stature of mighty Love.  
And bud by bud, the climbing seed  
Into a tall tree springs !  
Ah, little thinks my Lady  
What the Bird in the branches sings !

## VII.

*" SHE smiled on me, she smiled on me,  
I think as I sit alone ;  
And my heart o'er its tender secret  
Is brooding with love's sweet moan.*

*"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,  
And that soft smile of light,  
In a happy silence, through my life  
Goes circling out of sight.*

*"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,  
And I walk in a glory now ;  
'Tis writ on my cheek in a rose of pride ;  
'Tis read in a light on my brow.*

*"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,  
And my soul with bliss doth ache ;  
So many a clue to happiness,  
I know not which to take !*

*"She smiled on me, she smiled on me,  
And the human world goes by—  
In a sound as of Angels talking,  
And a feel as if Heaven swam nigh.*

*"She stooped to kiss me with her smile,  
Through the clouds where I darkly lay ;  
As she glided through my night, My Moon !  
High on her heavenly way.*

*"She stooped to kiss me with her smile,  
And life soared up in flame !  
But, for my worship, not my kiss,  
The glorious phantom came.*

*"She smiled on me, she smiled on me ;  
Ah me, that in her smiles  
My heart might break, in a wide love-ware,  
On her bosom's happy Isles !"*

## VIII.

- "*HEIGH-HO ! She will never be mine :  
Never ! never. I know  
The grasp of gold  
My Jewel will hold :  
She is Lofty and I am Low.*
- "*Heigh-ho ! but my heart like a Bird  
On wings of the night will go,  
To make its love-nest  
In that heaven of her breast,  
'Neath the heaven of her eyes all aglow.*
- "*Heigh-ho ! in dreams she is mine,  
All mine : and how can I know  
But she loves ME in dream,  
With no drawn sword a-gleam,  
'Twixt the kisses of Lofty and Low ?"*

## IX.

- "*I LOVE a lady all so far above  
Me, she can never hear the name of love ;  
I only whisper to my heart in low  
Dark sayings what my Lady must not know ;  
But, had I only a minute's space to live,  
And she beside me, I would pray her give  
Me on the mouth one dear and holy kiss ;  
And straightway a warm stream of paradise  
Would gush and gladden all the gulf of death,  
A calm of blessed faces take mine eyes ;  
A hurricane of harpings take my breath :  
All heaven would bend brooding down to meet  
Me, in that gracious stooping of my Sweet ;  
And, at her touch, my soul should enter bliss."*

## X.

*" JUST a smile i' the face of Nature,  
Just a mirror of May-morn,  
Is the shining, comely creature,  
Worshipped by the peasant-born.*

*" Beauty has no rarer blossom,  
Budding fain, or flowering fair ;  
Nestling to a Mother's bosom,  
If a Lover's hand should dare.*

*" She is graceful as the greenly  
Waving boughs in summer wind ;  
And her beauty calm and queenly  
Wears its royal crown of mind.*

*" Might I bear Love's shield above her ;  
Might I snood her silken hair ;  
How my heart would round her hover  
On the tender wings of care !*

*" Ah, dear Heaven, all blessings shower  
On her sweet life's balmy bud ;  
Till it lift immortal flower,  
Blooming in the fields of God."*

## XI.

A DAZZLING wonder in the dark of Dreams,  
His heart-hid Jewel gleams ;  
And for a peerless richness it will range  
The zones of radiant change.  
Breathing soft hues the glorious thing doth shine,  
With lustres Opaline.



The shifting Sapphire lovingly beguiles,  
With dewy azure smiles.  
The Ruby now with soul of crimson yearns,  
Or like a blood-drop burns.  
The Topaz in transparent hand doth hold  
Imprisoned flame of gold.  
Now twinkles from soft shade the Emerald tender,  
A drop of cool green splendour.  
Or, with love-drooping eye, the Pearl o' the deep  
Melts in a sea of sleep.  
And now, wide ope, it lights the inner night,  
A starry Chrysolite.  
And aye, for a peerless preciousness doth range  
The zones of radiant change.

## XII.

As earliest flowers, the sweet first-love of Spring,  
Are tenderest in their fragrance—saintliest pure,  
Love's firstlings, budding in the heart, unfold  
Most precious sweet of all the lusty year ;  
And all his life is with their fragrance filled.  
In shy and shady nooks he steals, to brood  
O'er what his heart for worship lifteth up.

With a ripe flush in his warm face the Dawn  
Withdraws the veil of dew-mist from the shape  
Of Beauty sleeping on the lap of Earth :  
So down into his secret soul he peers,  
Thinking of all her dear sweet womanly ways,  
To see the veiled Beauty through the mist,  
And bows to bless her where she lies alight,  
Unconscious of the reddening dawn of love.

A face, like nestling luxury of flowers ;  
Soft hair, on which Light drops a diadem ;  
The sweetest eyes,—ah, when in their far heaven  
Shall Love rise up and beckon with the palm?—  
And all the beauty hid from mortal gaze  
Like lily-bud in leaves of cool green light.

His happy eyes o'erflow with holy dew,  
Gathered in that rich air of secret love.  
Anon his heart goes wandering like a wind  
That reels through meads of spice, o'er hills of  
myrrh,  
Drunk with flower-fragrance, and the wine of love,  
And making music at the lightest touch,  
Till faint with sweets it wearies into rest.

## XIII.

LADY of the forest  
Is the Silver Birk ;  
Shimmering in the sunshine ;  
Shivering at the mirk ;  
Rocking in her rapture ;  
A dancing Psaltress slim !  
Floating on the Wind-wave  
With a foam-light swim :  
Rustling in her richness,  
The Lady of the land ;  
Veiled when the gloaming  
Is gray with shadows grand ;  
'Mid the dance of colours  
And semitones of green,  
Gleams this daintier Spirit  
That in leafdom is the Queen.

Of all the Trees o' the forest,  
He loves the Silver Birk,  
Shimmering in the sunshine,  
Shivering at the mirk,  
So like the Lady Laura  
In her purity and grace ;  
Dreaming in its shadow,  
Often rose her face !  
And as when a Sunburst  
Makes golden the green Aisles,  
The Woodland water smileth,  
So his heart within him smiles.

## XIV.

ONE Summer eve he sat beneath the white Grace  
of the Wood ;  
Where Birds of Thought so often brought his love  
ambrosial food ;  
When all the spirits of the flowers stole forth i'  
the hush of night,  
And all the greenwood slumbered softly in a dream  
of light.  
The world lay in a purple calm, and tenderness of  
tears ;  
In every pulse of being lived the tenderness of  
years.  
He had wrestled with his passion,—caught up in  
its strong caress—  
Voluptuous as a Bride of Fire, with arms as  
pitiless.  
He had wept his pain in a fiery rain, and a calm  
fell from afar,  
As a vision of sweet Peace comes treading down  
the spears of war.

Then in a trembling confidence of love to himself  
he talked,  
And sang above his whispering heart, that felt  
what Spirit walked.

*"We cannot lift the wintry pall  
From buried life ; nor bring  
Back, with Love's passionate thinking, all  
The glory of the Spring.  
But soft along the old green way  
We feel her breath of gold ;  
Glad ripples round her presence play,  
She comes ! and all is told.*

*"So in Her absence Memory  
Aye strives, but cannot paint  
The Vision of her majesty ;  
The Sweetness of my Saint.  
She comes ! like dawn in spring her fame !  
My winter-world doth melt ;  
The thorns with flowers are a-flame !  
She smiles ! and all is felt."*

Is it a vision ! or the pure pale face  
Of Lady Laura, visible through the trees ?  
Strange fire consumes the rich dew of her eyes !  
Trembles her lip ; her soul, though very calm,  
Gleams like a naked sword from its soft sheath.  
Ah, she has found his secret in its nest !  
And will she crush him with her killing scorn ?  
He dare not know. She speaks ; he scarcely hears,  
So loud the blood goes singing through his brain.  
*"I am no longer Mistress at the Hall ;  
False friends have robbed me of my Home ; they keep  
My Lands until the Law shall do me right.*

*I leave To-morrow morn. I think you have  
The mounting spirit to rise where'er you fall,  
And shall rejoice to mark your fortunes shine."*

She paused ; he raised his eyes to hers, and saw  
The unuttered something that could not be told !  
Her rustling robe thrilled all his life, and then  
The sound of footsteps died upon the night.

## XV.

LIKE one caught in the Tempest's arms unseen,  
Dashed overboard unheard, and left to fight  
With the mad waves, blindfolded by the gloom,  
All through that desolate dark he wrestled lone ;  
Tossing tumultuous in a storm of soul ;  
And lived his life o'er in the agony stern,  
As on the drowning rushes all the past.

Again he saw her in the Silk-Mill stand  
Complete in beauty, crowned with meekest calm,  
As missioned Angel down to Hell wings when  
Some suffering Spirit's time is up in Heaven.  
He went with her among the Poor where fell  
Her smile as sunshine on a harvest land ;  
And from the folded flowers of thorny life,  
Her presence charmed a kindlier spirit forth ;  
He, hoarding up their blessings in his heart.

He saw her in the Spring-dawns gliding down,  
Like Morning on the world, its Comforter.  
Darkened into himself, he watched, all eye,  
Like Spirit that sees its mortal love go past,  
Itself invisible.

In languorous noons  
Of summer, when, a Shape of fragrant warmth,

Nature seems glowing through her sumptuous robe,  
With all her beauty bosoming tenderly ;  
And from behind the mask of leaves and flowers,  
Her passion takes you with ambrosial breath ;  
He in the cool, green shadows would lie down,  
O'er him the trees a lowe of glimmering gold,  
To kiss where the beloved foot had touched,  
And sanctified the sod her skirt had swept,  
With Lover's lip of fire, and fondling cheek,  
All tingling through and through with fervid  
life.

He saw the visible Divinity  
O' the time and place, taking her twilight walk,  
Starrily moving in an air of glory ;  
The serious sea-blue dreaming in her eyes ;  
Her lofty graces robed about with heaven ;  
And drank the wine of wonder as she went.

Ah, happy times, when on the top of life  
He saw her beauty's daily sunrise, heard  
Her voice, and breathed the air made holy by her,  
And in her presence cloud-like sunned himself,  
With a sweet silent awe ; while all his heart  
With rich love trembled as 'twould break for bliss ;  
Like shaken dews in jewelled cups of morn !

Ah, happy nights, and lustrous darks, in which  
He watched her window when the house was mute,  
And Silence took the place in loving arms,  
Where the tall Chestnuts hushed her beauty round,  
Uplifting in their hands a light of flowers !  
There with its speechless yearning strove his heart,  
O'erflowing till the night was filled with love.

How often through the winter wind and rain,  
His spirit fluttered to her, winged with blessings.  
And he stood clothed and warmed with thoughts  
of her ;

And through the darkness and the cold, his love  
Glowed like a watch-fire in a wilderness ;  
Or glistened upward in a light of tears ;  
Soul-diamonds of the purest water—tears  
Like dewdrops in the flower-cups held toward  
Heaven ;

Such as the Angels wear for jewels in heaven.  
Ah, happy times that wave their sad farewells,  
To come no more, no more, O Nevermore !  
To him, who, tasting the forbidden tree,  
Now sat at Eden gates, and they were closed.

Sudden a thought struck new life through him as  
strikes

Land at the swimmer's feet who gives up lost !  
He who could die for her, could he not live  
For her, and help her win her rightful throne ?  
He sat not down on shore to mourn his wreck ;  
Not his the heart to wail when he might work.

That night hath passed ; but from its death-bed  
rose

A Star, to sing and sparkle in his soul,  
And light him to some crowned accomplishment.

## XVI.

O MIGHTY mystery London, there be Children still,  
who hold  
Her Palaces are silver-roofed, her pavements are of  
gold ;

And blindly in that dark of fate, they grope for the  
golden prize,  
For somewhere hidden in her heart the charmed  
treasure lies.  
Such glory burning in the skies, she lifts her crown  
of light  
Above the dark, we see not what we trample in the  
night.  
O merry world of London! O aching world of  
moan,  
How many a soul hath stooped to thee, and lost its  
starry throne!  
There Circe brims her sparkling ruby, dancing  
welcome,—laughs  
All scruples down with wicked eye, and the crazed  
lover quaffs,  
Until the fires of Hell have left white ashes on his  
lips;  
And there they pass whose tortured heart the worm  
that dies not grips.  
The stricken crawl apart to die. There, many a  
bosom heaves  
With merry laughs mournful as the dancing of  
dead leaves.  
There griping Greed rich-heaps the yellow wealth  
of Bank and Shop,  
As Autumn leaves grow goldenest when rotten-ripe  
to drop:  
And many melt the marrow of their Manhood, sere  
its bloom,  
In Passion's serpent arms, and with her kiss of fire  
consume:  
And Vanity sideling seeks a mirror in each passing  
face.



But through the dark some luminous lives flash up  
and pray Heaven's grace.

All beauteous stand her Idols shining on their  
azure height,  
And from their fairy heaven lean veiled Shapes,  
half-dim, half-bright ;  
They draw us with a dream delicious to the aching  
sight ;  
Arms stretched with longing, bosom sweets, ripe  
lips, and merry Brides ;  
Beds of lilies and roses ! low sweet music, worlds  
besides !  
And day by day, on each highway, from many a  
sunny shire,  
The country life comes green to wither for the  
hungry fire.  
All into London leaping, leaping flows the human  
sea,  
Where, wreck at heart, or prize in arms, the waves  
flash merrily.  
With a prayer to God on high, he sees the tumult,  
hears the strife,  
And dives, from out the gulfs to snatch a jewel  
worth a life.  
The Lady Laura leaneth like a bending heaven  
above,  
And his life is safely steadied by the anchor of  
his love.

Three times into the City ran and breathed the  
news of Spring :  
Sweet Primrose-time is come again, and silver  
showers sing.

The cloudy imagery of heaven sails o'er him day  
by day,  
He watches parching as the Palm when rain floats  
far away,  
All thirsty, as the Hero's soul with glory's burning  
drouth !  
And yearning, as the dying yearn for a death-bed  
in the South !  
For Spring's warm breath, and bright caress, and  
pleasant feel of leaves,  
And all her beauty moist with morn, his heart  
within him grieves.  
The country memories rich inlaid, so fragrantly are  
stirred,  
As spice-winds whisper something low, or sings a  
prisoned Bird.  
The green-woods beckon spirit-like through dreams  
of azure sky ;  
All heaven looks out from a flower as from his  
Beloved's eye,  
And visions of a lovelier-lighted life go shining by.  
  
Above that wilderness o' the weary oft he sat  
alone ;  
His soul was working with the waves that, ever  
and anon,  
Revealed the proud wave-wrestler Hope forever  
battling on !  
And ever through the dark the Lady Laura smiling  
shone.  
The night was free and all his own, life rose  
fantastic-towered ;  
Full-honeyed with its folded Spring, his shut heart  
bud-like flowered.

Upon the stream that pined all day, the calm of  
heaven doth rest ;  
Its Star of love, though far above, keeps bridal on  
its breast.  
Pure, pained Loveliness ! she walks a world of  
wrong and guile,  
Yet nightly looketh in his face with the same  
sweet, patient smile.  
While ever and forever goeth up to God for doom,  
The City's breath of life and death, in glory or in  
gloom ;  
And there it rings each spirit round, of light or  
darkness woven,  
And they shall wake and walk their self-unfolded  
hell or heaven.  
Nightly a merry harvest-home the Devil in London  
drives,  
And gathers on the shores of hell the wreck of  
human lives.

## XVII.

A LONELY life, a lonely lot ;  
He climbs his mountain day by day ;  
But finds beside the stoniest way  
Love's wild rock-honey, and fainteth not.  
He sees the Vision shine afar ;  
Sweet Wedded lives in happy home ;  
And strains his eyes against the gloom,  
Like Nuns that throb at prison-bar,  
Wooded by a dear and dazzling dream,  
When through the mirk Love's glory burns.  
The hearth of Home warm welcome yearns ;  
His face is glowing with the gleam

And sparkle of their brimming cup,  
Who round the Home-Altar dance and sing,  
All in a golden marriage-ring,  
And light with love Life's picture up.

They sit in nestling nook, and see  
The ripening promise of the years ;  
The budding quicks, the springing ears ;  
Flowers honey-wet, and fruits to be.

As bridal-gifts from God above,  
The Children bring their glad new spring ;  
Past joy's refrain their voices ring,  
All loud with mirth, or low with love.

Fine actions feed Love's holy fire,  
Like sandal-wood of fragrant gold ;  
Till heavenward, glorious to behold,  
It breaks, in many a splendid spire.

There, hand in hand, they reach across  
A double range of rich delights ;  
And climb in safety where the heights  
Of Life have many a chasm of Loss.

A happy soul goes singing aloft,  
Ere closes their day-book of bliss,  
So gently clasped with a kiss,  
While loving eyes grow still more soft.

*" O Blessed Bird that soars and sings,  
And moves in heaven on triumphing wings ;  
Then drops to rest  
Within my breast,  
And aye some balm of blessing brings.*

*"O Flower of mine, Life's stream may start  
Thy trembling leaves, but cannot thwart  
Love's calm below,  
Where wed roots grow  
In twin strength, smiling heart to heart.*

*"O crest of beauty on my brow ;  
O light of love upon my prow ;  
To the death-dark  
I row my bark ;  
You gild with glory as we go."*

*'Tis merry to walk the deck of life,  
Though billows beat, and wild winds blow,  
And proudly feel they rest below ;  
That precious freights, Weans and Wife.*

*But, he drifts on, in lonely bark,  
Past shining home, and singing isle.  
Fine Apparition, with a smile  
Like spirit-music ! in the dark*

*Her sudden beauty lightens near,  
And bows him to the knees in prayer.  
He needs long draughts of heavenly air,  
Who dives to clutch a pearl so dear.*

*"I may not reach to wreath you yet, dear friend,  
Although of your great courtesy you bend  
Toward me that stand a-tip-toe as you bow ;  
I must mount higher ere I crown your brow,  
And lead you forth where all the world may  
see  
The dear good Angel you have been to me."*

## XVIII.

- " THE Larch is snooding her tresses  
In a twine of the daintiest green ;  
With fresh spring-breath the Hawthorn heaves  
His breast to the sunny sheen.  
A shower of spring-green sprinkles the Lime ;  
A shower of spring-gold the Broom ;  
And each rathe tint of the tender time  
Wakes the wish that my Lady were Home.*
- " In the Coppice, the dear Primroses  
Are the smile of each dim green nook,  
Gravely gladsome ; sunny but cool  
With the sound of the gurgling brook.  
And by the wayside in a burst of delight  
From the world of Fairy and Gnome,  
All the Flowers are crowding to see the sight  
At their Windows. My Lady, come Home !*
- " The Country's growing glorious  
Quietly day by day ;  
The colour of April comes and goes  
In a blush to meet the May.  
And the spring-rains steal from their heaven of  
shade,  
In a veil of tender gloam,  
With a splendid sparkle for every blade :  
Dear my Lady, come Home !*
- " The Spirit of Gladness floating  
Goes up in a sound of song :  
Robin sings in the rich eve-lights ;  
The Thrustle all day long :*

*The Lark in his heaven that soars above  
Each morn with more distant dome ;  
All sweet ! but sweeter the voice we love.  
Come Home, my Lady, come Home !*

*" Your Apple-blooms are fragrant  
Beyond the breath of the South ;  
Every bud, for an airy kiss,  
Is lifting a rosy wee mouth.  
A greener glory hour by hour,  
And a peep of ruddier bloom,  
But the leafy world waiteth its Human Flower.  
Dear my Lady, come Home !*

*" Our thoughts are as the Violets  
Around the Ash-tree root,  
That breathe the earliest hints of Spring  
At their lofty lady's foot,  
And wonder why she still delays—  
When the sea of life is a-foam  
With flowers—to crown her in these glad days.  
Come Home, my Lady, come Home !*

*" Come ! feel the deepening dearneess  
About the grand old place.  
Come ! let us see the cordial smile  
Once more in our Lady's face.  
Winter was dreary : of waiting we weary :  
Best of all joy-bringers, come !  
Spread bonny white sails ! blow balmy spring-  
gales !  
And bring my Lady Home !"*

## XIX.

TO-DAY, with his work done, the Victor stands ;  
His brows are bound by Lady Laura's hands.  
He conquered. To her feet he brought the prize.  
Twin worlds of bliss rose throbbing in her eyes ;  
Sparkled her smiling soul like that of a child,  
And smiling, all her life in love-light smiled.

She gloweth happy as the tender South,  
When Spring doth kiss her on the flowery mouth.  
The lilies white upon the stream of life  
Stir with the sweet feel of its dancing strife.  
If but one favouring breath of fortune move,  
Into his bosom drops the fruit of love.

Then from the heart's heaven a sweet simple grace  
Came blushing all the secret in her face ;  
He looked into the windows of her eyes  
To see Love, sitting by the hearth, arise  
And let him in, and lead him to his throne,  
For love and worship through all worlds his own.

On her white holy hand the ring of gold  
Exults its branch of glory to enfold.  
Comes forth in greeting all the country side,  
To welcome Lady Laura home, a Bride.  
Ring, merry bells, ring, blithesome bridal bells !  
To the tune of happy hearts your triumph swells.

Upon his life now leaneth fragrantly  
The rose of her ripe beauty rare to see.  
In honeyed light, and sweet with pleasant showers,  
Lies all the land, a coloured flame of flowers,  
And with a sidelong grace smiles of the sight ;  
Heaven shakes its bridal torch and laughs delight.



## XX.

*" My life lay like a Sea-bud, dark upon the watery  
wold,  
That feels when Spring is in the world, and striveth  
to unfold ;  
The breath of Love passed o'er me, and the Spring  
went laughing by,  
Till on a sudden I was 'ware, Belovèd, thou wert  
nigh !  
The Bird of Love to my window came, and sang a  
strain divine ;  
Sweet Bird ! he makes his nest, I said, 'neath other  
eaves than mine :  
But many a day hath come and gone, and still he  
sits and sings  
His song of happy futures, and of dear remembered  
things.*

*" My life went darkling like the Earth, nor knew it  
shone a Star  
To that dear Heaven on which it hung in worship  
from afar.  
O, many bared their bravery like flowers to the  
bee ;  
She might have ranged Elysian fields, but nestled  
down by me :  
A King upon his Throne would have smiled her to  
his side ;  
But, with a lowly majesty she came to me, my Bride,  
And grandly gave her love to me, the dearest thing on  
Earth,  
Like one who gives a jewel, all unweeting of its  
worth.*

*"O, was it an Immortal Child, left by a fair Dream-  
Bride,  
Seen in a world of vision with mine eyes stretched  
spirit-wide ?  
Or was the Image pictured, by the sun of another  
life,  
In secret soul, that I might know its living form my  
Wife ?  
I say not ; but, when luminous she floated on to  
me,  
Methought she flamed from out the mist of some far  
memory.  
The hiding Love just stirring the spring-roses of her  
face ;  
The picture of sweet Sainthood ; the glory and the  
grace.*

*"'Twas when the Earth her green lap spreads for  
Summer's gorgeous gifts ;  
And plump for kisses of the Sun, her ripened cheek  
uplifts ;  
When May among her flowers was caught in lusty  
arms of June ;  
She newly strung my harp of life, and played its  
sweetest tune.  
O, I had been content to live in a Cottage of the  
clay,  
So I might see and bless her, when she chanced to  
pass that way ;  
But she came down from her heaven, with a look that  
glorified,  
And I clasp my heart's sweet Vision ; lo ! a nestling  
human Bride."*

## XXI.

CALM is their sheltered shore of life, caressed  
By gentle tides of peace, whose murmurs are  
Of storms at rest, and sorrows sanctified.

But not for them alone the honey-time,  
And bliss of being ! hearts were all too full  
Of lusty longing for all human good ;  
Their happiness was only meant to share.  
That luminous revealer, hallowing Love,  
Gave them the Seeing eye, not drooping lid.  
His Chosen are but caught up into Heaven,  
For wider vision of a suffering Earth.  
Their doubled bliss ran over to make rich,  
And freshen with a spring of joyful life  
The poor world kneeling at the feet of theirs.  
And not forgotten was that Factory-world,  
Which like a doomed Ship far away i' the night  
Pleaded—each port-hole lighted up for help !

Christ bleeding on the Cross for Centuries ?  
And still His Poor their long redemption wait—  
Still tempted of the Devil in the Desert.  
Still are they, crouching by the fireless hearth,  
In the dead winter often driven to burn  
The furniture of life to make a fire,  
And scare the gaunt wolf Hunger, whose eyes glare  
In at the window lit with bloody lust !

Sometimes a cry runs throbbing through the night,  
As though Creation quickened with the birth  
Of new life strange and monstrous in our world.  
Then startled Fear from his high lattice looks,

With face as white as death-touched Want's below.  
There rage a people like a forest a-fire !  
Grim on the banner Labour's challenge claims,  
*" Leave to live working, or die fighting."*

Fear

Sends forth his Guards, and to his pillow slinks.  
Red Murder leaps up sudden in their midst ;  
The gathering of fierce suffering breaks in blood :  
Begins again the old long agony,  
And Order reigns ! though many a day the Ghost  
Of Revolution at his Banquet sits,  
And standeth Sentry at his door o' nights.

O hopeless Poor, and impotently Rich !  
O hurrying host of battling enmities,  
That, fighting, feel no earthquake rock the ground !  
O human world, that pants without the pale  
Of harmony, the universal law,  
Like Soul, with troublous wail, shut out of bliss !  
Shall it not come, the time of which we dream,  
To crown long years of strife, and blood, and tears,  
When from the Book the Poet's thought shall step  
Clothed on with human lineaments, and live ?  
And this Ideal of our hopeful Brave  
Stoop down and dwell with us in daily life,  
And Earth and Heaven mix in each other's arms ?

They deem so, who, with visionary eyes,  
Have seen it, glassed in mirrors of the mind :  
And held communion with that world to come ;  
Our wedded pair : their faith made quick by love :  
They look within—its likeness comes that way.  
And they will make their outer life a dial,

On which the inner light may rise and shine ;  
And touch with radiance soft some sullen spot  
Where falls the shadow of evil, till a smile  
Dawns on its face as it turns up to God.  
Ho for the New World and its Golden Age  
Of delicate dream-work, and of rich romance !

They bought the Factory : turned its stream of  
toil

To a flood of Joy, on Lady Laura's lands.  
There Life, whose dark and stagnant waters  
swarmed

With hideous things, in merry radiance runs ;  
Brightens with health, and breaks in frolic spray ;  
Peeps through a garland green, and laughs in  
light ;

Its rest, blessed as though the calm high heavens  
Had locked it into some transfiguring trance,  
Then with light-hearted morrow sparkling on—  
So to the dark arch Death, through which it runs  
In sheen and shadow for the shoreless sea.

They built their other world, wherein the Poor  
Might grow the flower of Hope, and fruit of Love ;  
And human trees, with outstretched arms of cheer,  
Might mingle music, wreath in bud and bloom,  
And in their branches nest the birds of God,  
That in immortal beauty whitely hover,  
But come not down to build while boughs are  
bare.

No more were little Children left to prowl  
In mental darkness Vermin-like for prey,  
With the masked human likeness lost in grime.  
No more the tiny Orphans peer above

The Dock, to laugh blind Justice in the face.  
She takes her bandage off to look at them !  
Then folds them to her breast to Mother them.  
Hear how the Children in the Schoolroom sing !

- “ Up in the morning early,  
While yet the grass is pearly,  
The air is bright and cool ;  
All clad in our best graces,  
With happy Morning-faces,  
We wend our way to School.*
- “ To-day is life in blossom,  
With Heartsease in each bosom,  
And all is beautiful :  
A Spirit, within us springing,  
At Heaven's Gate will be singing  
Thanks for the Children's School.*
- “ 'Tis here we learn to lighten  
The human lot, and brighten  
The day most dark with dool ;  
And lay up Childhood's treasure,  
To reap immortal pleasure ;  
In Lady Laura's School.*
- “ We sun us in its brightness,  
We clothe us with its Whiteness—  
As doth the Wayside Pool  
That holds from morn till even,  
Its bit of purest heaven,—  
In Lady Laura's School.*
- “ The Summer Earth rejoices ;  
With hers we lift our Voices,*

*And Heaven blends the whole :  
And when God's Angels cover us,  
They draw the darkness over us,  
And bless the Children's School."*

They were denounced as Socialists ; tabooed  
By Clericals, as enemies of God,  
And held accursed as foes of Capital,  
But answered not, save by their Godward work.  
They raised no Paupers : grew no Criminals,  
Nor asked for Rates in aid of Poverty :  
Where all were Workers there was wealth for all !

They Bought and Sold, they Ploughed, and Sowed,  
and Reaped.

Cheapness, Free Trade, and such Economy  
As suck their strength from human blood and  
tears ;

Feeding on Beauty's waste, and Childhood's spring ;  
Shredding with wintry hand life's leafy prime ;  
They bowed not down to—Baal of the strife  
That gives the Devil his own vantage-ground,  
Where each man's hand is at his Brother's throat ;  
The Knight in golden mail combats the Naked,  
And hearts must run with never-tiring wheels ;  
The weak go down ; the Victors merciless  
Still wield the Sword of Selfish interest,  
To win their crown of Individual gain,  
And throne of Isolation cold and lone,  
Their Iceberg in a sea of misery !

Not this, but life of freedom, law of love ;  
The Wine-press trod by each, the Cup for all ;  
In this serener world—this Morning Star  
That rises out of Chaos and old night,

Like throbbing heart of some Milleunial Day.  
Here, life is no soul-sickening round of toil ;  
No need to blink the Spirit's longing sight.  
Here, simple Childhood opens vernal eyes,  
And young blood dances through the veins of  
Age.

White Cottage Homes rise from the sea of green,  
Like clouds where happy spirits sit and sing  
The old wild-briar of Labour, grafted bears  
The radiant Roses of a warmer world ;  
With kindlier nurture blossoms forth anew,  
A glory of Flowers, and wears immortal green.  
Breaks the stern granite, sparkling into beauty,  
And precious jewels glow from common stones :  
Soft white hands smoothe the brow of wrinkled  
Wrath ;

The gentle balm of Love makes hard eyes soft,  
And melted hearts to swim through woe-worn  
looks,

With sweet and delicate human tenderness.  
The trampled battle-field of sin-scarred faces  
Is healed with the harvest of ripe love ;  
Its frowning furrows crowned with golden smiles.

Over their World where Passion hurtled down  
Burning instead of beauty, as its sun,  
And all around was black eternal night ;  
Love's radiant shadow sheds an atmosphere  
Of soft celestial brightness, calm, and peace.  
Here Life goes hand in hand with happy things ;  
In lovely shadow-lands with Spirits talks ;  
There with all gracious Shapes of Beauty moves,  
And wins Their motion, majesty, and mien ;  
And rears his temple rich for God, inlaid



With precious jewels and colours fair, and cries,  
*"Behold how good and joyful a thing it is  
To dwell together in peace and unity,  
And work to win the perfect humanhood."*

Thus Lady Laura and her peasant Lord  
Built o'er the dead past their proud monument,  
That signals to far times their Guild of love :  
And God was with them smiling on their work.  
They wrought not without hindrance, sorrow and  
pain :

Who work for Freedom win not in an hour ;  
Their cost of conquest never can be summed.  
They toil and toil through many a bitter day,  
And dark, when false friends flee, and true ones  
faint.

The seed of that great Truth from which shall  
spring

The forest of the future, and give shade  
To those who reap the harvest, must be watched  
With faith that fails not, fed with rain of tears,  
And walled around with life that fought and fell.

WAR-WAITS.

Like Children, peering from some distant nook,  
What time the Soldiers pass with pealing strains  
And bannered pomp to Battle far ablaze,  
We peered into the passing scenes of War,—  
Its crowning heaven aglow with starry hopes ;  
Its crowded hell of red and writhing pain,  
With hearts that ached and burned, as kindled cheeks  
Flamed up with reddening shame or bloom of pride ;  
And told the story as the deeds were done.

## NEW YEAR'S EVE IN EXILE.

THE Flower and Chivalry of many lands,  
 Doomed Watchers of their own Lands from afar ;  
 Warriors of Freedom, who for heritage  
 Bore on their brows a sign as cursed as Cain's ;  
 Betrothed to Martyrdom as to a Bride,  
 Had met together, a strange Company,  
 But Brothers who were battling for one Cause.  
 They were heroic Souls who had lain life's all  
 On Freedom's hungry Altar, and gone forth  
 Clad in the spirit of self-sacrifice,  
 To roam a thankless world with homeless hearts,—  
 Men who had tossed on Danger's wildest waves,  
 For whom a radiant Victory ever shone,  
 Like Hero on her Watch-tower with her torch,  
 Lighting her Lover through the shadow of death,—  
 Men who had broken Battle's burning lines,  
 And dealt death with their hands, life with their  
     looks,  
 And in the last stern charge of desperate valour  
 On Death's scythe dashed with force that turned  
     its edge.  
 Some were but Youths, yet with such manhood  
     flushed,  
 By eager leaps to reach a lordlier life,  
 They had attained the old heroic stature.

Some had grown gray with battle, some with  
 years,  
 And there were ancient Sorrows grand as kings  
 Of an old peerless line. Great silent Griefs  
 And Sufferings crowned for immortality !

Earnest as fire they sate, and reverent  
 As though a God were present in their midst ;  
 Stern, but serene and hopeful, earnest, brave,  
 As Cromwell's Ironsides on a battle-eve ;  
 Each individual life as clenched and knit,  
 As though beneath their robes their fingers  
 clutched

The weapon sworn to strike a Tyrant down,  
 That would not flash except to light his fall.

And in their midst Mazzini rose to speak  
 The kindling thought that fused them all as one.  
 And O, but hearts flew out, like Freedom's bird,  
 To flap their wings above the flag of war.  
 And fierce looks flashed, and prayers went up to  
 God

In Fiery Chariots of their fervent souls ;  
 Stern eyes were veiled with noble tears to see  
 That Exile by the hounds of torture tracked ;  
 Who, while they tore his stricken life, still drank  
 His cup of trembling, smiling very calm.

Dilating as the Prophet's soul of flame  
 Lightened within him, all his aspect burned  
 With an unearthly fire : he was caught up  
 The Mount Transfiguration, with eyes fixed  
 Far-off, intense as though he talked with God,  
 He stood there gazing down the unseen time

Like some hoar Hill that loftily o'erlooks  
The mists of night, and rises with bare brow  
To catch the unrisen Morn. While all the  
          plains

Below were darkling, he already sunned  
Him in the glory of the coming day.  
And his words swept their yielding, springing  
          hearts,

As strong winds take a field of billowing corn.

*"The merry bells are jubilant To-night  
Through all the land of Exile; blithe wine laughs  
Its bubbling laughter,—winking gem-like eyes,  
And leaps up in the beaker like red lips  
Whose kisses storm the inner gates of bliss.  
But not with mirth, and song, and dainty feast,  
We meet to hold our solemn festival.  
We wait the wine of Freedom: when it runs,  
We shall wax merry too,—perchance grow drunken—  
They keep it ripening to such mellow age!  
And we shall banquet like Immortals fed  
By Hebe's hand at the Ambrosial feasts.*

*"The New Year flashes on us sadly-grand,  
Leaps in our midst with ringing armour on,  
Strikes a mail'd hand in ours, and bids us arm  
Ere the first trumpet sound the onset hour.  
Dense darkness lies on Europe's winter-world.  
Stealthy and grim the Bear comes creeping forth,  
Out of the North, and all the Peoples sleep  
By Freedom's smouldering watch-fire: there is none  
To snatch the brand, and dash it in his face.  
Old England sleeps, and still the Bear steals on.  
Ah! she forgetteth how, in the old years,  
The great hearts of her glorious Commonwealth*

*Sent thunder-throbbings through the lands, and gave them*

*Such a new pulse of nobler life : and when  
Their sunless Venture wrecked, and o'er them rolled  
The wormwood waters of defeat and death,  
How in their pleading hands they held the Babe  
And Orphan Liberty, and bade her rear it  
For love of them, and for its own dear sake.  
Old England halts behind the nations now.  
Dim is her Beacon Despots paled to see  
Burn on them through the dark, like God's stern eye.  
Her battle-armour rusteth on her walls,  
And the once mighty arm that struck such blows  
For Right and Freedom, droopeth listless now.  
A dry-rot eats her life : her God is Mammon !  
God Mars no longer leaps into her heart,  
As in a Chariot driving down to battle.  
Her ancient fame and valour have become  
A tale that's told us of forgotten times—  
Some fabled Kraken slumbering in its sea !  
O ! for the voice of Milton once again,  
To make the lion-eyes lighten, and her heart  
As tremblingly alive as is a Star,  
Till in her naked strength majestic  
She walked the sun-road of her glorious way.*

*" But England sleeps—the Ruin still rolls on.  
Earth crouches 'neath the shuddering wings of Fear.  
Silent, and very calm, Freedom lies hushed,  
And listens like a panting thing pursued,  
Heark'ning, heart-stifled, for the stealthiest tread  
Of One that hunts like Tarquin for Lucrece.  
'Tis midnight now, and all the creeping things,  
And Birds of Darkness, ply their ghastly work :*

*Life gropes and stumbles among gaping graves,  
And Freedom's worshippers fall headless, while  
They bend to give their hearts up at her shrine !  
But God's in heaven, and yet the day shall dawn—  
Break from the dark upon her golden wings,  
Her quickening splendours rend and burn the gloom,  
Her living tides of glory burst, and foam,  
And hurry along the darksome streets of night.  
Cloud after cloud shall light a rainbow-roof,  
And build a Triumph-Arch for conquering Day  
To flash her beauty—trail her grandeurs through,  
And take the world in her white arms of light.  
And Earth shall fling aside her mask of gloom,  
And lift her tearful face. O there will be  
Blood on it thick as dews ! The Children's blood  
Splashed in the Mother's face ! And there must be  
A red sunrise of retribution yet !  
A mighty Future is about to break  
The hush o' the world—the waiting gloom in heaven.*

*“ The New Year cometh with a magic key,  
To ope some radiant chamber in Time's palace.  
Our Martyrs have not sown such seed in vain !  
Beneath old Winter's snows a world of hope  
Lies ripening, and shall richly run to flowers,  
When Earth shall kindle as a countenance  
Alive with love, and all the soul alight !  
O come, thou Spring of God, and at thy voice  
The balmy blood shall beat in bud and leaf !  
And come, thou mellow rain, fall on it warm,  
And fondle it with kisses, drop rich tears ;  
And blow, thou sweet Spring-wind, and make it stir  
With secret rapture—budding tenderly,  
With all the glory of its folded bloom,*



*And all its fragrance striving for the light.  
God, what a Spring and Harvest yet shall crown  
The dark, dorn Deluge of Calamity !  
Then come, thou grand New Year, in silence come  
Across the white snows, and the winter-land.  
Come, great Deliverer, call the peoples up,—  
Up from the Egypt of their slavery !  
Ring out the death-knell of old Tyranny—  
'Tis rotten ripe, the heart of half the world  
Doth beat and burst to hurry it into hell.  
Stride o'er the Present, grand as some huge wave  
Should rise and rush o'er Panama at a leap,  
And make two Seas one perfect world of waters.  
So link our great Past to a nobler Future,  
And set our new world singing on its way.*

*" A little while and England must awake !  
She has but swooned beneath the kiss of Peace,  
And languished in her long voluptuous dream,  
While weed-like creatures crept along her path.  
Where leaped of old proud waves of glorious life,  
The sluggish channels choke with golden sand.  
The hills of light rose shining far away,  
Where she should stand and touch the hem of Heaven ;  
But, day by day she darkened deeper down.  
The cold, grim shadow stretched o'er half the earth,  
Came freezing round her watchfire's dying flame,  
While spirit-finger-pointings signalled her,  
And spirit-rustlings stirred the air in vain.  
A fire of anguish flamed from Poland's eyes  
When the red Deluge closed above her head :  
Sodden with suffering and unwept tears,  
The heart of Hungary pled in silence stern :  
Poor Italy lay guarded in her grave,*

*Her life all crouching in one listening sense,  
 To catch aught stirring in the upper world :  
 Out of the North the brute Colossus strode,  
 With grimly-solemn pace, proud in the might  
 That moves not but to crush, and terribly towered  
 Its growing shape through Battle's bloody gap  
 Where Nations fell ; and like a Cyclop's eye  
 Its one idea lit it to the prey :  
 While pale Expediency paltered for  
 The peaceful chance of being eaten last.*

*" A little while and England will awake,  
 Like Sternness stripped for strife : Grim-wooling War  
 Reflect his terrible beauty in her face ;  
 Her heart will dance to a strain of loftier life,  
 On fire to bring the death-strokes hand to hand.  
 For God will call His Chosen once again,  
 And the Old Guard of Freedom take the field.  
 Rejoicing in the glory of her strength,  
 Like some proud cataract she will shout for the  
                   strife,  
 And hurl her hurrying waves of valour down :  
 The glorious shudder of intrepid blood  
 Will hurtle through her veins, and Victory's voice  
 Cry from the inmost Oracle of her soul.  
 Her swift avenging armaments shall flame  
 O'er land and sea, sublime as when of old  
 With a colossal calm she rode the waves  
 Of war, that heaved magnificent in storm.  
 The noble prophecy of ripened age  
 Was on her youthful brow ; fulfilment comes.  
 She lifts the Ark of Freedom in her arms,  
 Safe through the deluge of a warring world.  
 A little while and we shall yet return*

*Each to his Fatherland like kings to conquest.  
Light breaks there, in the East, 'twill soon be day,  
And we shall see that God through all the dark  
Did combat for us with the visor down.  
Fight on, you faithful, Heaven's glooming look  
Frowns only on the wrong. This dark shall break  
In resurrection hour ! The chariot-wheels  
Of coming Vengeance spin too swift for sight :  
The Nemesis of Nations only waits,  
Until the glass of Destiny runs out,  
To wake the Murderers with her whip of fire,  
Caught by the hair in sudden hands of Hell ;  
While in a ruddy rain old Earth laughs up.*

*" O, we shall see a sight ere England's Sun  
Goes down behind her hills of gathered gold !  
When Spring's young hopes seem dead and her  
sweet buds  
Are in the dust, our Autumn-fruitage comes !  
The time of times, the year of years is nigh.  
But no more Words ! Like Weeds they sap the  
soul*

*Of richness that should fill the fruit of deeds.  
Henceforth let lips be dumb, as Bravery—  
Her parley done—had shut the gates to ope not  
Save for the shouts that chariot Victory forth.  
We are all ready ! We have waited long !  
God strikes the hour, and let the trumpet ring."*

1853-4.

---

## ENGLAND GOES TO BATTLE.

Now, glory to our England,  
She arises, calm and grand,  
The ancient spirit in her eyes,—  
The good sword in her hand!  
Our royal right on battle ground  
Was aye to bear the brunt :  
Ho! brave heart! with one passionate bound,  
Take the old place in front!  
Now, glory to our England,  
As she rises, calm and grand,  
The ancient spirit in her eyes—  
The good sword in her hand!

Who would not fight for England?  
Who would not fling a life  
I' the ring to meet a Tyrant's gage,  
And glory in the strife?  
Her stem is thorny, but doth burst  
A glorious Rose a-top!  
And shall our proud Rose wither? First  
We'll drain life's dearest drop!  
Who would not fight for England?  
Who would not fling a life  
I' the ring, to meet a Tyrant's gage,  
And glory in the strife?

To battle goes our England,  
As gallant and as gay  
As Lover to the Altar, on  
A merry marriage-day.

A weary night she stood to watch  
The clouds of dawn up-rolled ;  
And her young heroes strain to match  
The valour of the old.  
To battle goes our England,  
As gallant and as gay  
As Lover to the Altar, on  
A merry marriage-day.

Now, fair befall our England,  
On her proud and perilous road :  
And woe and wail to those who make  
Her foot-prints red with blood !  
Up with our Red-cross banner,—roll  
A thunder-peal of drums !  
Fight on there, every valiant soul,  
Have courage ! England comes !  
Now, fair befall our England,  
On her proud and perilous road :  
And woe and wail to those who make  
Her foot-prints red with blood !

Now, victory to our England !  
And where'er she lifts her hand  
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,  
God bless the dear Old Land !  
And when the Storm hath passed away,  
In glory and in calm,  
May she sit down i' the green o' the day,  
And sing her peaceful psalm.  
Now, victory to our England !  
And where'er she lifts her hand  
In Freedom's fight, to rescue Right,  
God bless the dear Old Land !

## TROOPS LEAVING EDINBURGH.

FOR Freedom's battle march Auld Scotland's men,  
And Edinburgh streets are piled with life to-day.  
High on her crags the royal City sits,  
To watch the files of war far-winding out,  
And with the gracious golden Morning smiles  
Her proudest blessing down.

Old Arthur's Seat  
Flings up his cap of cloud for brave success ;  
While the Sea flashes in the sun, our Shield,  
So rich in record of heroic names !  
But the old Castle standeth still and stern,  
As some scarred Chief who sends his boys to battle :  
Hath done so many a time as staidly calm.

The gay Hussars come riding through the Town,  
A light of triumph sparkling in their eyes ;  
The Music goeth shouting in their praise,  
Like a loud people round the Victor's car ;  
And Highland plumes together nod as though  
There went the Funeral Hearse of a Russian host :  
The bickering bayonets flutter wings of fire,  
And gaily sounds the March o' the Cameron Men.

The War-steeds sweeping—men to battle going—  
The wave of Beauty's hand—meed of her eyes—  
The kisses blown from dainty finger-tips—  
The banners with old battle-memories stirred—  
The thrilling Pibroch, and the wild war-drum,  
The stern sword-music of our grand Hurrah,  
And answering cheer for death or victory—  
All make me tingle with a triumph of life,  
And I could weep that I am left behind,

To see the tide ebb where I may not follow.  
And there our gallant fellows march afield ;  
To win proud death, or larger life, they leave  
Home's rosy circle ringed with blessings rich,  
For the far darkness and the battle-cloud,  
Where many have fall'n, and many yet must fall  
In spurring their great hearts up to the leap,  
For such brave dashes at unconquered heights.  
The shadow of solemn Sorrow falls behind,  
Where sobbing Sweethearts look their loving last,  
Or with tight lips hold in the bursting heart ;  
And weeping Wives lift up the Little Ones.  
The sun sets in their faces, life grows gray,  
And sighs of desolation sweep its desert.  
The winter of the heart aches in the eyes  
Of Mothers who have given their all, their all.

And yet methinks the Heroic Time returns,  
Such look of triumph lit the meanest face  
To-day : there seemed no heart so earthy but  
Had some blind gropings after nobler life,  
With hands that reached toward God's Gate  
Beautiful.

Our Britain bright'ning through the battle-smoke  
Has touched them with her glory's lovelier light.  
And though their darlings fall, and though they die  
In this death-grapple in the dark with Wrong ;  
The memory of their proud deeds shall not die.  
They may go down to dust in bloody shrouds,  
And sleep in nameless tombs. But for all time,  
Foundlings of Fame are our beloved Lost.  
For me, this day of glorious life shall be  
One of the starry brides of Memory,  
Whose glittering faces light the night o' the soul.

## DOWN IN AUSTRALIA.

QUAFF a cup, and send a cheer up for the Old  
Land !

We have heard the Reapers shout,  
For the Harvest going out,  
With the smoke of battle closing round the bold  
Land ;  
And our Message shall be hurled  
Ringing right across the world,  
There are true hearts beating for you in the Gold  
Land.

We are with you in your battles, brave and bold  
Land !

For the old ancestral tree  
Striketh root beneath the sea,  
And it beareth fruit of Freedom in the Gold Land !  
We shall come, too, if you call,  
We shall Fight on if you fall ;  
Shakspeare's land shall never be a bought and sold  
Land.

The standard of the Lord wave o'er the Old  
Land !

For the waiting world holds breath  
While she treads the den of Death,  
With the peaceful sleeve stripped up from her bare  
bold hand ;  
And her rose in blood must bloom  
On the bosom, and the tomb  
Of her many Heroes fallen for the Old Land.



O, a terror to the Tyrant is that bold Land !  
He remembers how she stood,  
With her raiment rolled in blood,  
When the tide of battle burst upon the Old Land ;  
And he looks with darkened face,  
For he knows the hero race  
Strike the Harp of Freedom—draw her Sword with  
bold hand.

Let thy glorious voice be heard, thou great and  
bold Land !  
Speak the one victorious word,  
And fair Freedom's wandered Bird  
Shall wing back with leaf of promise from the Old  
Land ;  
And the people shall come out  
From their prison with a shout  
For the spring that greeneth in the Future's Gold  
Land.

When the smoke of Battle rises from the Old  
Land,  
You shall see the Tyrant down !  
You shall see her lifted crown  
Wears another peerless jewel won with bold hand :  
She shall thresh her foes like corn,  
They shall eat the bread of scorn ;  
We will sing her song of triumph in the Gold  
Land.

Quaff a cup, and send a cheer up for the Old Land !  
We have heard the Reapers shout,  
For the Harvest going out,  
Seen the smoke of battle closing round the bold  
Land ;

And our answer shall be hurled  
    Ringing right across the world,—  
All true hearts are beating for you in the Gold  
    Land.

---

## FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

LIKE a stern old friend, War grimly comes  
    To the temple of peaceful Life ;  
With the well-known nod of his beckoning plumes,  
    He hurries us into the strife.  
And we meet once more, in the fields of fate,  
    With our chivalrous Enemy,  
Who knows, by the grip of our hands in hate,  
    What the strength of our love may be.

We have dashed together like waves and rocks !  
    We have fought till our shirts grew red !  
We have met in the shuddering battle-shocks,  
    Where none but the freed soul fled !  
Now side by side, in the fields of fate,  
    And shoulder to shoulder, are we ;  
And we know, by the grip of our hands in hate,  
    What the strength of our love may be.

Then gather ye, gather to battle, ye Braves,  
    In the might of your old renown !  
And follow ye, follow ye, over the waves,  
    Where Liberty's sun went down !  
By the bivouac-fire, in the battle-shower,  
    Remember your destiny grand,  
To set in the thrones of their future power  
    The peoples of many a land !

Till the last fettered nation that calls us is free,  
Let us fall upon Tyranny's horde !  
Italy, Poland, and Hungary, see,  
With their praying hands seek for a Sword.  
Till the Storm-God is roused in each suffering land,  
Let us keep the war-standard unfurled !  
And till Freedom and Faith shall go hand-in-hand,  
Let us march through the welcoming world.

---

## AFTER ALMA.

OUR old War-banners on the wind  
Were waving merrily o'er them ;  
The hope of half the world behind—  
The sullen Foe before them !  
They trod their march of battle, bold  
As death-devoted freemen ;  
Like those Three Hundred Greeks of old,  
Or Rome's immortal Three Men.  
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;  
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow ?

With towering heart and lightsome feet  
They went to their high places ;  
The fiery valour at white heat  
Was kindled in their faces !  
Magnificent in battle-robe,  
And radiant, as from star-lands,  
That spirit shone which girds our globe  
With glory, as with garlands !

Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;  
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow ?

They saw the Angel Iris o'er  
Their deluge of grim fire ;  
And with their life's last tide they bore  
The Ark of Freedom higher !  
And grander 'tis i' the dash of death  
To ride on Battle's billows,  
When Victory's kisses take the breath,  
Than sink on balmiest pillows.  
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;  
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow ?

Brave Hearts, with noble feeling flushed,  
In valour's ruddy riot  
But Yesterday ! how are ye hushed  
Beneath the smile of Quiet !  
For us they poured their blood like wine,  
From life's ripe-gathered clusters ;  
And far through History's night shall shine  
Their deeds with starriest lustres.  
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;  
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow ?

We laid them not in Churchyard home,  
Beneath our darling daisies :  
Where to their grave-mounds Love might come,  
And sit, and sing their praises.

But soothly sweet shall be their rest  
Where Victory's hands have crowned them  
To Earth our Mother's bosom pressed,  
And Heaven's arms around them.  
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;  
But, O! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow?

Yes, there they lie 'neath Alma's sod,  
On pillows dark and gory,—  
As brave a host as ever trod  
Old England's path to glory.  
With head to home and face to sky,  
And feet the Tyrant spurning,  
So grand they look, so proud they lie,  
We weep for glorious yearning.  
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;  
But, O! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow?

They in Life's outer circle sleep,  
As each in death stood Sentry!  
And like our England's Dead still keep  
Their watch for kin and country.  
Up Alma, in their red footfalls,  
Comes Freedom's dawn victorious;  
Such graves are courts to festal halls!  
They banquet with the Glorious.  
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;  
But, O! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow?

Our Chiefs who matched the men of yore,  
And bore our Shield's great burden,—  
The nameless Heroes of the Poor,—  
They all shall have their guerdon.  
In silent eloquence, each life  
The Earth holds up to heaven ;  
And Britain gives for Child and Wife,  
As those brave hearts have given.  
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;  
But, O ! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow ?

The Spirits of our Fathers still  
Stand up in battle by us ;  
And, in our need, on Alma hill,  
The Lord of Hosts was nigh us.  
Let Joy or Sorrow brim our cup,  
'Tis an exultant story,  
How England's Chosen Ones went up  
Red Alma's hill to glory.  
Ah, Victory ! joyful Victory !  
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow ;  
But O ! for such an hour with thee,  
Who could not die to-morrow ?

---

#### BEFORE SEBASTOPOL.

At last we grip the Tyrant ! Now  
There's not a heart so lowly  
But burns to strike a battle-blow,  
And win a cause so holy !

The Brave look fearless in the eyes  
Of Death, nor cry him quarter ;  
And grand promotion waits them, Boys,  
Who fall by land or water !

To-day the ancient valour starts ;  
The Spirit of old story  
Shall flash from out heroic hearts,  
And kindle England's glory.  
Wild voices wail across the sea,—  
They cry from many a woe-land,—  
Revenge ! remember Sinope !  
Revenge ! remember Poland !

We seek the bed of Death, to win  
Fair Freedom's dream of beauty,  
Or wrest her from the Tyrant, in  
The loving arms of duty.  
Then gaily through the ocean-foam  
Will sail our nobler Argo,  
And proudly to our Island-home  
Shall bear the precious cargo.

Think how their happy eyes will brim  
To greet us on the beaches,  
With blissful looks of love that swim  
Through long luxurious reaches !  
They watch us now from out the West,  
But all too proud to sorrow  
For us who rest on Victory's breast,  
Or wear her wreath to-morrow.

Now, Soldiers, up to conquest stride,  
Let not one spirit falter :  
For Victory is your plighted Bride,  
The breach your solemn altar !

Through all this bloody Cemet'ry  
Behold what seed lies sleeping ;  
God ! but thy sun should stand while we  
Our harvest-field are reaping !

Now, Sailors, fight your Ships to-day  
As Grenville fought the Spaniard !  
If Battle's bloodiest game they play,  
Have at them grip-and-poniard.  
One thrilling shout for England, Ho !  
Then, naked for the fight, men,  
Dash in like fire upon the foe,  
And God defend the Right, men !


---

#### SCARLETT'S THREE HUNDRED.

To horse, trot, gallop, and out with each blade !  
To-day, Lads, we ride on a dare-devil raid  
For death, or a halo that never shall fade.  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

An Army o'erhanging us, in the death-hush  
Massed, like an Avalanche crowded to crush ;  
Up at them, pierce them, ere on us they rush !  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

Stick to old Scarlett, Lads ! See how he goes  
In for a *near-sighted* look at our foes :  
Faster, men, faster, or singly he'll close !  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !





Chariots of fire in the dark of death stand,  
With crowns for the foremost who fall for their  
land :

My God, what a time ere we get hand to hand !  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

O the lightning of life ! O the thunder of steeds !  
Saddles are emptied, but nobody heeds ;  
All fighting to follow where Elliott leads.  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

Spring too now, wedge through now, and cleave  
crest and crown ;  
All one as a mowing-machine, cut them down !  
For each foe round you strewn now a wreath of  
renown.  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

There's fear in their faces ; they shrink from the  
shock ;  
They will open the door, only loud enough knock ;  
Keep turning the key, lest we stick in the lock !  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

Well done ! Soul and steel alike trusty and true !  
By Thousands they faced our invincible Few ;  
Like sand in a sieve you have riddled them through.  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

Charge back ! Once again we must ride the  
Death-ride,  
Torn, tattered, but smiling with something of  
pride :  
Charge home ; out of Hell ; gory-grim ; glorified !  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

One cheer for the living ! One cheer for the dead !  
One cheer for the deed on that hill-side red !  
The glory is gathered for England's proud head !  
Dear England for Ever, Hurrah !

---

### OUR HEROES.

WE blessed them for the Battle, who but marched  
to the Bier ;  
Some were riper for the Bridal—some were Fathers  
gray and sere ;  
With a kiss for Child and Wife, some went out in  
War's red wrack ;  
And to the land that gave us life, who'd grudge to  
give it back ?

I had a gallant Brother, loved at home, and dear  
to me—  
I have a mourning Mother, winsome Wife, and  
Children three—  
He lies with Balaklava's dead. But let the Old  
Land call,  
We would give our living remnant, we would follow  
one and all !

We speak a few weak words ; but, the great hearts  
gone to God,  
They have fought with their Swords—they passed  
over red-wet-shod !  
While we sat at home, brave laurels for our Land  
they died to win ;  
And with smiles Valhalla lightens as our Heroes  
enter in.

They bore our banner fearless to the death, as to  
the fight,  
They lifted England peerless to the old heroic  
height.  
We weep not for the Heroes whom we never more  
shall see,—  
Rather weep we were not with our England's  
noble Chivalry.

---

## INKERMAN.

'Twas Midnight ere our Guns' loud laugh at their  
wild work did cease,  
And by the smouldering fires of War we lit the  
pipe of peace.  
At Four, a burst of Bells went up through Night's  
Cathedral dark,  
It seemed so like our Sabbath Chimes, we could but  
wake, and hark !  
So like the Bells that call to prayer in the dear  
land far away ;  
Their music floated on the air, and kissed us—to  
betray.  
Our Camp lay on the rainy hill, all silent as a  
cloud,  
Its very heart of life stood still i' the Mist that  
brought its shroud ;  
For Death was walking in the dark, and smiled  
His smile to see  
How all was ranged and ready for a sumptuous  
jubilee.

O wily are the Russians, and they came up through  
the mirk—  
Their feet all shod for silence in the best blood of  
the Turk !  
While in its banks our fiery tide of War serenely  
slept,  
Their subtle serpentry unrolled, and up the hill-side  
crept.  
In the Ruins of the Valley do the Birds of Carnage  
stir ?  
A creaking in the gloom like wheels ! feet trample  
—bullets whirl—  
By God ! the Foe is on us ! Now the Bugles with  
a start  
Thrill—like the cry of a wronged Queen—to the  
red roots of the heart ;  
And long and loud the wild war-drums with throbbing  
triumph roll,—  
A sound to set the blood on fire, and warm the  
shivering soul.

The war-worn and the weary leaped up ready,  
fresh, and true !  
No weak blood curdled white i' the face, no valour  
turned to dew.  
Majestic as a God defied, arose our little  
Host—  
All for the peak of peril pushed—each for the  
fieriest post !  
Thorough mist, and thorough mire, and o'er the hill-  
brow scowling grim,  
As is the frown of Slaughter when he dreams his  
dreadful dream.

No Sun ! but none is needed,—Men can feel their  
way to fight,  
The lust of Battle in their face—eyes filled with  
fiery light ;  
And long ere dawn was red in heaven, upon the  
dark earth lay  
The prophesying morning-red of a great and  
glorious day.

As Bridegroom leaves his wedded Bride in gentle  
slumbers sealed,  
Our England slumbered in the West, when her  
Warriors went a-field.  
We thought of her, and swore that day to strike  
immortal blows,  
As all along our leaguered line the roar of battle  
rose.  
Her Banners waved like blessing hands, and we  
felt it was the hour  
For a glorious grip till fingers met in the throat of  
Russian power.  
And at a bound, and with a sound that madly cried  
to kill,  
The Lion of Old England leapt in lightnings from  
the hill :  
And there he stood superb, through all that Sab-  
bath of the Sword,  
And there he slew, with a terrible scorn, his  
hunters, horde on horde.

All Hell seemed bursting on us, as the yelling  
legions came—  
The Cannon's tongues of quick red fire licked all  
the hills a-flame !

Mad whistling shell, wild sneering shot, with  
    devilish glee went past,  
Like fiendish feet and laughter hurrying down the  
    battle-blast ;  
And through the air, and round the hills, there  
    ran a wrack sublime  
As though Eternity were crashing on the shores  
    of Time.  
On Bayonets and Swords the smile of conscious  
    victory shone,  
As down to death we dashed the Rebels plucking  
    at our Throne.  
On, on they came with face of flame, and storm of  
    shot and shell—  
Up ! up ! like heaven-scalers, and we hurled them  
    back to Hell.

Like the old Sea, white-lipped with rage, they dash  
    and foam despair  
On ranks of rock, and what a prize for the Wrecker  
    Death was there !  
But as 'twere River Pleasaunce, did our fellows  
    take that flood,  
A royal throbbing in the pulse that beat volup-  
    tuous blood :  
The Guards went down to the fight in gray that's  
    growing gory red—  
See ! save them, they're surrounded ! Leap your  
    ramparts of the dead,  
And back the desperate battle, for there is but one  
    short stride  
Between the Russ and victory ! One more tug,  
    you true and tried—

The Red-Caps crest the hill! with bloody spur,  
ride, Bosquet, ride!

Down like a flood from Etna foams their valour's  
burning tide.

Now, God for Merrie England cry! Hurrah for  
France the Grand!

We charge the foe together, all abreast, and hand  
to hand!

He caught a shadowy glimpse across the smoke of  
Alma's fray

Of the Destroying Angel that shall blast his  
strength to-day.

We shout and charge together, and again, again,  
again,

Our plunging battle-tears its path, and paves it  
with the slain.

Hurrah! the mighty host doth melt before our  
fervent heat;

Against our side its breaking heart doth faint and  
fainter beat.

And O, but 'tis a gallant show, and a merry march,  
as thus

We sound into the glorious goal with shouts  
victorious!

From morn till night, we fought our fight, and at  
the set of sun

Stood Conquerors on Inkerman—our Soldiers'  
Battle won.

That morn their legions stood like corn in its pomp  
of golden grain!

That night the ruddy sheaves were reaped upon  
the misty plain!

We cut them down by thunder-strokes, and piled  
the shocks of slain :  
The hill-side like a vintage ran, and reeled Death's  
harvest-wain.  
We had hungry hundreds gone to sup in Paradise  
that night,  
And robes of Immortality our ragged Braves  
bedight !  
They fell in Boyhood's comely bloom, and Bravery's  
lusty pride ;  
But they made their bed o' the foemen dead, ere  
they lay down and died.

We gathered round the tent-fire in the evening  
cold and gray,  
And thought of those who ranked with us in  
Battle's rough array,  
Our Comrades of the morn who came no more from  
that fell fray !  
The salt tears wrung out in the gloom of green  
dells far away—  
The eyes of lurking Death that in Life's crimson  
bubbles play—  
The stern white faces of the Dead that on the  
dark ground lay  
Like Statues of Old Heroes, cut in precious human  
clay—  
Some with a smile as life had stopped to music  
proudly gay—  
The household Gods of many a heart all dark and  
dumb to-day !  
And hard hot eyes grew ripe for tears, and hearts  
sank down to pray



From alien lands, and dungeon-grates, how eyes  
will strain to mark  
This waving Sword of Freedom burn and beckon  
through the dark !  
The Martyrs stir in their red graves, the rusted  
armour rings  
Adown the long aisles of the dead, where lie the  
warrior Kings.  
To the proud Mother England came the radiant  
Victory  
With Laurels red, and a bitter cup like some last  
agony.  
She took the cup, she drank it up, she raised her  
laurelled brow :  
Her sorrow seemed like solemn joy, she looked so  
noble now.  
The dim divine of distance died—the purpled Past  
grew wan,  
As came that crowning Glory o'er the heights of  
Inkerman.

---

# NICHOLAS AND THE BRITISH LION.

CZAR NICHOLAS called to North and South,  
“Come, see the World's great show !  
*I will thrust my head in the Lion's mouth,”*  
And he laughed, “Ha ! Ha ! Ho ! Ho !  
*I am the Lion-Tamer dread—*  
*I make the old brute quail !”*  
The Lion he shook his Incredulous head,  
And wagged his Dubious tail.

O the Lion lay down in the pride of his might ;  
'Twas a brave, magnanimous beast !  
O the Lion leaped up to his shaggiest height ;  
The lord of a bloody feast !  
Now hold, now hold, thou desperate man,  
Or thy braggart cheek may pale ;  
Terror is towering up in his mane,  
And Vengeance tugs at his tail.

Like a statue of Satan, Nick, alas ! stood,  
And chuckled a low lying laugh ;  
*"The world is my Knoutship's whipping-top ;  
Hot blood for wine I quaff !"*  
He called to North, he called to South,  
*"Come, see the old brute quail :  
I will thrust my head in his mumbling mouth :"*  
THE LION HE WAGGED HIS TAIL.

He thrust his head in the Lion's mouth :  
Ho ! Ho ! but the sport was rare !  
The Lion smelt blood in the giant's breath,  
And his clenched teeth held him there.  
Then he cried, from between the gates of death,  
With the voice of a Spirit in bale,  
*"Now God-a-mercy on my soul !  
Does the Lion wag his tail ?"*

Then each one strove to say him Yea,  
But each one held his breath :  
There was lightning of hell in the Lion's eyes ;  
His looks communed with Death !  
The Giant's heart melts like snow in his mouth,  
His voice is a Woman's wail ;  
Avengers knock at the door of his life,  
In that lash of the Lion's tail.

A low, dread sound, as from underground,  
Makes ready the realms of the dead ;  
And the Tamer lies tamed on the earth full-length ;  
That is, except—a head.  
And the poor old beast, at whose aspect mild  
The meanest thing dared rail,  
Shakes his mane like a Conqueror's bloody plumes,  
And—quietly wags his tail.

---

A WAR WINTER'S-NIGHT IN ENGLAND.

WILD is the wintry weather !  
Dark is the night, and cold !  
Closely we crowd together,  
For warmth in the family fold.  
A mute and mighty Shadow flies  
Across the land on wings of Gloom !  
And through each Home its awful eyes  
May lighten with their stroke of doom.  
Life's light burns dim—we hold the breath—  
All sit stern in the shadow of Death,  
Around the Household fire—  
This Winter's-night in England,  
Straining our ears for the tidings of War,  
Beacon-like holding our hearts up higher,  
For those who are fighting afar.

Oh, talk of Britain's glory ;—  
Oh, sing some brave old song ;—  
Or tell the thrilling story  
Of her wrestle with the wrong,

Till we clutch the spirit-sword for the strife,  
And into our Rest would rather fall  
Down Battle's cataract of life,  
Than turn the white face to the wall.  
Sing O, for a charge victorious !  
And the meekest face grows glorious !  
As we sit by the Household fire,  
This Winter's-night in England,—  
Our spirits within us like steeds of War !  
Beacon-like holding our hearts up higher,  
For those who are fighting afar.

And oft in silence solemn  
We peer from Night's dark tent,  
And see the quivering Column,  
Like a cloud by lightning rent.  
For death, how merry they mount and ride !  
Those swords look keen for their lap of gore !  
Such Valour leaps out Deified !  
Such souls must rend the clay they wore !  
How proud they sweep on Glory's track !  
So many start ! so few come back  
To sit by the Household fire,  
On a Winter's-night in England,  
And with rich tears wash their wounds of War,  
Where we, Beacon-like, hold our hearts up higher,  
For those who are fighting afar.

We thrill to the Clarion's clangour,  
We harness for the fight :  
With the Warrior's glorious anger,  
We are nobly-mad to smite :  
No dalliance, save with Hate, hold we,  
Where Life and Death keep bloody tryst,

And all the red Reality  
Reels on us through a murder-mist !  
Wave upon Wave rolls Ruin's flood,  
And the hosts of the Tyrant melt in blood,  
As we sit by the Household fire,  
This Winter's-night in England,  
And our Colour flies out to the music of War,  
Beacon-like holding our hearts up higher,  
For those who are fighting afar.

Old England still hath Heroes  
To wear her Sword and Shield !  
We knew them not while near us,  
We know them far afield !  
Look ! how the Tyrant's hills they climb,  
To hurl our gage in his grim hold !  
The Titans of the earlier time,  
Though larger-limbed, were smaller-souled !  
Laurel, or Amaranth, light their brow !  
Living or dead, we crown them now,  
As we sit by the Household fire,  
This Winter's-night in England ;  
From the white cliffs watching the storm of War ;  
Beacon-like holding our hearts up higher,  
For those who are fighting afar.

O ! their brave love hath rootage  
In the Old Land, deep and dear,  
And Life's ripe, ruddy fruitage  
Hangs summering for them here !  
And tender eyes, tear-luminous,  
Melt through the dark of dreamland skies,  
While, pleading aye for home and us,  
The heart is one live brood of cries !

Old feelings cling ! O how they cling !  
And sweet birds sing ! O how they sing  
Them back to the Household fire,  
This Winter's-night in England,  
Where we wait for them weary and wounded from  
War,  
Beacon-like holding our hearts up higher,  
For those who are fighting afar !

Ah, me ! how many a Maiden  
Will wake o' nights, to find  
Her tree of life, love-laden,  
Swept bare in this wild wind !  
The Bird of bliss, to many a nest,  
Will come back never, never, never !  
So many a goodly, gallant crest  
That waved to victory, low for ever !  
We pray for them, we fear for them,  
And silently drop a tear for them,  
As we sit by the Household fire,  
This Winter's-night in England,  
Each life looking out for its own love-star !  
Beacon-like holding our hearts up higher,  
For those who are fighting afar.

But, there's no Land like England,  
Wherever that land may be !  
Of all the world 'tis king-land  
Crowned, by its Bride, the Sea !  
And they shall rest in the balmiest bed,  
Who battle for it, and bleed for it !  
And they shall be head of the Glorious Dead,  
Who die in the hour of need for it !

And long shall we sing of their deeds divine,  
In songs that warm the heart like wine,  
As we sit by the Household fire,  
On a Winter's-night in England,  
And the tale is told of this night of War,  
When we, Beacon-like, held our hearts up  
higher,  
For those who were fighting afar.

---

## THE MARTYRS' HILL.

SITTING in her sorrow lone,  
Still our Mother makes her moan  
For the Lost; and to the Martyrs' Hill her  
thoughts in mourning go.  
O, that desert of the Dead,  
Who lay down in their Death-Bed,  
With their Winding-sheet and Wreath of winter  
snow!

Into glory had they rode  
When the tide of triumph flowed,  
Not a tear would we shed for the heroes lying low.  
But our hearts break for the Dead,  
In their desolate Death-Bed,  
With their Winding-sheet and Wreath of winter  
snow.

Praying breath rose white in air,  
Eyes were set in a stern stare,

Hands were stretched for help that came not as  
they sank in silence low :  
Our dear, heroic Dead,  
Who lay down in their Death-Bed,  
With their Winding-sheet and Wreath of winter  
snow.

Now the winter snows are gone,  
And Earth smiles as though the Dawn  
Had come up from it in flowers—such a light of  
grace doth glow  
All about our darkened Dead,  
Who lay down in their Death-Bed,  
With their Winding-sheet and Wreath of winter  
snow.

But, never, never more,  
Comes the Spring that will restore  
To their own love, their own land, the lost ones  
lying low  
On the Martyrs' Hill, our Dead  
Who lay down in their Death-Bed,  
With their Winding-sheet and Wreath of winter  
snow.

Till with victory God replies,  
Shall our Battle storm the skies,  
And our living soldiers think, as they grapple with  
the foe,  
Of our perished, peerless Dead,  
Who lay down in their Death-Bed,  
With their Winding-sheet and Wreath of winter  
snow.



Through a hundred battles red,  
Shall their fame float overhead;  
Into everlasting flowers shall their martyr memories blow.

So we crown our glorious Dead,  
Who lay down in their Death-Bed,  
With their Winding-sheet and Wreath of Winter snow.

---

## OUR ENGLISH NIGHTINGALE.

*"You brave, you bonny Nightingale,  
You are no summer Bird;  
Your music sheathes an Army's wail  
That pierces like a Sword."*

All night she sings, dear Nightingale,  
With breast against the thorn;  
Her saintly patience doth not fail,  
She keepeth watch till morn.

*"Ah, sing, you bonniest Bird of God,  
The night is sad and long;  
To dying ears—to broken hearts—  
You sing an Angel's song!"*

She sings, she sings, our Nightingale,  
And weary warrior souls  
Are caught up into Slumber's heaven,  
And lapped in Love's warm folds.

*"O sing, O sing! dear Nightingale,  
For, at your magic note,  
Upon Life's sea victoriously  
The sinking soul will float."*

*O sing, O sing! dear Nightingale,  
And lure them back again,  
Whose path is lost and spirit crossed,  
In dark wild woods of Pain."*

She sings, she sings, our Nightingale,  
She breathes a gracious balm ;  
Her presence breaks the waves of war,  
She smiles them into calm.  
She sings, she sings, our Nightingale,  
Of auld Langsyne and Home ;  
And life grows light, the world grows bright,  
And blood runs rich with bloom.

Day after day her dainty hands  
Make Life's soiled temples clean,  
And there's a wake of glory where  
Her spirit pure hath been.  
At midnight, through that shadow-land,  
Her living face doth gleam ;  
The dying kiss her shadow, and  
The Dead smile in their dream.

Brave Bird of Love, in Life's sweet May,  
She rose up from the feast,  
To shine above our Banner,  
Like God's Angel in the East.  
*"Brave Bird of Life, wave healing wings  
O'er that gray Land o' the Dead ;  
God's heaven lie round you like a shield,  
Earth's blessings on your head."*

The Rose did lift her veil, and blush  
At her Bower-door like a bride :  
The shy brown birds came back with Spring,  
In merry greenwood to hide.

But there she sang, our Nightingale,  
Till War's stern heart grew mild,  
And, nestling in the arms of Peace,  
He slumbered like a Child.

---

## CATHCART'S HILL.

THEY have died, our true and tried, ere our flag  
victorious flew  
O'er the burning battle-hell, we must ride to conquest through.  
But they died, our Glorified ! on the field of their  
renown ;  
And they died when the pride of the Foeman's  
power went down.  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous  
grave!  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, the bravest of the  
Brave.

A wind of death was waving, like a flame, the  
Warrior's plume !  
Stern in his shroud of fire, the Foe glared from his  
burning tomb !  
Victory's shouts were ringing as they flashed from  
out the strife,  
To meet God's angels bringing garlands for the  
Kings of Life.  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave !  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, the bravest of the  
Brave !

Bear them to that grave in a solemn march and  
slow,  
Let Music talk in tears o'er the lost ones lying  
low;  
They will sleep calm and deep when the battle-  
bugles blow;  
And ye shall build their monument when next ye  
meet the Foe!  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave!  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, the bravest of the  
Brave!

We quaff our cup o' the Vintage, and from  
darkened depths arise  
The bubbles, like the tears that plead in Desola-  
tion's eyes;  
Yet there's glory in our grief,—'tis a glory that  
shall grow  
When our sorrow hath no morrow, and 'twas  
centuries ago.  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave!  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, the bravest of the  
Brave!

Bury them on Cathcart's Hill,—their glory from  
its crest  
Shall flame, a Terror to the North, a Watch-fire to  
the West!  
Cross their hands and lay their brands upon the  
martial breast,  
They have won the proud "Well done," lay them  
down to their rest.  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, 'tis a famous grave!  
Bury them on Cathcart's Hill, the bravest of the  
Brave!

THE COALITION AND THE PEOPLE.

O SUFFERING people ! this is not our fight  
 Who called a holy Crusade for the Right !  
 The Despots' bloody game our Tricksters play,  
 And stake our future chance by chance away.  
 Not Whigs ! not Tories ! we want English Souls,  
 Through which there yet reverberates and rolls  
 Some echo of old greatness ; trusty hands  
 To bear our Banner over Seas and Lands.  
 Our good Ship may be driving on the rocks ;  
 We need a Compass, and not Weather-Cocks !  
 We have had Leaders who strode forward all  
 On fire to serve her at their Country's call ;  
 Who did not stoop, till blind, for place or pelf,  
 Their whole life burned a sacrifice of Self !  
 Who faced the spirit of the Storm and Strife  
 And with an upward smile laid down their life.

But now our Leaders are the coward and cold :  
 The Gnomes whose daylight is a gleam of gold ;  
 The Dwarfs who sun them in a Despot's smile ;  
 The Quakers who would set our dear green Isle  
 Spinning their Cotton till the Judgment Hour,  
 With Ocean turning round for Water-power.  
 They pander to this Plunderer of the night ;  
 Confused their little sense of Wrong and Right,  
 And they would bow our England's forehead down  
 Trustfully in his lap to leave her crown ;  
 See her sit weeping where her brave lie dead ;  
 Blood on her raiment, ashes on her head.  
 We cannot leave our Land for watch and ward  
 To those who know not what a gem they guard ;

Who would bind us helpless for the Bird of Blood  
To swoop on ; who would have this famous flood  
Of English Freedom stagnate till it stink,  
While reptiles wriggle in their slimy drink,  
And the frogs reign in darkness ; croak all night,  
And call the Stars false Prophets of the Light.

O darkened hearts in Homesteads desolate !  
O wasted bravery of our vainly great !  
The Flower of Men fall stricken from behind :  
The Knaves and Cowards stab us bound and blind.  
With faces turned from Battle, they went forth :  
We marched with ours flint-set against the North.  
They shuffled lest their feet should rouse the  
dead :

We went with Resurrection in our tread.  
They trembled lest the world might come to blows :  
We quivered for the tug and mortal close.  
They only meant a mild hint for the Czar :  
We would have surfeited his soul with War.  
While they were quenching Freedom's scattered  
fires,

We kindled memories of heroic Sires.  
They'd have this grand Old England cringe and  
pray,  
*" Don't smite me, Kings ; but if you will, you may."*  
We'd make her as in those proud times of old,  
When Cromwell spoke, and Blake's war-thunders  
rolled.

They on the passing powers of Darkness fawn ;  
With warrior-joy we greeted this red Dawn.  
To crowned blood-suckers they would bind us  
slaves,  
We would be free, or sleep in glorious graves.

State-Spiders, Here or There, weave webs alike ;  
These snare the victims, while the others strike.  
The Dwarfs drag our great Banner in the mire :  
We ask for Men to bear it high and higher.  
O stop their fiddling over War's grim revel,  
And pitch them from your shoulders to—the  
Devil.

---

## ALL OVER.

FADES the New Aurora  
That so glorious shone afar ;  
We but saw its fair face smiling  
In the ruddy waves of war.  
The Peace-fool to his pillow  
Now may sneak, and sleep :  
But a glory gone for ever,  
We must weep ; let us weep.

Sleep the buried thunders ;  
Their reverberations cease :  
And the grim old War-God  
Must smile—a painted Peace.  
Wild eyes are mad-house windows  
Of Souls that plead in vain !  
Over their old dark sorrow  
Greeneth the soft spring-rain.

Had we struck for Freedom  
One immortal battle-blow,  
Like the men who rose for England,  
Two hundred years ago,—  
The dead Nations lying  
Where they fought and fell of old,

Would have risen from their prison  
With their buried flags unrolled.

Cowards in the Council !

Heroes in the field !

Is our short sad story

By the blood of Martyrs sealed.

On those lone Crimean ridges

In the night our dead arise ;

Hear the Norland winds come wailing

With their curses, and their cries !

Sublime in all her suffering ;

In the fight so brave !

Poor old England's victories

Bow her to the grave.

And is the world to see her

Low and lonely lie

Chained to her rock, while Tyrants mock,

As they go riding by ?

---

### ENGLAND AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

THERE was a poor old Woman once, a daughter of  
our nation,

Before the Devil's portrait stood in ignorant adora-  
tion.

"*You're bowing down to Satan, Ma'am,*" said some  
Spectator civil :

"*Ah, Sir, it's best to be polite, for we may go to  
the Devil.*"

Bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.



So England hails the Saviour of Society, and will  
tarry at

His feet, nor see her Christ is he who sold him,  
cursed Iscariot.

By grace of God, or sleight of hand, he wears the  
royal vesture,

And at thy throne, Divine Success! we kneel with  
reverent gesture,

And bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

O when the Sun is over us, we venerate the sun-  
light ;

But when Eclipse is over it, we venerate the dun-  
light.

No matter what is uppermost, upon All-fours we  
revel,

And when Hell triumphs over Heaven—conciliate  
the Devil,

And bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to  
bow.

Ah, Louis, had you come to us despised and re-  
jected,

You might have gone to—Coventry, unnoticed  
and neglected :

But as you've done one Nation so, and left another  
undone,

We kiss you Sire at Windsor—crown you more  
than king in London,

And bow, bow, bow :

We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to  
bow.

Our Idol's hands are red with blood, with blood  
his eyes are sodden,  
But we know 'tis only guilty blood which he has  
spilt and trodden !  
He wears the imperial purple now, that plotting  
Prince of evil ;  
He lets us share his glory if we bow down to the  
Devil ;  
And we bow, bow, bow :  
We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to  
bow.

With hand to hilt, and ear to earth, waits Revolution,  
breathless,  
To catch the resurrection-sound of Liberty the  
deathless !  
We see no Danger hug us round—no Sword hang  
o'er us gory,  
While to this mocking Mirage in the sunset of our  
glory  
We bow, bow, bow :  
We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to  
bow.

Back, back, you foolish Peoples, slink into your  
weeping places,  
Quench Freedom's torch in tears, and put her light  
out in your faces :  
The heart of England beats no more to the old  
heroic level ;  
The poor old Woman bows before her Portrait of  
the Devil.  
Bow, bow, bow :  
We may go to the Devil, so it's just as well to bow.

## THE OLD FLAG.

AN Emperor babbled in his dreams,—  
Ne'er sleeps the secret in his soul,—  
“*The Lion is old, and ready he seems  
To draw my Chariot to its goal.*”  
With awful light the Lion's eye  
Began to flame—sublime he stands!  
With looks that make the Tyrant try  
To hide his bloody hands.  
Thank God, the advancing tide is met!  
Thank God, the Old Flag's flying yet.

We love our Native Land and Laws,  
And He would rather we did not!  
We are Conspirators because  
We are in our little green grass plot!  
But let him follow up his frown,  
Marshal his Myriads for the blow;  
Those who are doomed to drown must drown,  
The rest we take in tow!  
In Cherbourg's sight their Gallows set  
Beside the Old Flag flying yet.

Our Ghost of Greatness hath not fled  
At-crowing of the Gallic Cock;  
A foreign Despot's heel shall tread  
No print upon our English rock.  
Here Freedom by the Lion grand  
Sits safe, and Una-like doth hold  
Him gently with her gentle hand;  
And long as Seas enfold,  
High on our topmost heights firm-set,  
We keep her Old Flag flying yet.

To Freedom we must aye be true ;  
Our England must be Freedom's home ;  
For sake of our dead Darlings who  
Went heavenward crowned with martyrdom.  
'Twas She who made us what we are,  
Throned on our Sea-cliffs gray and grand ;  
Great image of majestic care ;  
Fair Bride of Fatherland !  
We do but pay the filial debt  
To keep her Old Flag flying yet.

This little Isle is Freedom's Bark  
That rideth in a perilous path :  
Around us one wide sea of dark  
That beats and breaks in stormy wrath.  
The Despots drove poor Freedom forth,  
By bloody footprints tracked her road ;—  
And Homeless, Homeless, else on earth  
She takes to her Sea-abode !  
She turns on us her eyes tear-wet ;  
Ah, keep the Old Flag flying yet.

Statesmen have drawn back meek and mute,  
Or pardon begged from bullying foes,  
Whene'er a Military boot  
Was stamped upon retreating toes.  
They shrink to hear Him at our gates,  
This ominous thing of gloom and gore,  
Though Revolution for him waits  
At Danger's every door.  
But little do we heed his threat !  
We keep the Old Flag flying yet.

Over the praying Peoples rolled  
The dark tide, and we helped them not.

Yet on our lifted hands, behold,  
We cry, behold no bloody spot !  
This famous people's heart is sound,  
It fights for all that bleed and smart ;  
We—banned above—meet underground,  
Meet in a touch of heart.  
We cannot our old fame forget ;  
We keep the Old Flag flying yet.

We have a true and tender clasp  
For Freedom's friends where'er their home,  
And for her foes as grim a grasp,  
No matter when or whence they come.  
We like that gay light-hearted France  
That into stormy splendour breaks,  
When its brave music for the dance  
Of Death the battle makes ;  
And foot to foot would proudly set  
To keep the Old Flag flying yet.

But what is France ? this cruel Power  
That builds above her martyred dead,  
Whose spirits thicken hour by hour  
The air about its doomèd head ?  
This Death-in-Life throned on the grave,  
That in the darkness waits its prey ?  
Like Coral-workers 'neath the wave,  
It dies on reaching day.  
The Sun of France hath not thus set,  
But, keep the Old Flag flying yet.

France, who hath stood erect and first,  
Will not lie latest in the dust :  
Ere long her breath of scorn will burst  
This bubble blown of bloody lust.

Quietly, quietly turns the tide,  
And when this shore lies black and bare,  
There shall be no more sea to hide  
The Wrecker's secrets there.  
Our lot is cast, our task is set,  
To keep the Old Flag flying yet.

Save him ! this Burglar of the night  
Broke into Freedom's sacred shrines !  
This Lie uncrowned whene'er the light  
Of merciless next morning shines !  
This terror of a land struck dumb,  
Who fed the Furies with brave blood !  
We cannot save him when they come  
For his. Not if we would.  
Too slippery is the hand blood-wet !  
Ah, keep the Old Flag flying yet.

The Tyrant sometimes waxeth strong  
To drag a fate more fearful down :  
He veileth Justice who ere long  
Shall see Eternal Justice frown.  
The Kings of Crime from near and far  
Shall come to crown him with their crown ;  
Under the Shadow of Doom his Star  
Will redden, and go down.  
And day shall dawn when it hath set ;  
Ah, keep the Old Flag flying yet.

Leaves fall, but lo ! the young buds peep !  
Flowers die and still their seed shall bloom ;  
From death the quick young life will leap  
When Spring comes breathing by the tomb.

And though their graves are hushed, in stern  
Heroic dream the dead men lie !  
To God their still white faces turn :  
The Murdered do not die.  
Will God the Martyrs' seed forget ?  
No. Keep the Old Flag flying yet.

This triumph of the Spoken word  
Is well, my England, but give heed,  
The World leans on thee as a Sword  
For Freedom in her battle-need.  
Star of a thousand battles red,  
Be thou the Beacon of the Free !  
Turn round thy luminous side, and shed  
God's light o'er land and sea.  
Through floods, or flames, or bloody sweat,  
Keep thou the Old Flag flying yet.

The splendid shiver of brave blood  
Is thrilling through our England now !  
She who so often hath withstood  
The Tyrants, lifts her brightened brow.  
God's precious charge we proudly keep  
In circling arms of victory !  
With Freedom we shall live, or sleep  
With our dear Dead who are free.  
God forget us when we forget  
To keep the Old Flag flying yet.

---

## ENGLAND AND LOUIS NAPOLEON.

MAY, 1859.

MAJESTIC Mother ! Thine was not a brow  
To bend, and blindly take a tinsel Crown  
From hands like His. Thy glorious Sons have won  
More crowns than thou canst wear, though all the  
year

A fresh one glistened daily. These are crowns  
Untarnishable by the breath of scorn !  
The crowns that never can be melted down  
And minted for the market. Thine was not  
A soul to wear the fetters that made fast  
His stolen throne to him, and gracefully  
To drape the Imperial Purple round, and hide  
The blood that splashed there, red till Judgment  
Day.

He stole on France, deflowered her in the night,  
Then tore her tongue out lest she told the tale ;  
And Statesmen called him friend, and proudly held  
Our Banner over him, while moneyed worldlings,  
So pleased they knew not on which leg to stand,  
Went on their knees, and worshipped his success,—  
So prostrate in their souls, so prone in dust,  
They saw not how the feet were only clay,  
For all the golden Image ; they forgot  
How meanest reptiles crawl up tallest towers.

Our England is long-suffering, and slow  
Of judgment, lulled by seeming to the last.  
And they are busy dreaming their dark dreams,  
While she is sleeping sound in trustful peace.  
'Tis well for thee, my Country, when the day  
Breaks, thou canst never match them in the dark !



Thine eyes are blind where Birds of night see best.  
 But instinct, that Veiled Prophet of the Soul,  
 Flashes up, startled from its seeing trance,  
 As though God's hand had touched it while we  
 slept.

There's some invisible danger drawing near,  
 That hath not taken shape yet, but it comes.  
 The still small voice cries wake, my Country, wake,  
 And sleep no more while that Man's in the world.  
 The treacherous dealer will deal treacherously;  
 The lawless Power is still above all Law!  
 The Foe that cometh at the dead of night  
 May find the Goodman slumbering with the arms  
 Too rusted on the walls. Make the Sword sharp;  
 Watch warily, you lookers from the hill!  
 Arm every rampart, rock, and tower of Right,  
 And arm the people; thus, securely armed,  
 We may sit safe and hold the hands of War  
 In ours, he cannot strike us for the time.

Once more the War-wave surges gaily out  
 From Paris with its gallant armaments,  
 In music's pomp, and bannered pride, and dance  
 Of life light-hearted, and light-headed crests.  
 The Ghost of Buonapartè hath broken loose  
 With Ruin's lighted torch half hidden in  
 The Devil's own dark lanthorn. We shall see  
 The night-side of Napoleon, as he tracks  
 His old earth foot-prints black with rusted blood.  
 Alas for Italy! the Storm of War  
 From its fire-mountain throne sweeps burning down,  
 Its purple lava-mantle trails behind,  
 Embracing all and blasting all it folds.  
 A sea of soldiery breaks over her;

Her fair face darkens in the shadow of Swords ;  
Destruction drives his ploughshare through her soil,  
But will he turn her old lost Jewel to light ?  
Another crop of young heroic life  
Is ready for the Reaper ; it springs fast  
In such a land, so watered, with such blood.

Poor Fools ! this Despot turned Deliverer is  
A sneaking Cutpurse, not a Cutthroat grand,  
Like him that lifted up a Sword of fire,  
Whose flashes frightened nations, and went forth,  
A prairie-flame consuming men as grass :  
How dazzlingly his beacon-star that danced  
From crown to crown did shine above the lands  
He covered with his purple and his pall !  
He stormed the dizziest heights, and there he stood  
In sanguine glory ! Like a Battle-God  
Ruling the strife with face of marble calm !  
The eyes of Heaven that look down on us with  
The earnestness of all eternity,  
Saw our old world turn blood-red mirroring Him !  
Napoleon dilated till he filled  
The vision of France instead of Liberty.  
And such the glamour of his grandeur, She  
Knew not which Image crowned the Column lifted  
A heaven above her, in her love and worship.  
But this Man leads her eyeless, blind in blood.  
He bears a Burglar's Bludgeon, not a Sword :  
Great Oath-breaker, and not World-Victor He.

How far the tide may flood, how quick return  
With wreck and ruin for its freights home,  
We know not, nor how soon the nether pit  
May open and stern Nemesis rise up  
For vengeance infinitely terrible !

As in the grim Norse myth Loke lieth bound  
 Down at the heart o' the world, so Tyranny keeps  
 A potent spirit fettered underground,  
 And o'er it hangs a Serpent horrible,  
 With eyes through which all hell crowds up to see  
 The poison-fire spit in that Spirit's face ;  
 In straining waves it writhes along to squeeze  
 Its soul of venom into every drop :  
 And there sits Wife-like Patience at the side,  
 Catching the poison till her cup will hold  
 No more, and she must empty it. Ah then  
 The poison burns ! and with one great heart-heave  
 That Spirit's bonds are burst ! an Earthquake's  
 born.

These Despots do but throw with loaded dice ;  
 They lose or win by other will than theirs !  
 A Goddess blind leads worshippers as blind.  
 Henceforth we have no part in this man's lot,  
 No faith in him ; he goes his way, we ours :  
 If we were true to him we must be false  
 To all our dearest deeds and noblest dreams !  
 We are no close-chained Mob for one to walk  
 Over our heads, and kiss the feet that tread !  
 Our welding oneness binds up all our wounds,  
 And one heart and one breath make healing life.  
 We trust in God, and mean to hold our own.  
 We are not stainless ; there are wrongs on wrongs  
 Crying for Right ! the patient heavens have looked  
 On many a failing sadly ! England's Star  
 Hath winked on many a crime, and through the  
 gloom  
 Suffering still doggeth Sin, to strike at last.  
 May God forgive us, we are apt to grow

Unmindful of our blessings, and forget  
That this is England, and forget how He  
Hath wrought for England ; that the sacred Ark  
Rests on this Ararat ; we dare not face  
The world with that same faith we dare profess  
Kneeling to God. And so at times we need  
A hint from Heaven, and these are often stern.  
May God forsake not England, but in need  
Look smilingly upon her !

We at least  
Will never run beside this Tyrant's car  
Of triumph, glorying in the dust we raise !  
Our voice at least shall cry aloud his fall,  
Though but a lonely trumpet in the night,  
And spare not him who plots against us all.

O Statesmen, ye who lead this noble land,  
May you prove wise and worthy ! Great good  
Men,

With hearts that beat to high heroic measures,  
And strength still equal to the sternest time ;  
With faith to fight and patience to work on,  
Still knowing these live longer than a Lie !  
The pyramid of our power is not complete  
Until it touches heaven for its crown !  
And if the Bloody Star should turn this way  
Its red eye of destruction, fierce to see  
The pride and prowess of our might go down  
With England for funereal pyre ; then give  
No quarter to the foes that aim at us !  
Through fire and foam flash on them, and strike  
home  
Like Lightnings of the Lord ! fuel the flames  
Of Battle with the Revolution's wrecks

That drift upon our shores. In Tyrant-land  
 A young Deliverer lies a-dream, and sees  
 Such splendours in his vision only eyes  
 When veiled can look on! tell him the time's  
 come!

He will arise and stretch his hand and snatch  
 The Sword. It will be Resurrection Day!  
 The Tyrant's fortresses and palaces  
 Built with the Headsman's scaffold will dissolve;  
 The piles of ghastly, gory heads shall turn  
 To flaming-sworded Spirits! the dry bones  
 Will stir and rise up, and the Dead shall live.

You Lovers of our England, do but look  
 On this dear Country over whose fair face  
 God drooped a bridal veil of tender mist,  
 That she might keep her beauty virginal,  
 And He might see her through a softer glory;  
 So very meek and reverent doth she stand  
 Within this shadow soft of Love Divine,  
 More lovable, and not as brighter lands  
 Whose bolder beauty stares up in heaven's face.  
 Look on her now, this jewel of the world,  
 Set in that marriage-ring of circling sea!  
 She smiles upon her Image in its calm,  
 Like some proud Ship that floateth in its shadow.  
 And as a happy Lover clasps his Bride,  
 The fond Sea folds her round, and his brimmed life  
 Runs rippling to her inmost heart of hearts,  
 Until it swims a-flood with happiness;  
 And all the waters of her love leap back  
 To him exultant from a thousand hills.  
 From his salt virtue comes her northern sweetness.  
 How his rough kisses make her roses bloom!

Once in his roused wrath he lifted up  
A mighty Armada in his arms, and dashed  
It into sea-drift at his Mistress' feet.  
And still he threatens with his voice of storms  
The plots of all Invaders ; still he keeps  
Eternal watch around. How proud in peace,  
The wild white horses rear and foam along  
And bring to her the Harvests of the world !  
How grand in war they bear her battle-line  
In strength half-smiling, perfect Power crowned  
With careless grace, which seemeth to all eyes  
The plume of Triumph nodding as it goes ;  
For visible victory sits upon her brow,  
And shines upon her sails.

See where She sits  
Holding at heart her noble dead, and nursing  
Her living Children on the old brave virtue ;  
Wearing the rainy radiance of the morning,  
With silver sweetness swimming in her tears,  
Feeling the glory rippling down from heaven,  
With smiles from all her wild flowers, her green  
leaves,  
And nooks where Old Times live their Shepherd  
ways.

We cannot count her heroes who lay down  
In quiet graveyards when their work was done ;  
But mound on mound they rise all over the land  
To bar a Tyrant's path, and make his feet  
To stumble like the blind man among tombs.  
Her brave dead make our earth heroic dust ;  
Their spirit glitters in our England's face  
And makes her shine, a Star in blackest night,  
Calm at her heart, and glory round her head.  
We think of all who fought, and who are now

Immortals in the heaven of her love ;  
 The Martyrs who have made of burning wrongs  
 Their fiery chariot, and gone up to God ;  
 The saintly Sorrows that now walk in white ;  
 Till faces bloom like battle-Banners flushed  
 All over with most glorious memories.  
 We are a Chosen People ; Freedom wears  
 Our English Rose for her peculiar crest,  
 Whoso dares touch it bleeds upon the thorn !  
 It may be that the time will come again  
 For one more desperate struggle to the death.  
 The eye of Evil on our England looks  
 With snaky sparkle still. It may be they  
 Will rouse the old Berserkir rage, and make  
 The vein of wrath throb livid on her brow,  
 And wake the grim Norse War-dog in her blood,  
 Until she springs afloat upon the sea  
 Like an Immortal white-winged on the air,  
 The joy of swiftness lightning through her veins.

Thrice hath our England swept the Seas, and  
 cleared

Her Ocean-path, the Highways of the world,  
 And will again if Robbers lie in wait.  
 She hath stood fast when towering Nations hurled  
 In one vast wave their culminating power !  
 Through all that harvest-day of bloody death,  
 They charged in vain, and dashed upon the edge  
 Of her red sword, and fell, at Waterloo !  
 We kept the shamble-slopes of Inkerman !  
 Through blood and fire and gloom of Indian War  
 We swam the Red Sea, and rode out the storm !  
 So shall we hold our own dear land with all  
 The old unvanquished soul, and we shall see

Their changing Empires shift like sand around  
The Island Rock, the footstool of the Lord,  
Where Freedom also lays her head, and rest  
In calm or storm the best hopes of a world.

Ah, let the Peacemen preach, but let our Peace  
Be Peace white-robed and not white-livered Peace ;  
Be Right victorious, not triumphant Wrong !  
These pallid Peacemen are to true men what  
Our world might be without its Iron Ore ;  
But never may the grand old bravery die.  
No, no ! we must not let the death-fires dance  
Along our heights with their funereal flames,  
As Hell had thrust up many red-hot tongues  
To get its lap of gore when earth is drenched.  
Our green fields shall not blush in blood for us !  
We will not let them pluck the old land down  
To throne them in her seat ; they must not wear  
The Crown she raced for round the world and won.  
Our Country has a name and fame might fill  
The eyes of Hate and Envy with tame tears ;  
And they shall never lay her low while we  
Are true to her in heart and head and hand.  
And all who come in peace will find a home,  
And all who come in war a mouthful of  
Our dust in death, and Sea-beach for a grave.

Great starry thoughts grow luminous in the dark ;  
The Bird of Hope soars singing overhead !  
We cannot fear for England, we can die  
To do her bidding, but we cannot fear :  
We who have heard her thunder-rol of deeds  
Reverberating through the centuries ;  
By battle fire-light had the stories told ;  
We who have seen how proudly she prepared



For sacrifice, how radiantly her face  
 Flashed when the Bugle blew its bloody sounds,  
 And bloody weather fluttered her old Flag ;  
 We who have seen her with the red heaps round ;  
 We who have known the mightiest Powers dashed  
 back

Broken from her impregnable sea-walls ;  
 We who have learned how in the darkest hour  
 The greatest light breaks out, and in the time  
 Of trial she reveals her noblest strength ;  
 We do not, will not, cannot fear for Her,  
 We who have felt her big heart beat in ours.

Hail to Thee, Mother of Nations ! mighty yet  
 To strive, or suffer, and give overthrow !  
 For all the Powers of nature fight for thee.  
 Spirits that sleep in glory shall awake,  
 Come down and drive thy Car of victory  
 Over thine enemies' necks. Thy past renown  
 Shall turn to future strength. Long will they wait  
 Who privily lurk to stab thee when the Night  
 Shall cover all in darkness.

Dear old Land,  
 Thy shining glories are no Sunset gleams,  
 But clouds that kindle round some great new  
 Dawn!

---

LOUIS NAPOLEON :—"À BERLIN."

BECAUSE his Dream so gloomily dips  
 His Soul in the shadow of coming Eclipse,  
 With a tremulous clutch the Sword he grips !

Because the Crown felt loose on his head,  
And his Throne grew shaky, once more he would  
tread  
Secure with his foot on the face of the dead.

Because the flash of the breakers by night  
Showed him Destruction so near that the white  
Of its eyes made sick the Seer's sight!

Because the Heavens waxed weary of him,  
Oceans of innocent blood must brim,  
That his poor little Lad might be learning to  
swim!

Because his Boy needed Baptism of fire,  
There is service of hell in a Funeral Pyre  
Of Towns aflame with its heavenward spire!

Because he had Murder's new Toy to try,  
A hundred thousand men must die;  
We hold our breath as the *Doomed* goes by,

Dark with the shadow of fate on his soul;  
And the storm-winds rise, and the war-clouds  
roll—  
Avengers that hurry him on to his goal!

If he saw what I see, that Dreamer gone fey  
Would double himself in the dust to pray.  
Napoleon! this is the Judgment Day!

---

## MÖLTKE'S PROMISE.

If only fourteen days are mine  
To make all ready, I know  
The French will never see our Rhine  
And we shall take their rhino ;  
Napoleon will strike too late,  
And ere his Fête-day meet his fate,  
That will not tarry though he wait !

---

## THE MITRAILLEUSE AT SAARBRÜCKEN.

WHAT sound was that we heard ? great God of  
Battles !  
It was the Empire having the death-rattles.

---

## A GRAVE ERROR.

HE trampled Freedom underfoot ;  
Amid her murdered dead struck root ;  
He made their tomb his place of trust !  
And now the blood hath turned to rust ;  
The Dead men crumble into dust :  
His power sinks in that burial-place,  
And He is caught in their embrace !

---

## THE FAITH OF THE PHILISTINE.

THE great Deceiver finds himself deceived :  
France's bereaver is of France bereaved :  
And England, half converted by his fall,  
Thinks there's a God who governs after all !  
This is the faith o' the British Philistine ;  
Failure is damnable ; Success divine.

---

## PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE MEN.

You Seven Wise Men of Gotham, who could vote  
That England in your bowl must sink or float,  
You sorely need a Tonic of Cold Steel,  
Who to the Beasts of Prey for Peace would kneel !  
Malingerers who can basely maim the might  
Of Manhood, and would rather die than fight.  
The fear, for Self, makes Cowards, for others,  
bold:  
And love of Country's sapped by lust of Gold.

You, poor white-livered bastards of our race  
To rouse some English colour in your face,  
Must you on either coward cheek be smitten,  
Or have the blood fetched back to them flea-bitten ?  
Gnash your pale lips for shame ! and let the bite  
For a moment hide the coward out of sight.  
Alas ! nor bite would bring, nor blow could start,  
True English blood where there is none at heart.

But, we are Peacemen, also ; crying for  
Peace, peace, at any price—though it be War !  
We must live free, at peace, or each man dies  
With death-clutch fast for ever on the prize.

---

## THE SECOND EMPIRE.

It had not life enough to die at last,  
Nor weight enough to fall ; it simply passed :  
A Shadow great calamity had cast.

Gone, like a dance of gnats from sunset streams !  
We saw it, with these eyes ; and now it seems  
Dim as a fragment of forgotten dreams.

A mist of blood, it rose up in the night ;  
A mist of glamour blurred the common light ;  
A mist of lies, it vanishes from sight.

For Eighteen years we watched where'er life  
    stirred ;  
Waited and listened, but we never heard  
God speak. It went without a warning word !

One flash of Heaven ; and all the Pageantry  
Of Cloudland crumbles ; all the Ephemeræ flee  
From the still presence of Eternity !

One ray of risen Liberty hath shone,  
And like a name writ in the Sighs breathed on  
A Prison Window-pane, the Empire's gone.

---

## A PLEA FOR THE REPUBLIC.

You have delivered our afflicted earth  
Of that Napoleonic After-birth,  
Begot of horrible rape and hideous wrong,  
With which abortion France hath travailed  
long ;  
But do not bleed to death a gallant nation  
Suffering the *Cæsarean operation* !

Burn out of earth all record of *his* hand :  
Right to the soul of us efface the brand !  
Let all men see that Paris hath arisen  
To erect her throne on ruins of her prison !  
Each beauty blast that decked her as his Slave ;  
But do not bury us in the Empire's grave.

You came with Resurrection in your tread !  
Was it for Second death you woke the dead ?  
You rolled the Gravestone of the Soul away,  
Is it to thrust us deeper from the day,  
Because you were so wronged, while we were  
bound  
Blind in a dungeon, worse than underground ?

His Slaves, his Hirelings, shouted for the war,  
But we went chained to Cæsar's battle-car ;  
Dumb for the sacrifice, were safely gagged,  
And in his dust-cloud to the conflict dragged.  
We voted " Yes," but that the Tyrant knew  
Meant liberty at home, not war with you.

Ah, do not bid our young Republic die !  
Now you have rooted out the cancerous Lie,  
And freed us from the curse that drained our  
    blood  
And spirit more than all your battle could ;  
Do not put out our struggling, only light,  
Whereby we still distinguish wrong from right.

We offer you a Conquest, loftier yet  
Than any you have reached with hands red-wet ;  
Or any you can win, e'en though we stood  
And slew and slew till both were blind with  
    blood ;  
Our little fields made one vast heaving tomb ;  
All heaven one black pall of smoking gloom.

O, Men ! is it not shame enough that we  
Have suffered wrongs so great, so helplessly :  
So past all common signs of wrong for years  
Of wrong too deep for words—too stern for tears ?  
Think how we were betrayed by Him who hath  
    made  
Our streets straight ; cleared them for your Can-  
    nonade !

We can but rise up from the dust to kneel ;  
Trying to gain our feet once more we feel  
What hurts we got when down—knocked out of  
    breath,  
Kneeled on, heart-crushed, and knuckled nigh to  
    death ;  
As some poor Madman, who hath dropped and  
    swooned,  
Is maimed where none can see his mortal wound.

Be generous, Germans ! we will take the print  
Of kindness deeper than the fierce sword-dint ;  
A wounded Nation watches—waits to see  
The advent of your Red-cross Chivalry :  
As the dark spirit of the passing Storm  
Springs up divine, and lo ! the Rainbow's form !

We hail you, Brothers, who have broke our bands ;  
As Brothers we stretch forth to you our hands :  
Brothers beside you we would freely march  
In peace, beneath glad heaven's triumphal arch :  
As Brothers we have Our great part to play  
When Kings and Emperors have passed away !

---

#### LOUIS NAPOLEON AND SOME COCKNEY WORKING-MEN.

SLAVES that make Tyrants recognize their own.  
Safe at the heart of you they have their Throne  
And wave the Banner that will not go down ;  
Your blindness is an everlasting Crown ;  
The self-forged fetters of the Soul are yours ;  
You make a Dungeon of all Out-of-doors !

Your mind is just the mould that will re-cast  
The Image God—the great Iconoclast—  
For ever breaks. The Tyrant lifted o'er ye  
Is but the Slave's own self seen in its glory,  
And this Man, most abjectly fallen, will  
Be Emperor of Snobs and Flunkeys still.



The Seaweed on our shore's securely tossed,  
But there's a Nation wrecked. What of the Lost?  
Poor France, that from the Imperial fetters freed,  
Tears at her flesh they chafed so till it bleed,  
France must be smelted in the fires of War,  
To rid her of His image stamped on her,—  
He, who coined her in his likeness, sealed her  
shame,  
Branding her with his features and his name.

This is your Hero! let me ope your dim  
Dust-blinded eyes, for one true look at him!

To conquer Europe, bid all fears to cease,  
As Emperor he proclaimed his Empire Peace.  
The Eagle that he mounted was the tame  
Dirt-draggled fowl of Boulogne; not the same  
Old Bird of glory, with its wings of flame,  
That perched on all the Pinnacles of Fame.

And yet, 'tis at your peril you believe  
Those who are truthful only to deceive!  
He found a troubled world would doubt his word.  
At length—full length—he drew the famous sword  
Of France—Napoleon's sword. *Ex-calibre!*  
To prove, in deed, the Empire was not War:  
Then flung away its scabbard: rushed to meet  
The Foe, and—laid the weapon at his feet.  
From *Coup d'État* to *Coup de Grâce* you see  
The Empire was *not* War—'twas Butchery.

Nature but made him a Conspirator,  
Not General. She is answerable for  
A great empiric: not an Emperor.

He should have kept his secret safe and far  
From the stern lightning-eyes of searching  
War.

His place was not the front of battle, where  
In slaying one another men play fair ;  
Safe in the rear it was his rôle to stand,  
With dagger and dark-lantern in his hand,  
And strike at unarmed captives from behind,  
And only strike at such as he could bind.  
He should have throttled France again by night  
Quietly, while she slept, without a fight !  
Behind his Mitraillease he might have slunk,  
And massacred once more with soldiers drunk.  
Why come forth in the light to let us see  
The immeasurable incapacity ?  
Why drop the midnight mask, knowing so well  
His nothingness if not inscrutable ?  
Why daze himself by day—look like a stark-  
Blind fool—with such a genius for the dark ?

He must not be stamped out, now he is down,  
Even though the Sword, into the War-scale thrown,  
Be followed by his Sceptre and his Crown.  
He must not slink from sight !

When he is dead,  
Take him, O Earth ! like those half-buried  
And wholesale-murdered in Montmartre, with head  
Exposed, to be identified with dread.  
Outside Time's travelling Show, let him be seen  
As Fieschi on the throne, with his Machine,  
Firing at Freedom—grinding on that grim  
Gun-barrel-organ, tuned to war by him,—  
Making infernal music for the dance  
Of Death : the flight in which he led poor France.

A figure so grotesque, such cause must give  
For horror, as will earn its right to live !

And You, who are supposed our blood to share,  
Unworthy of the English name you bear,  
You mob his gates, you wag the tail, and stand,  
Proud to be patted by him, and lick his hand ;  
Lickspittles (He *was* spat forth by his land),  
Mouth-watering with the slaver of the slave !  
(A different licking German freemen gave).

Good friend of France ? He made her flourish ? So  
Heat without light will make the fungi grow ;  
He puffed her up as creatures of decay  
Raise the Oak-galls that eat the life away.  
He sapped her, made her rotten to the root,  
And, at the breath of War, down fell the fruit.  
Good friend of England he could never be  
Who was born-natural foe to Liberty.  
Get up, go home, be henpecked by your Wives  
And sat on the remainder of your lives ;  
The "*evil*" that you suffer from is such  
As is not cured by any Royal touch.  
If Hell grew sick, and heaved the Devil out,  
Fools, on all-fours, like you, would fawn and shout  
Congratulations on his glorious reign,  
And wish him joy in making Hell again.

---

## THE TWO NAPOLEONS.

*ONE* shook the world with Earthquake. Like a fiend  
He sprang exultant—all hell following after !  
The *Other*, in burst of bubble and whiff of wind,  
Shook the world too,—with laughter !

The *One* out-wearied winged Victory !  
So swift he went, his Spirit would out-fly her ;  
The *Other* wore her out with waiting ; he  
So failed to keep up by her !

*One* bitted France like some wild beast ; and when  
He had mounted, reined and rode until he  
tamed it ;  
The *Other* threw it down by stealth, and then  
Most infamously maimed it.

The *First* at least a splendid Meteor shone !  
The *Second* fizzed and fell, an aimless rocket ;  
Kingdoms were pocketed for France by one,  
The other picked her pocket.

Such as it was, Napoleon gave her all  
The dazzle of his glory to bedeck her !  
The other spread his gloom for a funeral Pall,  
Like Glory's Undertaker.

That showed the Sphinx in front, with Lion-paws,  
Cold lust of death in the sleek face of her,—  
This the turned, cowering tail and currish claws,  
And hindermost disgrace of her.

In the eyes of France, one shook down showers of  
stars

As jewels for her breast; this breaks her  
heart—a

Vain dream to think of Buonapartè's Wars  
Without your Buonapartè.

One took the World as 'twere his natural throne,  
And God Himself had crowned him at its portal;  
But for this Second-Hand Napoleon  
The Lie had been immortal.

That *was* a living thing, whose Shadow made  
The heart of Nations shiver; *This* was never  
More than the shadow of a Dead man's Shade  
The world shakes off for ever.



## THE ABOLITIONIST TO HIS BRIDE.

SAD I come for thy caresses, bonny bride, bonny  
bride,

For my nestling brow is bound with crown of  
thorn ;

And the more thy leal heart presses, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

Is thy true and tender bosom pierced and torn.

I have gloomed thy girlish gladness, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

Made thee tearful in thy Wifehood's dewy  
dawn,

Given thy voice a soul of sadness, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

Set thy dainty cheek's ripe beauty waxing wan.

The wild light of 'wilder'd sorrows, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

Is the lustre that comes flashing to thine eyes,  
As of hopes that know no morrows, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

Or from sunken suns that set no more to rise.

My poor heart hath put on mourning, bonny bride  
bonny bride,

For the death of sweet and saintly Liberty ;

It was down the Traitor's Turning, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

That they smote her in the Country of the Free.

Where the Ark of Freedom rested, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

When the May-Flower rode out bravely o'er the  
Flood ;

Where the Bird of Freedom nested, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

In the land our Fathers bought with precious  
blood.

They have broken every promise, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

False as hell to League, and Covenant, and  
vow ;—

Torn the Babes of Freedom from us, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

' Grim as Herod ! and like Herod they shall bow.

In the mire our Banner's trailing, bonny bride,  
bonny bride ;

It but symbols bloody stripes and bitter tears,  
To a world of Tyrants hailing, bonny bride, bonny  
bride,

And a world of Slaves that groans, a Hell that  
cheers.

Our good Bark is heavily wearing, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

And the hungry sharks they track us through  
the sea,

With their cruel keen eyes glaring, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

For the burial of embalmèd Liberty.

How the darkness round us presses, bonny bride,  
bonny bride!

By the dying watch-fire hearts sit dark and  
dumb;

And we strain and make blind guesses, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

Of the morning and the morrow that shall come.

O, 'twill be a fearful waking, bonny bride, bonny  
bride,

Should the faces of our Brothers dawn in view,  
With the light above us breaking, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

And the earth beneath us wet with crimson  
dew.

We are weak, and win derision, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

All too weak to crush the Serpents that we  
clasp;

But I see in solemn vision, bonny bride, bonny  
bride,

The young Heroes who shall kill them in their  
grasp.

See the Flag of Freedom dancing, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

On the Fortresses and Ruins of old  
Wrong—

See the Slave's proud eyes up-glancing, bonny  
bride, bonny bride,

With the heart that breaks no more, save into  
song.



See the hills of earth that whiten, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

With the feet of angels coming down to men !  
See the homes of earth that brighten, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

With the beautiful that vanished, come again.

There's a long road, wild and dreary, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

Through the winding ways of Sorrow's Wilder-  
ness !

And a-many will fall weary, bonny bride, bonny  
bride,

And but few the honeyed Land of Promise  
press.

Yet we'll battle on with bravery, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

We will battle on as sabbathless as Doom ;  
We shall leave the land of Slavery, bonny bride,  
bonny bride,

And the Victor's wreath will crown the Martyr's  
tomb.

1855.

---

#### AN IMPERIAL REPLY.

'Tis glorious, when the thing to do,  
Is at the supreme instant done !  
We count your first fore-running few  
A thousand men for every one !  
For this true stroke of Statesmanship—  
The best Australian Poem yet—

Old England gives your hand the grip,  
And binds you with a coronet,  
In which the Gold o' the Wattle glows  
With Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.

They talked of England growing old :  
They said she spoke with feeble voice ;  
But hear the virile answer rolled  
Across the world ! Behold her Boys  
Come back to her full-statured Men,  
To make four-square her fighting ranks.  
She feels her youth renewed again,  
With heart too full for aught but " Thanks ! "  
And now the Gold o' the Wattle glows  
With Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.

*" My Boys have come of age to-day,"*  
The proud old Mother smiling said.  
*" They write a brand-new page to-day,*  
*By far-off futures to be read ! "*  
Throughout all lands of British blood,  
This stroke hath kindled such a glow ;  
The Federal links of Brotherhood  
Are clasped and welded at a blow.  
And aye the Gold o' the Wattle glows  
With Shamrock, Thistle, and the Rose.

Sydney, 1885.

---

### THE BOY'S RETURN.

Wives, Mothers, Sweethearts sent  
Their dearest ; waved their own defenders forth ;  
And, fit companions for the bravest, went  
The Boys, to test their manhood, prove their worth

As Sons of those who braved  
All dangers ; to Earth's ends our Flag unfurled,—  
The old Pioneers of Ocean, who have paved  
Our Pathway with their bones around the world !

To-day the City waits,  
Proudly a-thrill with life about to be :  
She welcomes her young warriors in her Gates  
Of Glory, opened to them by the Sea.

Let no cur bark, or spurt  
Defilement, trying to tarnish this fair fame ;  
No Alien drag our Banner through the dirt  
Because it blazons England's noble name.

Upon the lips of Praise  
They lay their own hands, saying—" *We have not*  
*won*

*Great battles for you, nor Immortal bays,*  
*But what your Boys were given to do is done !"*

When Clouds were closing round  
The Island-home, our Pole-star of the North,  
Australia fired her Beacons—rose up crowned  
With a new dawn upon the ancient earth.

For us they filled a cup  
More rare than any we can brim to them !  
The patriot-passion did so lift men up,  
They looked as if each wore the diadem !

Best honours we shall give,  
If to that loftier outlook still we climb ;  
And in our Unborn Children there shall live  
The larger spirit of this great quickening time.

To-day is the Women's day !  
With them there's no more need o' the proud  
disguise

They wore when their young heroes sailed  
away ;  
Soft smiles the dewy fire in loving eyes !

And, when to the full breast,  
O mothers ! your re-given ones you take,  
And in your long embraces they are blest,  
Give them one hug at heart for England's sake—

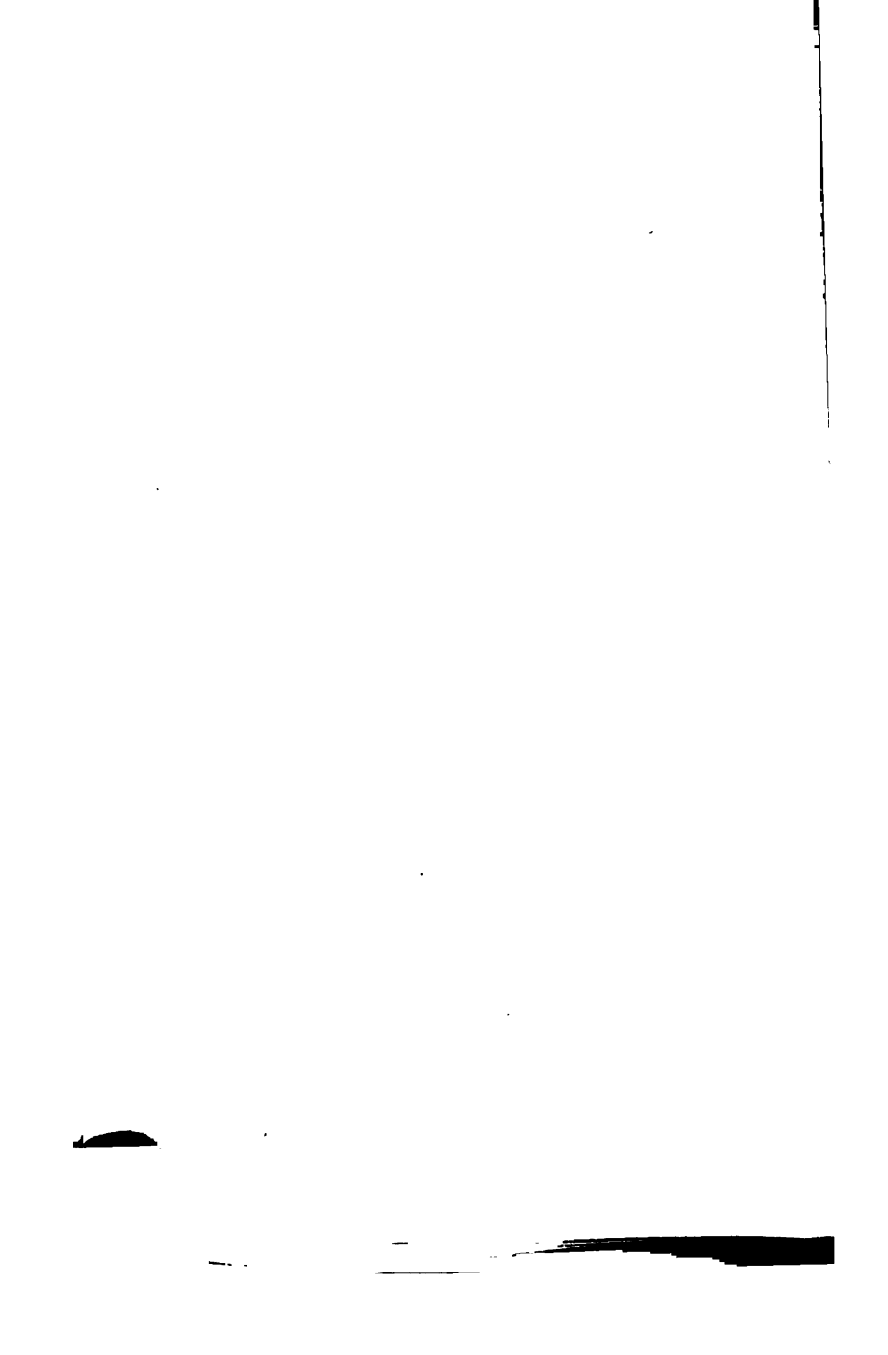
The Mother of us all !  
Dear to us, near to us, though so far apart ;  
For whose defence we are sworn to stand or fall  
In the same battle as Brothers, one at heart :

All one to bear the brunt ;  
All one we move together in the march,  
Shoulder to shoulder ; to the Foe all front,  
The wide world round ; all heaven one Triumph-  
Arch !

One in the war of Mind,  
For clearing earth of all dark Jungle-Powers ;  
One for the Federation of Mankind,  
Who will speak one language, and that language  
ours.

*Sydney, 1885.*

LAST LYRICS.



## WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

THROUGH Centuries did Erin grope  
 In dust and ashes for lost hope ;  
 Or darkly sought around her cave  
 An outlet from a living grave.  
 She sadly strove to tell her wrongs—  
 Grown venerably gray—in songs ;  
 Or looked, with breast too full for speech,  
 Mute at the Heaven beyond her reach.  
 And now she turns to you, MY LAND !  
 Heart-open at your proffered hand :  
 Into a new life's quickening womb,  
 One smile of light transforms her Tomb.

Through Centuries of doubts and fears  
 She drained her Cup of bitter tears ;  
 To the last dregs she drank it up,  
 And now behold an empty Cup !  
 With the forlornest face on earth,  
 And praying hands, she holds it forth—  
 Say, will you fill it with glad wine,  
 Or make it brim again with brine ?  
 Or shall we quaff together instead  
 The cup that blushes a guilty red ?  
 You have your choice ; no time to halt ;  
 OUR HEARTS ARE WITH HER IN REVOLT !

## THE GREAT NEW CAUSE.

PEACE, shall it be? or War to the knife?  
Sentence of Death or freedom for life?  
Is the bloody Vendetta to die away  
As Dawn dis-purpled in clear white day?  
Stand for the Liberation Laws,  
The Grand Old Man and the Great New Cause!

Shall the Mother again be terribly torn,  
That another Abortion may be born?  
Or a nobler Nation struggle forth,  
With the labour-pangs of a larger birth?  
Stand for the Liberation Laws,  
The Grand Old Man and the Great New Cause!

Shall Ireland's Music be always the *Caoine*?  
Our Rose ever seen gory-red on her Green?  
Shall the smoke of her torment ascend on high  
Till Death in that land is our only Ally?  
Stand for the Liberation Laws,  
The Grand Old Man and the Great New Cause!

Shall the pick of a people be driven to roam  
The world for ever in search of a Home,  
Because we are turning their life-giving Land  
Into a Desert of rootless sand?  
Stand for the Liberation Laws,  
The Grand Old Man and the Great New Cause!

"*God save Erin*," is their cry,  
As the Exiles die under every sky!



In praying or cursing, the one cry still ;  
" *God save Erin.*" As surely He will !  
Stand for the Liberation Laws,  
The Grand Old Man and the Great New Cause !

John Bull is awaking at last ; and John,  
They warn us, is pulling his big boots on !  
But we read 'twixt his smile and the gathering  
frown

It isn't for treading the Irish down !  
Stand for the Liberation Laws,  
The Grand Old Man and the Great New Cause !

---

## THE "GRAND OLD MAN."

SHALL the Tie that is binding us be but a Tether—  
Nought but a Fetter between our Lands ?  
All the world waits for your answer, whether  
We govern by Handcuffs or clasping of Hands.  
Be not misled by Promoters of panic ;  
Be not beguiled by the Brummagem plan ;  
Show that your mettle's not falsely Britannic,  
But true in its ring for the Grand Old Man.

We would have England do rightly by others,  
Not wrongly for us, as so long hath been done :  
We would have Irishmen friendly as brothers,  
Bound, if at heart we are wedded and one.  
Close up the Gulf the Fire-Furies have riven !  
While Curtius is with us and leading our van,  
You have but to will and it must be. By heaven,  
It shall be ! Come, follow the Grand Old Man.

Well may they dub him the "*One-man Power*,"  
Standing alone where there's room but for one,  
In his pride of place, like a Mountain Tower  
That catches the rays of a rising Sun !  
We, in the Valley of Final Decision,  
Gather around him as close as we can,  
To see what he sees on his Summit of Vision,  
The Triumph that beckons the Grand Old Man.

Behind us the Darkness of Tyrannies olden  
Still threatens with thunders of impotent wrath ;  
Before us a "Sunburst" the Present makes golden ;  
A smile of the Future shows clearly *our* path.  
Theirs was the Night with its blindness, its sorrow,  
Its riftage of Strife where the red rivers ran ;  
Ours is the Dawn : and a brighter To-morrow  
Shall crown with its glory the Grand Old Man.

---

#### A LEADER !

Up Alma's hill the Ensign went,  
A Boy ! but terribly intent !  
His should be foremost of the Flags,  
Though He and It were shot to rags !  
He looked round only once, to find  
The men for a moment lagged behind.  
"*Bring back the Colours to them !*" cried  
The Colonel. But the Lad replied,  
"*No ! lead you up the men who lag,*  
*Hurry them forward to the Flag !*"

So far ahead Our Ensign leads,  
The laggards tell us he Secedes !  
He could not stay the fight, to say  
Our victory lies the Onward way !  
*" Bring back the Colours to the rear,  
For those who fight the battle there ! "*  
No ! no ! far forward He stands fast,  
First with the Colours, to the last !  
No cry of Laggards will he heed :  
A Leader's duty is to lead.

---

## LOOKING BEFORE AND AFTER.

You say in front our Pitfalls wait  
Agape to engulf us soon or late ;  
And open-eyed we face our fate !

We say **YOUR** Pitfalls lurk behind,  
And, driven backward, you will find  
In falling you must go it blind !

---

## FALSE MARRIAGE OR TRUE UNION ?

You offer what they do not want,  
And what they sue for will not grant.  
We give them **POWER**, that theirs may be  
A real responsibility !  
You talk of Union, while each word  
Is felt as Bludgeon-Sounds are heard,  
When brute Wife-beaters once more try  
To weld with blows Their Wedding-tie !

You prophesy the coming wave  
Will be our dear old England's grave,  
Because you lack the strength of limb  
And length of breath enough to swim !  
You fear for self !—no fear for her !—  
And Fear's a craven counsellor.  
You may go under our high-tide,  
The Deluge that drowns you she can ride !

Lie as you will to circumvent,  
Or trail the herring across the scent,  
No more shall we defend your spoil  
Taken from immemorial toil.  
We will not play Cat's-paw again  
To Filchers monkeying round as men.  
The people set their fellows free ;  
One is the World's Democracy.

Henceforth we must have Government,  
Not by Coercion, but Consent.  
Right shall be done at last to all,  
Even though the Ancient Heavens fall  
On which our Childhood hung its trust.  
New Heavens will rise from their old dust,  
To loftier heights, with larger span,  
And ampler space for grown-up man.

The Torch of Freedom God hath lit,  
Burns upward for the Infinite,  
And through all hindrances it will,  
And must, and shall burn Upward still.  
And all who try to hold the Torch  
Inverted, will to ashes scorch ;  
And all who stay the upward aim  
Shall shrivel like the Fly in flame.

## JOHN BRIGHT.

Thou hast done good work in thy day, John !  
Thou wert foremost in many a fray, John !  
    Thou shouldst have been first to the end.  
But to halt when they sound the advance, John !  
Thou art losing a glorious chance, John !  
    Of dying the People's Friend !

Once thou wert terribly feared, John !  
The enemy spat on the beard, John !  
    Of the Rebel so radical then !  
And to see how they slaver thee now, John !  
Their Model for Statesmen art Thou, John !  
    Their man who art Monarch of men !

'Tis Here and 'tis Now that we test, John !  
All sympathies for the Oppressed, John !  
    Not in far-off lands or the Past.  
'Tis Here and 'tis Now We can give, John !  
New leave for a people to live, John !  
    In a Union with Us that shall last.

But faint hearts have gone far enough, John !  
The road is so long and so rough, John !  
    That many fall out by the way :  
And 'tis dark—for the Stars are withdrawn, John !  
Before we can see the fresh Dawn, John !  
    That brings in the perfectest day.

The fastest of Friends will now fail us, John !  
Worse than our Foes they assail us, John !  
    Like fighters of Parthian mould.

E E

And some have got tired with age, John !  
Yet the Future must turn its new page, John !  
And the People can never grow old.

Thy hand for a parting shake, John !  
Heartily cordial, we take, John !  
If the old ties thou wilt tear.  
But Our battle must still go on, John !  
Victories have to be won, John !  
Though Thou wilt not be with us there.

---

### THE PRIMROSE DAME.

Your Primrose Dame is a likely Lass,  
To wile and wheedle the Working Class  
Of their Votes—her end and aim !  
A vision of beauty, in by-way or street,  
Is the glance of her face, or a glimpse of her feet,—  
When a-foot is the Primrose Dame.

The men used to suffer the brunt of the strife,—  
Kissed the children, Courted the Wife,  
And cured the halt and the lame ;  
But they who once lorded it over the poll  
Now send out the women to cadge and cajole,—  
Pray you pity the Primrose Dame !

We're all of One flesh, at Election time,  
Whether white-powdered or black with grime,—  
Skim-milk, or *Crème de la crème* ;  
Open-armed at your door she knocks,  
Wants to pry into the Ballot-box,  
Does the promising Primrose Dame.

Soliciting Votes, she is not shy,  
Will let you light your pipe at her eye,—  
Kindle your fire with her flame ;  
But beware of the Snare when you see the smile,  
Under the Primrose she can beguile.

'Tis the Beaconsfield Primrose Dame !

*"Refreshments at five, in the Primrose Bower !  
You WILL come ? You WILL wear it ? My favourite  
flower ?*

*His flower who gave it HIS fame ! "*

And the touch is of velvet, the look is of love :  
But beware of the claw that is sheathed in the glove  
Of the Beaconsfield Primrose Dame.

She will scatter her perfume around you in showers,  
Wrung from the lives of our Human Flowers,  
Without thought of shame or blame ;  
And the Roses of Health, that were ruthlessly torn  
From the cheeks of your Children are wantonly worn  
In the Robe of the Primrose Dame.

She simply asks to be mounted astride  
The British Lion—thinks she can guide,  
And the rampant animal tame,  
If he will only give her his trust ;  
If he will only kneel down in the dust  
To carry the Primrose Dame.

Her charm for leading the beast by the nose  
Is the brazenest image, a *GILT* primrose,—  
What a meal for an empty wame !  
You Flower of Shams, with your counterfeit,  
If the Brute should be tempted either to eat,—  
Let us pray for the Primrose Dame !

## BATTLE OF THE RANK AND FILE.

'Tis a proud Story ! how through mist and mire,  
All facing straight for death, our fellows ran  
To warm them that cold day at the Russian fire,  
And fight the Soldiers' battle of Inkerman !

No time for orders ; none for falling in ;  
They only knew their duty was to stem  
The tide of onset ; and their work, to win  
The desperate battle—that *was* won by them.

It is Our Inkerman we fight to-day !  
False friends behind us, worse than foes in front ;  
One half our Officers have run away ;  
The Rank and File must bravelier bear the brunt !

No matter where our place is on the field ;  
Each one must be *all there*, whether to stem  
The tide, or stop the gap, and never yield.  
The People's battle must be won by them !

---

THE LEAGUE OF LABOUR.

Long on the Mountain Summit  
We fed the Watch-fire's flame ;  
We hailed and beckoned from it  
The help that never came !  
We heard the distance humming,  
With sounds o' the Battle-Drum :  
We dreamed the Prince was coming,  
And lo ! the Prince has come,—



'Tis our Enfranchised Neighbour  
Who joins the League of Labour  
To end our martyrdom.

We brooded o'er the Story  
That bade us Backward turn  
To seek a By-gone Glory,  
And made our spirits burn :  
We tried to sing our Sorrow,  
And wail our Woes, away ;  
We lived but for the Morrow  
To free us from To-day.  
Now Neighbour joins with Neighbour,  
One in the League of Labour  
To scare the Birds of Prey.

'Twas not in maiming Cattle,  
Nor desolating Homes,  
That we could win our battle  
By which deliverance comes.  
No Tocsin from the Steeple,  
No Beacons through the land,  
We need, when Honest people  
Each other understand,  
And Neighbour joins with Neighbour,  
One in the League of Labour  
As Brothers hand in hand.

*"They hardly read a letter !"*  
So simple are our ends,  
We know not any better  
Than that we may be friends.

At the new Name of "Brother"  
Old feuds grow fugitive !  
We have not wronged each other,  
We therefore can forgive.  
So Neighbour stands by Neighbour,  
One in the League of Labour ;  
One in the right to live.

---

### LABOURERS' ELECTION SONG.

(TUNE : "*John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave.*")

*Ours are the Voices* that for ages were unheard,  
*Ours are the Voices* of a Future long deferred.  
*Cry all Together* : we shall speak the final word,  
Let the Cause go marching on.  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Let the Cause go marching on.

*Ours are the Votes* that give us weapons we can  
wield,  
*Ours are the Votes* that make our proud opponents  
yield.  
*Vote all Together*, and our Charge shall clear the field,  
And the Cause go marching on.  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Glory ! glory ! hallelujah !  
Let the Cause go marching on.

*Ours are the Millions*, though it may not be in gold,  
*Ours are the Millions* who will right the wrongs of  
 old.

*Move all Together* as the Ocean-waves are rolled,  
 When the Storm goes marching on.  
 Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
 Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
 Glory! glory! hallelujah!  
 Let the Cause go marching on.

---

### THE LAST OF EMERGENCY MEN.

ONE word. Then for battle we hold in our breath,  
 To fight you; by God! we shall fight to the death:  
 Through Earth, Heaven, or Hell, and the range of  
 Endeavour,

If need be; by God! we will fight you for ever!

You have drawn the first blood in our opening  
 battle;

We score you that honour! You've tested our  
 mettle!

And never was Battle yet fought worth the winning  
 But those who won last seemed to lose in beginning.

Coercion has failed you again and again,  
 And you are the Last of Emergency Men!

Our Cause is propelled by the spurn of your feet!  
 You kindle our furnace to sevenfold heat,  
 Till, as Slag from the fire, you will only be found!  
 E'en in turning a Treadmill our triumph comes  
 round:

Coercion has failed you again and again,  
And you are the last of Emergency Men !

One word. Then for battle we hold in our breath,  
To fight you ; by God ! we shall fight to the death :  
Through Earth, Heaven, or Hell, and the range of  
endeavour,  
If need be ; by God ! we will fight you for ever !

---

### HOLD TOGETHER, BOYS.

Ay, hold Together for God's sake now,  
The Devil hath his hour,  
And rages fiercely, knowing how  
Precarious is his power !  
One last grim effort, grasping hands  
The gaping gulf to bridge,  
Before the Channel 'twixt two lands  
Runs red from ridge to ridge.

With your own life-drops warm and wet  
They dangle the red rag  
On Baton and on Bayonet,  
As their Bull-Baiting Flag ;  
And palest faces well may flush,  
Hearts beat the battle-drum :  
But keep your Ranks and make no rush,  
Till the Relief shall come.

We will be with you soon in front,  
Or fighting side by side :  
To-day 'tis yours to bear the brunt  
So often borne with pride !

We feel no coward fear for you,  
Though sore it be to bear;  
We fight your battle here for you  
Who fight our battle there!

For Future life keep calm as death,  
For strength gulp down your ire;  
Waste not a word to lose a breath,  
While passing through the fire!  
Worthily follow your great Dead  
Who played the deathless part;  
Police—who have power to break the head—  
Can't break a Nation's heart.

---

## TO-MORROW!

THOUGH not yet freed—from England's Soul  
There's one more Fetter broken!  
The spirit that WILL reach the goal,  
And win at last, has spoken.  
We Swear—and all the world has heard—  
To end this Shame and Sorrow;  
And as God lives To-Day, that Word  
Shall be our Deed To-Morrow.

Our opening eyes, at length, though late,  
Can see the Ancient Blindness;  
And we, who crushed each other in hate,  
Would try the Clasp of Kindness,—  
Would reach the Irish heart with grip  
Frank, honest, trustful, thorough;  
And show how fearless Statesmanship  
Can make us Friends To-Morrow.

You *had* to trust them many a time,  
As on them Napier reckoned  
To win Meeanee's fight sublime,  
With his glorious "*Twenty-Second*"—  
"*Magnificent Tipperary!*" He  
Could lean on them, and borrow  
His rest that night! for Victory  
Would march with them To-Morrow.<sup>1</sup>

To think of all our Irish Dead  
Should thrill you English living!  
For us they fought, for us they bled,  
To us the triumph giving!  
Foremost on many a bloody day  
They charged with their wild "*Hurroo!*"  
Through England's Foes they clove a way  
For Ireland free To-Morrow.

For us they conquered as they died,  
And with their last endeavour,  
Dying for England, still they cried,  
"*Old Ireland for ever!*"<sup>2</sup>  
Their dust has given us deeper root  
In many a field and furrow;  
We think 'tis time they shared the fruit,  
And they shall share To-Morrow!

<sup>1</sup> 'Life of Charles James Napier,' vol. ii. p. 322.

<sup>2</sup> *Erin go bragh.*

## LIGHT AT LAST.

THE sleep of the Dreamer is dying ;  
The Dream is about to be born :  
'Tis the Vision of England untying  
The crown of poor Ireland's Thorn !

The Night with its phantoms is flying,  
And we shall see clearer at morn :  
We feel the first airs that come sighing,  
New life to awaken ; and warn

Of a Light in which tears shall be drying,  
And hell-fire no longer can burn :  
Immortals with mortals are vieing  
To lift up the fall'n and forlorn :

Our old Earth shall cease from her crying,  
Nor vainly to Heaven will yearn :  
We stand 'twixt the dawning and dying,  
That mingle their Verge and their Bourne :

The Past with its Shroud-Shadows trying  
To hide its face, tortured and torn ;  
The Future before us Enskying  
A glimpse of Millennial Morn :

'Tis the Vision of England untying  
The crown of poor Ireland's Thorn ;  
And the sleep of the Dreamer is dying :  
The Dream is about to be born.

THE END.

RICHARD CLAY & SONS, LIMITED,  
LONDON & BUNGAY.